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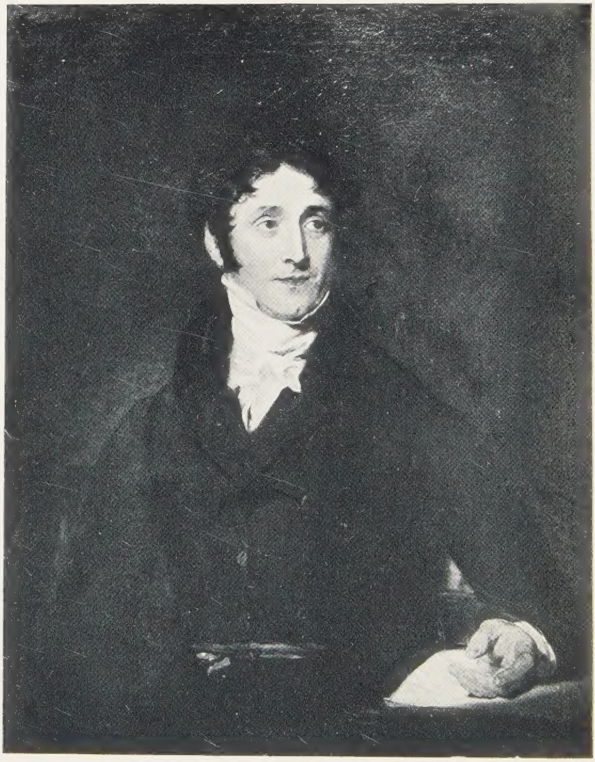

THOMAS CAMPBELL

From the Painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence

OXFORD EDITION

THE COMPLETE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS CAMPBELL

EDITED, WITH NOTES

BY

J. LOGIE ROBERTSON, M.A.

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PREFACE

I RISE from a careful perusal of Campbell's poetry with a feeling of mingled surprise and indignation that he is at present so much neglected, and with the conviction that a later generation will do more honour to his memory than we have done. It is not enough to say that he had his fame in his lifetime, that he was well pensioned for what he did, and that he lived to disappoint the hopes which he excited at the beginning of his career. One might reply that the services he rendered his country by his patriotic songs have not ceased, or been superseded by any later master of the lyre; and, though he is by no means equal, and his inequalities are far from microscopic, yet the author little deserves neglect who has written such fine, bold, and varied poems as *Ye Mariners of England*, *The Last Man*, *Lines on Leaving a Scene in Bavaria*, *Hohenlinden*, *To the Rainbow*, *Napoleon and the British Sailor*, *Lord Ullin's Daughter*, *Ode to Winter*, *The Soldier's Dream*, *Lochiel's Warning*, *The Downfall of Poland*, *Ode to the Evening Star*, *The Battle of the Baltic*: it would be easy to prolong, and even to amend, the list. These and other such pieces will never be forgotten so long as the national heart responds to manly sentiment, or the imagination is capable of feeling the charm and magic influence of genuine poetry.

Campbell came before the public, at the age of twenty-one, with a metrical essay on *The Pleasures of Hope*. It was the last notable utterance of the eigh-

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teenth-century school in the well-worn heroic couplet. His model was Pope, and there were echoes from Goldsmith, Thomson, Cowper, and others. If it had appeared with the introduction of the original MS. (reproduced for the curiosity of the critic at p. 41) it is safe to say the new poem would not have attracted the attention it did. There was, it is true, the graphic passage on the downfall of Poland, which was wonderfully effective when reached, and long continued to be a stock piece for the exercise of schoolboy eloquence—displacing even Norval on the Grampian Hills. But the bright and happy simile of the rainbow won admirers at once, and the poem became suddenly popular for merits of genuine and eloquent passion and description with which it is enriched. The text of Part I remains the same as it was when the poem was first printed, but Part II, which consisted originally of 326 lines, was enlarged in the fifth edition to 474. A few single lines from *The Pleasures of Hope* have become as proverbial as anything from Pope. For example:—

> 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.
> Like angel-visits, few and far between.
> It rolled not back when Canute gave command, &c.

But it is not my intention to go through Campbell's works *seriatim*. Enough here to make a few remarks on my presentation and arrangement of the text. In the present edition I have divided the whole body of his verse, for conveniency of reference, under the following general heads: I. His longer poems, viz. *The Pleasures of Hope, Gertrude of Wyoming, Theodric,* and the *Pilgrim of Glencoe*; II. Poems historical and legendary; III. Songs of Battle; IV. Miscellaneous poems; V. Songs chiefly amatory; VI. Translations chiefly from the Greek; and VII. Juvenilia. And

I have arranged the pieces under each head, so far, in the order of their production, but with this deviation, that I have given, where necessary, precedence to the best known—which on the whole means the most deserving to be known.

I have not printed everything metrical that Campbell wrote, having a better regard for his reputation than to do that. But this edition will be found to contain considerably more than any previous edition contains, and at least nothing that deserved to be included has been omitted. It may even be charged against me that I should have debarred much that I have admitted—such pieces, for example, as the punning epistle from Algiers, and certain verses of the poet's boyhood. These were at last suffered a place as showing (to no great advantage, it is true) his versatility or the rate and measurement of his development or decay. I could not refuse admittance to *The Pilgrim of Glencoe*, which opens so disastrously—

> The sunset sheds a horizontal smile
> O'er Highland frith and Hebridean isle:

its very length precluded the idea; and, when all is said, it is not utterly destitute of passages that are worth preservation. It marks, however, with melancholy emphasis, the decay, unacknowledged by himself, of his poetical powers. I have not, however, admitted the long-drawn-out doggerel of *The Friars of Dijon*, which the curious in these matters—the shortcomings of a man of taste and genius—will find in the *New Monthly Magazine* for 1821, and much good may its perusal do them! A very few other pieces I have not collected for one good reason or another—either they were written when the poet was off his guard, or when he attempted a style which nature denied him. At all events, whether written impromptu

or with deliberation, they are unworthy of his genius and his reputation, and I have left them in their oblivion. I have, however, put under *Juvenilia* some short pieces of his early work, but only to show the dawn of a sun that was soon to dazzle and delight his countrymen. To portions of the fragmentary *Mobiade* I have also with some reluctance permitted a place : they have a small biographical value, and they serve to show how unfitted he was for other than sublime and serious poetry.

I have been able to date the production of the great majority of Campbell's poems. Much the best of his work was done when he was young, and the worst when he was past middle age. But in youth, too, he wrote some indifferent verse. His precarious position and incessant pecuniary difficulties explain, and partly excuse, a good deal of hasty slipshod work from which his naturally fastidious taste would have saved him had he been of independent means.

The text of the present edition was, so far as known, the last to receive the author's revision, but I have not hesitated to restore a reading from an earlier text where I have thought it desirable to do so. The text is, therefore, of course, in all cases Campbell's. The author's alterations, when not accepted for the text—and their rejection is rare—are placed at the foot of the page to which they belong, where also the reader will find all important variations. I have retained in *Gertrude of Wyoming*, which is cast in the Spenserian measure, certain spellings which appeared in the earlier editions, recommended partly by their archaic form, suitable to the measure, and partly as being the form in fashion when Campbell wrote. I have kept 'Michagan', 'mocazin' or 'mocasin', 'Allegany', and one or two other early forms ; but I have not

retained 'gulphs', 'groupes', 'controul', and other similar spellings, just as I have not retained the long *s* which was still in use when Campbell began to write. The few notes which I have thought it necessary to add to Campbell's own by way of supplement are enclosed in square brackets.

An editorial difficulty in dealing with Campbell's text is the punctuation. His construction, in *Gertrude of Wyoming* especially, is frequently so involved or so loosely connected as to render his meaning obscure, and the art of punctuation is sometimes taxed to its utmost limits to make his text intelligible to the reader. There is, for example, a passage in Stanza XIV of Part II which no device of punctuation, perhaps, can altogether make clear. Campbell himself never practised punctuation, or only in a perfunctory or misleading fashion,—with the result that his lines were sometimes senseless, or even contradictory of his meaning. For instance, in *The Wounded Hussar* the first two lines of the penultimate stanza were repeatedly printed—

> 'Thou shalt live,' she replied, 'Heaven's mercy relieving;
> Each anguishing wound shall forbid me to mourn.'

A similar mistake is to be found in most versions of *Napoleon and the British Sailor*, the fourth stanza being usually printed with the semicolon again in the wrong place,—

> His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
> Of birds to Britain half-way over;
> With envy they could reach the white
> Dear cliffs of Dover.

But the art of punctuation, as Dr. Beattie remarks, 'was one of those mysteries which the Poet could never comprehend.'

The book from which I have derived most help in compiling the Chronology is Dr. William Beattie's *Life and Letters of Campbell*, which must always remain the principal source of our knowledge of the poet's personality and history.

J. L. R.

EDINBURGH,
October 5, 1907.

A CHRONOLOGY TO ELUCIDATE AND ILLUSTRATE THE LIFE AND TIMES OF CAMPBELL

1744. Akenside's *Pleasures of the Imagination* published.

1756. Marriage of Alexander Campbell and Margaret Campbell, the poet's parents.

1759. Birth of Burns.

1763. Birth of Rogers, author of *The Pleasures of Memory.*

1770. Wordsworth born.

1771. Scott born.

1772. Coleridge born.

1774. Death of Goldsmith.

1775. Johnson's *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland* published. American War of Independence begins.

1777. July 27, birth of Thomas Campbell in his father's house in the High Street of Glasgow. His father, then sixty-seven years of age, had been a prosperous Virginia trader from 1756 to 1775, but in the latter year, on the outbreak of the American War, had lost the bulk of his fortune, about £20,000; his mother, at the time of the poet's birth, was forty-one years of age. He was the youngest of a family of eleven children, eight sons and three daughters, of whom the eldest of all, Mary, was born in 1757, and predeceased him by only one year. The poet died at Boulogne, on June 15, 1844, near the close of his sixty-seventh year.

1779. Birth of Moore, author of *Irish Melodies.*

1785. In Oct. Campbell entered the Grammar (now the High) School of Glasgow; taught by Mr. David Allison. Read the Greek and Latin classics, and practised verse translation: in 1789 is described as 'optimae spei puer', active, spirited, and handsome, and well-liked by his companions: in 1788 was already writing very passable couplets.

Birth of John Wilson (Christopher North).

1788. Birth of Byron.

1791–6. Campbell a student at the University of Glasgow for five continuous sessions of six months each, beginning Nov. 1, 1791, and finishing on Prize Day, May 1, 1796. Gained distinction above his fellows for translations in verse from

Aeschylus, Aristophanes, and Euripides; wrote also original prize poems—notably (while in the Moral Philosophy Class) 'On the Origin of Evil', over 200 lines, in the Popian couplet. His non-academic verse of this period includes a hymn beginning—

When Jordan hushed his waters still,

the first genuine fruit of his poetical genius. At Sunipol, in the Island of Mull, in the summer vacation of 1795 as a domestic tutor: here he made acquaintance with sea and mountain, Highland legends and the Highland character.

1796. On leaving the University went as domestic tutor to Downie, on the Argyleshire coast, near Lochgilphead. Here for one year. Read, but wrote little; began *The Pleasures of Hope*.—Death of Burns.

1797. At Edinburgh, employed in various lawyers' offices, and reading with a view to the legal profession. Here he was introduced to Dr. Anderson, author of *Lives of the British Poets*, who introduced him to Mundell, the publisher, for whom he did some hack-work. He now abandoned the study of law, and turned to chemistry and anatomy with a view to the medical profession. Supporting himself by private tuition. Thinks of emigrating to Virginia on the invitation of his brothers settled there.

1798. Idea of emigrating given up. 'And now', he says, 'I lived in the Scottish metropolis by instructing pupils in Greek and Latin. But the Pleasures of Hope came over me, I took long walks about Arthur's Seat, and, as my Pleasures of Hope got on, my pupils fell off.' His acquaintance at this time, in Edinburgh, included Jeffrey, Cockburn, Brougham, Leyden, and Scott. In November his parents came to live in Edinburgh. In the same month he sold the copyright of *The Pleasures of Hope* 'out and out for sixty pounds' to Mundell, on the advice of Dr. Anderson.—*Lyrical Ballads*, by Coleridge and Wordsworth, published.

1799. April 27, announcement of publication of *The Pleasures of Hope with Other Poems*—the dedication to Dr. Robert Anderson. The 'Other Poems' consisted of Specimens of a New Translation of the Medea of Euripides, an Elegy on Love and Madness, and three Songs—*The Wounded Hussar*, *Gilderoy*, and *The Harper*. The author was then 'exactly twenty-one years and nine months old'. The new poet became famous at once; he had now 'a general acquaintance in Edinburgh'. Among his new friends and patrons were Henry Mackenzie (who had 'discovered' Burns), Dugald Stewart,

Archibald Alison (' The Man of Taste '), and Telford the Engineer. Dined with Scott.

1800. Before the end of spring several large editions of *The Pleasures of Hope* were already sold, and the demand was growing. On June 1 Campbell embarked at Leith in a Hamburg trader on a literary pilgrimage to Germany. Was introduced to Klopstock at Hamburg. Thence to Ratisbon, in Bavaria, where he witnessed some of ' the horrors of war ' : ' I stood with the good monks of St. James to overlook a charge of Klenau's cavalry upon the French. . . . This formed the most important epoch in my life in point of impressions ; but those impressions [of dead and dying] are so horrible to my memory that I study to banish them.' Charmed with the natural scenery of Bavaria : writes the lines—' Adieu the woods and waters' side,' &c. Left Ratisbon late in October, and returned by Leipsic to Hamburg and Altona, reaching Altona November 4. (The Battle of Hohenlinden fought December 3—six months *after* he had left Bavaria.) Remained at Altona throughout the winter, studying the language, and filled with the idea of a poem he had planned under the title of *Queen of the North* (scene Edinburgh)—to include descriptions of the views from the Castle-height, Queen Street, Arthur's Seat, and historical episodes connected with Holyrood House, the ' hall of the Scottish Kings ', and ' the College '.

1801. Writes *Ye Mariners of England*—published in *The Morning Chronicle*.—March 6, Campbell hastily left Altona (on the Danish shore of the Elbe) on the alarm of war. (About a month later was fought the Battle of the Baltic.) Passed the Danish batteries at Glückstadt, but the ship was chased out of its course for Leith into Yarmouth Roads by a Danish privateer. From Yarmouth he went by the mail to London, arriving April 7, where he was received by Perry, editor of *The Morning Chronicle*, to which he contributed verses. Dined with Lord Holland at the King of Clubs, where he met, ' in all their glory and feather, Mackintosh, Rogers, the Smiths, Sydney and others '. Battle of Copenhagen. News of his father's death, communicated by Dr. Anderson. Returns to Edinburgh by sea—' his heart throbbing at the sight of the old Castle '. Postpones *The Queen of the North*. Prospects gloomy : borrows money at high interest, 20 per cent. Engages in literary hackwork. During the ' meal-mobs ' (riots owing to the scarcity of food) amused himself by writing a mock-heroic, *The Mobiade*. Introduced to Lord Minto, by whose invitation he set out by land for London. On the way, at Liverpool, meets

Roscoe and Currie (author of the first *Life of Burns*). Acts as secretary to Lord Minto—duties nominal. Writes *Lochiel* and *Hohenlinden*.

1802. Returns to Scotland as travelling companion to Lord Minto. Most of the summer in Edinburgh. At Minto in August; Scott also a visitor at the Castle. Revising proof-sheets of new edition of his poems at Edinburgh in Nov. and Dec., and compiling *Annals of Great Britain*, 3 vols., at £100 per vol.—hack-work (a continuation of Smollett's *History*).

1803. Feb. 6, takes a long leave of Scotland. At Liverpool, on the way to London, again meets Roscoe, Currie, &c. Visits the Potteries of Staffordshire. Telford's guest in London; where still busy with the *Annals* and the New Edition of his Poems. This Quarto, handsomely printed, and with engravings by Masquerier, the 7th ed. of *The Pleasures of Hope*, printed by Bensley for the author, and containing some new pieces (*Verses on a Scene in Argyleshire, Ode to Winter, the Beech-tree's Petition, The Soldier's Dream, Stanzas to Painting, The Exile of Erin, German Drinking-Song, Lochiel's Warning*, and *Hohenlinden*), paged to 131, appeared early in June, and 'for the first time his Poems became a profitable concern for the author', and 'enabled him to shake off all his pecuniary difficulties'. This summer falls in love with his cousin, Matilda Sinclair—'a beautiful, lively, and ladylike woman'. Marriage Sept. 10; settles in rooms in Pimlico. Becomes a volunteer—'but, oh! what fagging work this volunteering is!'

1804. Applicant for a professorship at Wilna University—but withdraws on reflecting that he had written a certain passage on Poland in *The Pleasures of Hope* which might 'bring him to the knout or send him in a sledge to Kamschatka'. Birth of a son, July 1. Scheme of settling in a cottage near Edinburgh: scheme abandoned. Connexion with the *Star* newspaper—four guineas a week. At Michaelmas removes to a house on Sydenham Common, Kent, where he was to reside for the next seventeen years. First poetical work here *Lord Ullin's Daughter* and *Battle of the Baltic*—the former sketched years before in Mull, the latter sent to Scott (in March, 1805) in its original form of twenty-seven stanzas entitled the Battle of Copenhagen. Working at *The Annals*.

1805. Proposals to 'the trade' of an edition, conjointly with Scott, of the *British Poets*, ancient and modern—terms £1,000. Scott to undertake the poets before Cowley, and he 'the moderns since Johnson', beginning with Allan Ramsay: de-

clined 'on the difference of terms'. *Specimens of English Poetry*, by Campbell alone, grew out of this larger proposal. Birth of his second son. Ill-health. In the autumn gladdened by a pension from the Government (Fox's administration) of £200 a year (enjoyed for nearly forty years). A new Quarto edition of his Poems to subscribers proposed, and warmly supported by Sydney Smith, Horner, &c.—'to place the poet and his family beyond the reach of future embarrassment'—Pitt among the subscribers. Hopes of a political appointment—defeated by the death of Fox in Sept. 1806.—*Lay of the Last Minstrel* published.—Battle of Trafalgar.

1806. Death of Pitt in January. Campbell dines at Holland House, where he meets Fox (Lord Holland's uncle): 'What a proud day for me to shake hands with the Demosthenes of his time!' Attempts to revive joint-work with Scott on an edition of the *British Poets*—declined by Scott.

1807. Entertains at dinner 'a descendant of John Sobieski'. Visits, for the sake of his health, the Isle of Wight, where he is invigorated by the sight of 'the sea and the British Navy'. Planning *Gertrude of Wyoming*; busy with *Specimens*.—Moore's *Irish Melodies*, Part I, published.

1808. Dines at Holland House, along with Sydney Smith.—Scott's *Marmion* published; also his 'Dryden', *Life and Works*.

1809. Busy with *Specimens from the British Poets*. Battle of Coruña,—reference to Sir John Moore's death in the lines written for the Highland Society: it was the future hero of Coruña that introduced Campbell to Rogers in 1801. Publication of *Gertrude of Wyoming or the Pennsylvanian Cottage*, in 4to, with dedication to Lord Holland; along with *Hohenlinden, Ye Mariners of England—a Naval Ode, Glenara, Battle of the Baltic, and Lord Ullin's Daughter*. The new poems were well received everywhere. Apologizes for one mistake in *Gertrude of Wyoming*—the branding of one of the characters as a monster who had in reality 'served the cause of honour and humanity': the apology was made to the son of the injured man, and the character of Brandt is now to be regarded as 'a pure fiction'. In the autumn writes *O'Connor's Child*.—Tennyson born.—Byron's *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* published.

1810. Visits Mrs. Siddons. Busy with literary drudgery—*The Specimens*, preparation of Lectures, occasional articles for the periodicals, &c. Death of his younger son—severely felt. —Scott's *Lady of the Lake* published.

1811. Campbell's portrait by Lawrence. Preparing Lectures

on Poetry.—Death of James Grahame—an Edinburgh friend, author of *The Sabbath.*

1812. Death of his mother on Feb. 24, aged seventy-six. Elder son seriously ill. Gives his first Lecture on Poetry at the Royal Institution, April 24—a great success. Introduced to the Princess of Wales, with whom he dances Scotch reels.—Retreat of the French from Moscow.—Byron's *Childe Harold* (Cantos I and II) published.

1813. Meets Madame D'Arblay. Praise from Madame de Staël—speaking of his poem, *The Pleasures of Hope*—'Je pourrais le relire vingt fois sans en affaiblir l'impression.' Lecturing at the Royal Institution. Southey made Poet Laureate. Campbell recruiting at Brighton in Sept., where he meets Disraeli, Mrs. Siddons, and Herschel the astronomer.

1814. In Aug. departs for France, visiting Dieppe, Rouen, Paris (where he meets Mrs. Siddons, Madame de Staël, Cuvier, Schlegel, Humboldt; and is much impressed with the Louvre statuary and the paintings, especially the Apollo Belvidere: two months in Paris). Working at Sydenham on his return at Lectures and the *Specimens.*—*Waverley* published.

1815. Left a legacy, &c., of £5,000 by a Highland cousin, to himself in life-rent and to his children in fee. Visits Edinburgh. Distressed about his son. At Kinniel, near Bo'ness, visits Dugald Stewart: in Glasgow in May. Returns to Sydenham in June.—Battle of Waterloo.—Busy at the *Specimens.*

1816. Tutoring his son in Greek and Latin 'some hours a day'. Scott's proposal of a professorship for Campbell at Edinburgh University. (It is not known how Campbell received the proposal.) Revising the *Specimens.*

1817. Washington Irving visits Campbell, who gives him a letter of introduction to Scott. Festival in honour of Kemble, June 27—for which Campbell writes an Ode. Entertains at Sydenham Crabbe, Rogers, and Moore, in July. In Nov. death of the Princess Charlotte—writes a 'Monody'.

1818. In Oct. begins a course of twelve Lectures on the Poets at the Liverpool Institution, for which he received over £340.

1819. In Feb. lectures in Birmingham: meets James Watt. *Specimens of the British Poets* published—very successful. Receives invitation to repeat his lectures at Glasgow—declined. On his return to Sydenham, visited in the early part of the summer by Byron. Writes *Lines to the Rainbow.*

1820. In May lectures at the Royal Institution; and under-

takes the Editorship of *The New Monthly Magazine*. Same month sets out, with his wife and son, on a visit to Germany: from Rotterdam, through Delft, the Hague, Leyden to Haerlem (where he heard the organ played by Summach—'it was transporting!')—thence to Amsterdam; at Bonn on June 8, where he discovers Schlegel, and boards his son with a professor. Writes *Song of Roland*. Arrives at Frankfort, July 17; at Ratisbon, August 1—'my spirits rallied at sight of the Danube'; in Vienna, where he 'forgot all his worldly sorrows in listening to the organ of St. Stephen's'. Back in London Nov. 23. Begins his editorial duties—the salary £500 and the services of a sub-editor.

1821. Leaves Sydenham for a residence in London. His son returns home from Bonn, having run away. Writes for the magazine on 'almost every variety of subject.' Distressed on discovering that his son is the victim of melancholia—unmanageable and 'incapable of prosecuting his studies'; the youth was accordingly placed in a private asylum near Salisbury (in 1822).

1822. Removes to 'a small house in Seymour Street West'. Editorial work.—'Essays of Elia' in *The London Magazine*. Rogers's *Italy* published.

1823. Visits Cheltenham for his health. Chief poem this year *The Last Man*.—Lockhart's *Spanish Ballads* published.

1824. Finishes *Theodric*—a domestic tale in heroic rime; published in Nov. To this year also belong *Reullura*, *The Ritter Bann*, and *A Dream*.—Byron died.

1825. Feb. 9, Campbell's letter to Brougham projecting a University in London appears in the *Times*—the idea suggested by his recent visit to Germany; Brougham and Hume co-operated, and the project was realized. (The honour of originating the scheme was entirely Campbell's: its accomplishment, he said, was 'the only important event in his life's little history'.) Sept. 10, embarks for Germany, mainly to inspect the Berlin University system: meets his old friend Anthony MacCann, 'the Exile of Erin', at Hamburg; arrives in Berlin Sept. 19; returns to England Oct. 28. Speaks at public meetings on Education. Editorial work: studying the Greek drama.

1826. Ill-health, and ill news of his son; pecuniary difficulties. Nov. 15, elected by the students of Glasgow Lord Rector of the University by an immense majority, and against the wishes of the Professors—'a sunburst of popular favour' and 'the crowning honour of his life'.

1827. April 12, delivers Inaugural Address as Lord Rector. Revisits old scenes in the neighbourhood of Glasgow. Begins a series of Letters to the Students. Offers medals for the best composition in English verse. Battle of Navarino on Oct. 20—writes poem on the victory. Re-elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University Nov. 14. Visits Dugald Stewart at Kinneil, and his sisters in Edinburgh. On return journey to London loses 'a considerable sum of money'. Ill-health.—*Poems by Two Brothers* (the Tennysons) published.

1828. Reversion of copyright of his Poems (after the lapse of 28 years) to their author: arranges for a new edition. May 9, death of his wife. In Nov. elected for the third time Rector of Glasgow University—a rare honour; Scott, nominated, withdrew.

1829. Foundation of a Students' Campbell Club. Leaves house in Seymour St. West for a more central and larger one in Middle Scotland Yard, Whitehall. Ill-health now chronic. Forms the Literary Union—of which president till 1843. Termination of Rectorship.

1830. Collecting material for a Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence the painter. In seclusion at Ashford, near Staines. Entertains Baron Cuvier. Gives up Editorship of *The New Monthly*; abandons Life of Lawrence for want of material and being hurried by the publisher. Embarrassed finances—ill-health—parts with his house in Whitehall.—Moore's *Life of Byron* published.

1831. In Jan. letter of reconciliation to Moore. Retires to his marine villa at St. Leonards, near Hastings, in June; much benefited—'I have written more verses since I came here than I have written for many years in the same time.' Visits Lord Dillon at Ditchley, Oxfordshire. Collects material for a Life of Mrs. Siddons. Visits Derbyshire.—Death of Henry Mackenzie, 'the Man of Feeling,' his old friend.

1832. Dines with the Polish Prince Czartoryski. In March the Polish Literary Association projected—Campbell permanent chairman. Loosens his connexion with *The Metropolitan Magazine* to write the Life of Mrs. Siddons. Returns to London from Hastings. Declines nomination for the representation of Glasgow in Parliament. Meets the ex-King of Spain, Joseph Buonaparte.—Passing of the Reform Bill.

1833. Retires, for his health, to Dr. Beattie's villa at Hampstead.

1834. Declines to become a candidate for the chair of English Literature at Edinburgh University. His *Life of Mrs. Siddons* published in June. On July 1 sets out for Paris: public

dinner in his honour given by the Poles in Paris. Leaves Paris, Sept. 2; embarks at Toulon, and arrives on the 18th in Algiers. News from home of a legacy of £1,000 left to him. —Death of Coleridge and Lamb.—Sketches by Boz (Dickens) appear in *The Old Monthly Magazine.*

1835. In May embarks for Europe; passing through Paris, is presented at the Tuileries to 'the citizen King'. Back in London in temporary good health, and quarters himself in chambers in St. James's Street; prepares his *Letters from the South* for *The New Monthly.*

1836. Voyage in steamer to Scotland, arriving at Leith on May 31: visits his sister Mary in Edinburgh. At Glasgow, and (near it) Blairbeth—his cousin Gray's residence. In July a Highland tour—collecting materials for a new poem (*The Pilgrim of Glencoe*). Visit from John Wilson, followed by a public dinner and the 'freedom' of the city of Edinburgh. At Paisley with Wilson; Brougham Hall on his way south. Returns to London after an absence of over three months—'the happiest of his life.'

1837. In May writing his own Life—to oblige Dr. Beattie (his future biographer). In early June at Richmond; end of June in Edinburgh. Living in chambers in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, in Sept. edits *The Scenic Annual*—containing his *Lines to Cora Linn.* Declines to lecture at Brighton.—Lockhart's *Life of Scott* published.

1838. Undertakes an edition of *Shakespeare.* Presents a copy of his Poems to Queen Victoria—as 'a token of his loyalty' and nothing more. Visits his son—whose 'mental affection is still as decided as ever'. In June is presented to the Queen at her first levée by the Duke of Argyle. In Scotland in July. Back in London in Aug. Charmed with Purcell's music in *The Tempest.*

1839. Death of his old Edinburgh friend the Rev. A. Alison. At Ramsgate in June. Busy with *Petrarch* and *Shakespeare.* Goes to Chatham. Preparing the smaller illustrated edition of his Poems—expected to be 'the financial prop of his aged days'.

1840. Studying Spanish. Witnesses a battle-ship launched at Chatham; speaks at the ceremony, and afterwards writes the *Lines to a First-Rate.* Towards winter, leases a house at Victoria Square, Pimlico, to be near Rogers and his club. Finishes *Life of Petrarch.*

1841. Flying visit to Glasgow, to arrange about his niece coming as his housekeeper to Pimlico. His love for beautiful children

almost a mania (advertises for one he had seen in the Park). In May enters his new house—his last residence in England. Revising *The Pilgrim of Glencoe*. Ill-health. Runs off, without his purse, to the German baths: knocked up at Aix-la-Chapelle; at Wiesbaden in Aug.; meets Hallam on the Rhine. Benefited by the waters of Wiesbaden; writes *The Child and Hind*. His rheumatism returns on his way home: arrives Sept. 6.

1842. *The Pilgrim of Glencoe and Other Poems* published, with dedication to Dr. Beattie; but 'far from cordially received'. Finds his monetary affairs in a critical position—'sale of his poems at its lowest ebb.' Entertains at breakfast Rogers, Moore, and Milman: forced gaiety—feeble and feeling cold. Chief business education of his niece (housekeeper). July 19, at Dinan; back in London to 'get this unlucky house off my hands'; ill—in Dr. Beattie's cottage at Hampstead. Proposes a subscription edition of his Poems.

1843. In April death of his sister Mary, aged 86 years. In Edinburgh to attend her funeral; very ill. Receives legacy of £800. Wordsworth made Laureate in April. New issue of Campbell's poems successful up to his wish. Visits Cheltenham in June and July; in July goes to Boulogne for health and economy. Buys in London an annuity for £500—'nothing could have been more injudicious.' In August returns to London to get rid of his lease; books and furniture sent to Boulogne. Takes, in Oct., an old mansion-house in the upper town of Boulogne, 5 Rue St. Jean; busy at a work on ancient Geography. Health declining; affects a cheerfulness, but really home-sick. Shuts himself up, sees no one; increasing debility.

1844. May 8, by a codicil to his will, leaves to his niece 'all his moneys and personal effects', his son having been already competently provided for. His death on Saturday, June 15, at 4.15 p.m.; buried, on July 3, in Westminster Abbey, in the centre of Poets' Corner—Macaulay, Lockhart, Brougham, Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Argyle, among others, present; also a guard of Polish nobles, one of whom sprinkled on the coffin a handful of earth from the grave of Kosciusko.

1849. *Life and Letters of Thomas Campbell*, by William Beattie, M.D., published.

GENEALOGY OF THOMAS CAMPBELL

Gillespie-le-Camile, first Norman lord of Lochawe.

Circa 1360. Died Archibald Campbell, 'lord and knight of Lochawe.' From Iver, the youngest of his three sons, sprang the Campbells of Kirnan, in the vale of Glassary, Argyleshire, from whom the poet was descended on his father's side.

Archibald Campbell, the poet's grandfather, lived in the House of Kirnan; was 'bred to the law'; he married, late in life, Margaret Stuart, of the Stuarts of Ascog, in Bute, widow of John MacArthur, of Milton, near Kirnan: had issue three sons; and died in Edinburgh.

Robert, the eldest son, author of a Life of the Duke of Argyle, died in London *circa* 1745.

Archibald, the second son, became a Presbyterian minister (D.D. of Edin. Univ.), settled first in Jamaica, and finally in Virginia, U. S. (It was his grandson, Frederick Campbell, who became heir of entail, in 1815, to Ascog and Kirnan, and other Scottish estates.)

1710. Birth of Alexander, the third and youngest son of the aforesaid Archibald Campbell of Kirnan; was trained to a mercantile life; resident in Virginia when his clerical brother came there to settle; returned to Glasgow, where he became partner with a clansman, Daniel Campbell, and traded with Virginia.

1756. Jan. 12, married Margaret Campbell, his partner's sister, she being then in her twenty-first year. Their children were eleven in number, of whom the poet was the youngest, viz.:—

Mary,	born in Glasgow,	Jan. 19,	1757
Isabella	,, ,,	in	1758
Archibald	,, ,,	,,	1760
Alexander	,, ,,	,,	1761
John	,, ,,	,,	1763
Elizabeth	,, ,,	,,	1765
Daniel	,, ,,	,,	1767 (died in infancy)
Robert	,, ,,	,,	1768
James	,, ,,	,,	1770
Daniel	,, ,,	,,	1773
Thomas	,, ,,	July 27,	1777

1801. In March death of the poet's father, aged 91 years.

1803. Sept. 10, marriage of Thomas Campbell, the poet, and Matilda Sinclair, youngest daughter of Robert Sinclair, the poet's maternal cousin, at some time before this date provost of Greenock. Their children were two in number, viz. :—
Thomas Telford, born July 1, 1804, who became insane ;
and Alison (also a son), born June, 1805, who died of scarlet fever, July, 1810.

1812. In Feb. death of the poet's mother, aged 76.

1828. May 9, death of Mrs. Campbell, the poet's wife.

1844. June 15, death of the Poet, at Boulogne. July 3, his interment in Westminster Abbey.

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THE PLEASURES OF HOPE

(First published in 1799)

ANALYSIS OF PART I

The Poem opens with a comparison between the beauty of remote objects in a landscape and those ideal scenes of felicity which the imagination delights to contemplate. The influence of anticipation upon the other passions is next delineated. An allusion is made to the well-known fiction in pagan tradition, that, when all the guardian deities of mankind abandoned the world, Hope alone was left behind. The consolations of this passion in situations of distress—the seaman on his midnight watch—the soldier marching into battle—allusion to the interesting adventures of Byron.

The inspiration of Hope, as it actuates the efforts of genius, whether in the department of science, or of taste—Domestic felicity, how intimately connected with views of future happiness —Picture of a mother watching her infant when asleep—Pictures of the prisoner, the maniac, and the wanderer.

From the consolations of individual misery a transition is made to prospects of political improvement in the future state of society. The wide field that is yet open for the progress of humanizing arts among uncivilized nations. From these views of amelioration of society, and the extension of liberty and truth over despotic and barbarous countries, by a melancholy contrast of ideas we are led to reflect upon the hard fate of a brave people recently conspicuous in the struggles for independence. Description of the capture of Warsaw, of the last contest of the oppressors and the oppressed, and the massacre of the Polish patriots at the bridge of Prague. Apostrophe to the self-interested enemies of human improvement. The wrongs of Africa—The barbarous policy of Europeans in India—Prophecy in the Hindoo mythology of the expected descent of the Deity to redress the miseries of their race, and to take vengeance on the violators of justice and mercy.

[The foregoing Analysis did not appear in the first edition.]

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE[1]

PART I

At summer eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

Thus, with delight we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;
Thus, from afar, each dim-discovered scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been;
And every form, that Fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

What potent spirit guides the raptured eye
To pierce the shades of dim futurity?
Can Wisdom lend, with all her heavenly power,
The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour?
Ah, no! she darkly sees the fate of man—
Her dim horizon bounded to a span;
Or, if she hold an image to the view,
'Tis Nature pictured too severely true.

[1] [The original title-page read :—

'The Pleasures of Hope, in two Parts, with Other Poems by Thomas Campbell. Edinburgh, printed for Mundell and Son; and for Longman and Rees, and J. Wright, London. 1799.'

The 'Other Poems' were: Specimens of a New Translation of the Medea, Love and Madness—an Elegy, The Wounded Hussar, Gilderoy, and The Harper.]

1 ethereal] aerial *first edition.*

With thee, sweet HOPE! resides the heavenly light
That pours remotest rapture on the sight:
Thine is the charm of life's bewildered way,
That calls each slumbering passion into play.
Waked by thy touch, I see the sister band,
On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,
And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,
To Pleasure's path, or Glory's bright career.

Primeval HOPE, the Aonian Muses say,
When Man and Nature mourned their first decay;
When every form of death, and every woe,
Shot from malignant stars to earth below;
When Murder bared his arm, and rampant War
Yoked the red dragons of her iron car;
When Peace and Mercy, banished from the plain,
Sprung on the viewless winds to heaven again;
All, all forsook the friendless guilty mind,
But HOPE, the charmer, lingered still behind.

Thus, while Elijah's burning wheels prepare
From Carmel's height to sweep the fields of air,
The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,
Dropt on the world—a sacred gift to man.

Auspicious HOPE! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe:
Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid hour
The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower;
There, as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring!
What viewless forms the Aeolian organ play,
And sweep the furrowed lines of anxious thought away!

Angel of life! thy glittering wings explore
Earth's loneliest bounds, and Ocean's wildest shore.

Lo! to the wintry winds the pilot yields
His bark careering o'er unfathomed fields;
Now on the Atlantic waves he rides afar,
Where Andes, giant of the western star,
With meteor-standard to the winds unfurled,
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world.

Now far he sweeps, where scarce a summer smiles
On Behring's rocks, or Greenland's naked isles:
Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow
From wastes that slumber in eternal snow,
And waft, across the wave's tumultuous roar,
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore.

Poor child of danger, nursling of the storm,
Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form!
Rocks, waves, and winds the shattered bark delay;
Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away.

But HOPE can here her moonlight vigils keep,
And sing to charm the spirit of the deep:
Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,
Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul;
His native hills that rise in happier climes,
The grot that heard his song of other times,
His cottage home, his bark of slender sail,
His glassy lake, and broomwood-blossomed vale,
Rush on his thought; he sweeps before the wind,
Treads the loved shore he sighed to leave behind;
Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,
And flies at last to Helen's long embrace;
Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear,
And clasps, with many a sigh, his children dear!
While, long neglected, but at length caressed,
His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,

Points to his master's eyes (where'er they roam)
His wistful face, and whines a welcome home.

Friend of the brave! in peril's darkest hour
Intrepid Virtue looks to thee for power;
To thee the heart its trembling homage yields
On stormy floods, and carnage-covered fields,
When front to front the bannered hosts combine,
Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line.
When all is still on Death's devoted soil,
The march-worn soldier mingles for the toil;
As rings his glittering tube, he lifts on high
The dauntless brow, and spirit-speaking eye,
Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come,
And hears thy stormy music in the drum!

And such thy strength-inspiring aid that bore
The hardy Byron to his native shore.
In horrid climes, where Chiloe's tempests sweep
Tumultuous murmurs o'er the troubled deep,
'Twas his to mourn misfortune's rudest shock,
Scourged by the winds, and cradled on the rock,
To wake each joyless morn, and search again
The famished haunts of solitary men,
Whose race, unyielding as their native storm,
Know not a trace of Nature but the form;
Yet, at thy call, the hardy tar pursued,
Pale but intrepid, sad but unsubdued,
Pierced the deep woods, and, hailing from afar
The moon's pale planet and the northern star,
Paused at each dreary cry, unheard before,
Hyenas in the wild, and mermaids on the shore;
Till, led by thee o'er many a cliff sublime,
He found a warmer world, a milder clime,
A home to rest, a shelter to defend,
Peace and repose, a Briton and a friend!

Congenial HOPE! thy passion-kindling power,
How bright, how strong, in youth's untroubled hour!
On yon proud height, with Genius hand in hand,
I see thee light, and wave thy golden wand.
'Go, child of Heaven!' thy wingèd words proclaim,
''Tis thine to search the boundless fields of fame!
Lo! Newton, priest of nature, shines afar,
Scans the wide world, and numbers every star!
Wilt thou, with him, mysterious rites apply,
And watch the shrine with wonder-beaming eye?
Yes, thou shalt mark, with magic art profound,
The speed of light, the circling march of sound;
With Franklin grasp the lightning's fiery wing,
Or yield the lyre of Heaven another string.

'The Swedish sage admires, in yonder bowers,
His wingèd insects, and his rosy flowers;
Calls from their woodland haunts the savage train
With sounding horn, and counts them on the plain:
So once, at Heaven's command, the wanderers came
To Eden's shade, and heard their various name.

'Far from the world, in yon sequestered clime,
Slow pass the sons of Wisdom more sublime;
Calm as the fields of Heaven his sapient eye
The loved Athenian lifts to realms on high;
Admiring Plato, on his spotless page,
Stamps the bright dictates of the Father sage:
"Shall nature bound to earth's diurnal span
The fire of God, the immortal soul of man?"

'Turn, child of Heaven, thy rapture-lightened eye
To Wisdom's walks; the sacred Nine are nigh:
Hark! from bright spires that gild the Delphian height,
From streams that wander in eternal light,
Ranged on their hill, Harmonia's daughters swell
The mingling tones of horn, and harp, and shell;

Deep from his vaults, the Loxian murmurs flow,
And Pythia's awful organ peals below.

'Beloved of Heaven! the smiling Muse shall shed
Her moonlight halo on thy beauteous head;
Shall swell thy heart to rapture unconfined,
And breathe a holy madness o'er thy mind.
I see thee roam her guardian power beneath,
And talk with spirits on the midnight heath;
Inquire of guilty wanderers whence they came,
And ask each blood-stained form his earthly name;
Then weave in rapid verse the deeds they tell,
And read the trembling world the tales of hell.

'When Venus, throned in clouds of rosy hue,
Flings from her golden urn the vesper dew,
And bids fond man her glimmering noon employ,
Sacred to love, and walks of tender joy;
A milder mood the goddess shall recall,
And soft as dew thy tones of music fall;
While Beauty's deeply-pictured smiles impart
A pang more dear than pleasure to the heart—
Warm as thy sighs shall flow the Lesbian strain,
And plead in Beauty's ear, nor plead in vain.

'Or wilt thou Orphean hymns more sacred deem,
And steep thy song in Mercy's mellow stream;
To pensive drops the radiant eye beguile—
For Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile;
On Nature's throbbing anguish pour relief
And teach impassioned souls the joy of grief?

'Yes; to thy tongue shall seraph words be given,
And power on earth to plead the cause of Heaven:
The proud, the cold untroubled heart of stone,
That never mused on sorrow but its own,

Unlocks a generous store at thy command,
Like Horeb's rocks beneath the prophet's hand.
The living lumber of his kindred earth,
Charmed into soul, receives a second birth,
Feels thy dread power another heart afford,
Whose passion-touched harmonious strings accord
True as the circling spheres to Nature's plan ;
And man, the brother, lives the friend of man.

'Bright as the pillar rose at Heaven's command,
When Israel marched along the desert land,
Blazed through the night on lonely wilds afar,
And told the path,—a never-setting star ;
So, heavenly Genius, in thy course divine,
HOPE is thy star, her light is ever thine.'

Propitious Power ! when rankling cares annoy
The sacred home of Hymenean joy ;
When, doomed to Poverty's sequestered dell,
The wedded pair of love and virtue dwell
Unpitied by the world, unknown to fame,
Their woes, their wishes, and their hearts the same—
Oh, there, prophetic HOPE ! thy smile bestow,
And chase the pangs that worth should never know ;
There, as the parent deals his scanty store
To friendless babes, and weeps to give no more,
Tell that his manly race shall yet assuage
Their father's wrongs, and shield his latter age.
What though for him no Hybla sweets distil,
Nor bloomy vines wave purple on the hill ?
Tell that when silent years have passed away,
That when his eye grows dim, his tresses grey,
These busy hands a lovelier cot shall build,
And deck with fairer flowers his little field,
And call from Heaven propitious dews to breathe
Arcadian beauty on the barren heath ;

Tell that while Love's spontaneous smile endears
The days of peace, the sabbath of his years,
Health shall prolong to many a festive hour
The social pleasures of his humble bower.

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps;
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy—
'Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy:
No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine;
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine;
Bright as his manly sire the son shall be
In form and soul; but, ah! more blest than he!
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at last,
Shall soothe his aching heart for all the past—
With many a smile my solitude repay,
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.

'And say, when summoned from the world and thee
I lay my head beneath the willow tree,
Wilt thou, sweet mourner! at my stone appear,
And soothe my parted spirit lingering near?
Oh, wilt thou come, at evening hour to shed
The tears of Memory o'er my narrow bed;
With aching temples on thy hand reclined,
Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love, and all my woe?'

So speaks affection, ere the infant eye
Can look regard, or brighten in reply;
But when the cherub lip hath learnt to claim
A mother's ear by that endearing name;

236 his] this *first edition.*

Soon as the playful innocent can prove
A tear of pity, or a smile of love,
Or cons his murmuring task beneath her care,
Or lisps with holy look his evening prayer,
Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear
The mournful ballad warbled in his ear;
How fondly looks admiring HOPE the while,
At every artless tear, and every smile!
How glows the joyous parent to descry
A guileless bosom, true to sympathy!

Where is the troubled heart, consigned to share
Tumultuous toils, or solitary care,
Unblest by visionary thoughts that stray
To count the joys of Fortune's better day?
Lo, nature, life, and liberty relume
The dim-eyed tenant of the dungeon gloom;
A long-lost friend, or hapless child restored,
Smiles at his blazing hearth and social board;
Warm from his heart the tears of rapture flow,
And virtue triumphs o'er remembered woe.

Chide not his peace, proud Reason! nor destroy
The shadowy forms of uncreated joy
That urge the lingering tide of life, and pour
Spontaneous slumber on his midnight hour.

Hark! the wild maniac sings, to chide the gale
That wafts so slow her lover's distant sail;
She, sad spectatress, on the wintry shore
Watched the rude surge his shroudless corse that bore,
Knew the pale form, and, shrieking in amaze,
Clasped her cold hands, and fixed her maddening gaze:
Poor widowed wretch! 'twas there she wept in vain,
Till memory fled her agonizing brain:

270 Smiles] Smile *first edition.*

But Mercy gave, to charm the sense of woe,
Ideal peace, that truth could ne'er bestow;
Warm on her heart the joys of Fancy beam,
And aimless HOPE delights her darkest dream.

Oft when yon moon has climbed the midnight sky,
And the lone sea-bird wakes its wildest cry,
Piled on the steep, her blazing faggots burn
To hail the bark that never can return;
And still she waits, but scarce forbears to weep
That constant love can linger on the deep.

And mark the wretch whose wanderings never knew
The world's regard, that soothes though half untrue,
Whose erring heart the lash of sorrow bore,
But found not pity when it erred no more.
Yon friendless man, at whose dejected eye
The unfeeling proud one looks—and passes by,
Condemned on Penury's barren path to roam,
Scorned by the world, and left without a home
Even he, at evening, should he chance to stray
Down by the hamlet's hawthorn-scented way,
Where, round the cot's romantic glade, are seen
The blossomed bean-field, and the sloping green,
Leans o'er its humble gate, and thinks the while
'Oh! that for me some home like this would smile,
Some hamlet shade, to yield my sickly form
Health in the breeze, and shelter in the storm!
There should my hand no stinted boon assign
To wretched hearts with sorrow such as mine!'
That generous wish can soothe unpitied care,
And HOPE half mingles with the poor man's prayer.

HOPE! when I mourn, with sympathizing mind,
The wrongs of fate, the woes of human kind,

Thy blissful omens bid my spirit see
The boundless fields of rapture yet to be;
I watch the wheels of Nature's mazy plan,
And learn the future by the past of man.

Come, bright Improvement! on the car of Time,
And rule the spacious world from clime to clime;
Thy handmaid arts shall every wild explore,
Trace every wave, and culture every shore.
On Erie's banks, where tigers steal along,
And the dread Indian chants a dismal song,
Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,
And bathe in brains the murderous tomahawk—
There shall the flocks on thymy pasture stray,
And shepherds dance at Summer's opening day,
Each wandering genius of the lonely glen
Shall start to view the glittering haunts of men,
And Silence watch, on woodland heights around,
The village curfew as it tolls profound.

In Libyan groves, where damnèd rites are done,
That bathe the rocks in blood, and veil the sun,
Truth shall arrest the murderous arm profane;
Wild Obi flies—the veil is rent in twain.

Where barbarous hordes on Scythian mountains roam,
Truth, Mercy, Freedom, yet shall find a home;
Where'er degraded Nature bleeds and pines,
From Guinea's coast to Sibir's dreary mines,
Truth shall pervade the unfathomed darkness there,
And light the dreadful features of despair.
Hark! the stern captive spurns his heavy load,
And asks the image back that Heaven bestowed.
Fierce in his eye the fire of valour burns,
And, as the slave departs, the man returns.

335 Libyan] Lybian *first edition.*

Oh! sacred Truth! thy triumph ceased awhile,
And HOPE, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued Oppression poured to Northern wars
Her whiskered pandoors and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet horn;
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

Warsaw's last champion from her height surveyed
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid;
'Oh! Heaven!' he cried, 'my bleeding country save!
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
Rise, fellow men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name we wave the sword on high,
And swear for her to live!—with her to die!'

He said, and on the rampart-heights arrayed
His trusty warriors, few but undismayed;
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge, or death,—the watch-word and reply;
Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm!

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew:
Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career,—

Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked—as Kosciusko fell!

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there.
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air;
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below;
The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way;
Bursts the wide cry of horror and dismay!
Hark! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!
Earth shook; red meteors flashed along the sky,
And conscious Nature shuddered at the cry!

Oh! righteous Heaven! ere Freedom found a grave,
Why slept the sword omnipotent to save?
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance! where thy rod,
That smote the foes of Zion and of God,
That crushed proud Ammon, when his iron car
Was yoked in wrath, and thundered from afar?
Where was the storm that slumbered till the host
Of blood-stained Pharaoh left their trembling coast,
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
And heaved an ocean on their march below?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead!
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own!
Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return
The patriot Tell—the Bruce of Bannockburn!

Yes! thy proud lords, unpitied land! shall see
That man hath yet a soul—and dare be free!

A little while, along thy saddening plains,
The starless night of desolation reigns ;
Truth shall restore the light by Nature given,
And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of Heaven !
Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurled,
Her name, her nature, withered from the world !

Ye that the rising morn invidious mark,
And hate the light—because your deeds are dark ;
Ye that expanding truth invidious view,
And think, or wish, the song of HOPE untrue—
Perhaps your little hands presume to span
The march of Genius, and the powers of man ;
Perhaps ye watch, at Pride's unhallowed shrine,
Her victims, newly slain, and thus divine—
'Here shall thy triumph, Genius, cease, and here
Truth, Science, Virtue, close your short career.'

Tyrants ! in vain ye trace the wizard ring ;
In vain ye limit Mind's unwearied spring :
What ! can ye lull the wingèd winds asleep,
Arrest the rolling world, or chain the deep ?
No !—the wild wave contemns your sceptred hand ;
It rolled not back when Canute gave command !

Man ! can thy doom no brighter soul allow ?
Still must thou live a blot on Nature's brow ?
Shall War's polluted banner ne'er be furled ?
Shall crimes and tyrants cease but with the world ?
What ! are thy triumphs, sacred Truth, belied ?
Why then hath Plato lived—or Sydney died ?

Ye fond adorers of departed fame,
Who warm at Scipio's worth, or Tully's name !
Ye that, in fancied vision, can admire
The sword of Brutus, and the Theban lyre !

Rapt in historic ardour, who adore
Each classic haunt, and well-remembered shore,
Where Valour tuned, amid her chosen throng,
The Thracian trumpet and the Spartan song;
Or, wandering thence, behold the later charms
Of England's glory, and Helvetia's arms!
See Roman fire in Hampden's bosom swell,
And fate and freedom in the shaft of Tell!
Say, ye fond zealots to the worth of yore,
Hath Valour left the world—to live no more?
No more shall Brutus bid a tyrant die,
And sternly smile with vengeance in his eye?
Hampden no more, when suffering Freedom calls,
Encounter Fate, and triumph as he falls?
Nor Tell disclose, through peril and alarm,
The might that slumbers in a peasant's arm?

Yes! in that generous cause for ever strong,
The patriot's virtue and the poet's song,
Still, as the tide of ages rolls away,
Shall charm the world, unconscious of decay!

Yes! there are hearts, prophetic HOPE may trust,
That slumber yet in uncreated dust,
Ordained to fire the adoring sons of earth
With every charm of wisdom and of worth;
Ordained to light, with intellectual day,
The mazy wheels of Nature as they play,
Or, warm with Fancy's energy, to glow,
And rival all but Shakespeare's name below!

And say, supernal Powers! who deeply scan
Heaven's dark decrees, unfathomed yet by man,
When shall the world call down, to cleanse her shame,
That embryo spirit, yet without a name,—

That friend of Nature, whose avenging hands
Shall burst the Libyan's adamantine bands ?
Who, sternly marking on his native soil
The blood, the tears, the anguish, and the toil,
Shall bid each righteous heart exult, to see
Peace to the slave, and vengeance on the free !

Yet, yet, degraded men ! the expected day
That breaks your bitter cup is far away ;
Trade, wealth, and fashion, ask you still to bleed,
And holy men give Scripture for the deed ;
Scourged and debased, no Briton stoops to save
A wretch, a coward ; yes, because a slave !

Eternal Nature ! when thy giant hand
Had heaved the floods, and fixed the trembling land,
When life sprung startling at thy plastic call,
Endless her forms, and man the lord of all !
Say, was that lordly form inspired by thee
To wear eternal chains and bow the knee ?
Was man ordained the slave of man to toil,
Yoked with the brutes, and fettered to the soil :
Weighed in a tyrant's balance with his gold ?
No !—Nature stamped us in a heavenly mould !
She bade no wretch his thankless labour urge,
Nor, trembling, take the pittance and the scourge !
No homeless Libyan, on the stormy deep,
To call upon his country's name, and weep !

Lo ! once in triumph on his boundless plain,
The quivered chief of Congo loved to reign ;
With fires proportioned to his native sky,
Strength in his arm, and lightning in his eye :
Scoured with wild feet his sun-illumined zone,
The spear, the lion, and the woods his own ;

Or led the combat, bold without a plan,
An artless savage, but a fearless man!

The plunderer came!—alas! no glory smiles
For Congo's chief on yonder Indian isles;
For ever fallen! no son of Nature now,
With Freedom chartered on his manly brow!
Faint, bleeding, bound, he weeps the night away.
And, when the sea-wind wafts the dewless day,
Starts, with a bursting heart, for evermore
To curse the sun that lights their guilty shore!

The shrill horn blew; at that alarum knell
His guardian angel took a last farewell!
That funeral dirge to darkness hath resigned
The fiery grandeur of a generous mind!
Poor fettered man! I hear thee whispering low
Unhallowed vows to Guilt, the child of Woe!
Friendless thy heart; and canst thou harbour there
A wish but death—a passion but despair?

The widowed Indian, when her lord expires,
Mounts the dread pile, and braves the funeral fires!
So falls the heart at Thraldom's bitter sigh!
So Virtue dies, the spouse of Liberty!

But not to Libya's barren climes alone,
To Chili, or the wild Siberian zone,
Belong the wretched heart and haggard eye,
Degraded worth, and poor misfortune's sigh!
Ye orient realms, where Ganges' waters run!
Prolific fields! dominions of the sun!
How long your tribes have trembled and obeyed!
How long was Timour's iron sceptre swayed!
Whose marshalled hosts, the lions of the plain,
From Scythia's northern mountains to the main.

Raged o'er your plundered shrines and altars bare,
With blazing torch and gory scimitar,—
Stunned with the cries of death each gentle gale,
And bathed in blood the verdure of the vale!
Yet could no pangs the immortal spirit tame,
When Brama's children perished for his name;
The martyr smiled beneath avenging power,
And braved the tyrant in his torturing hour!

When Europe sought your subject realms to gain,
And stretched her giant sceptre o'er the main,
Taught her proud barks their winding way to shape,
And braved the stormy spirit of the Cape;
Children of Brama! then was mercy nigh
To wash the stain of blood's eternal dye?
Did Peace descend, to triumph and to save,
When freeborn Britons crossed the Indian wave?
Ah, no!—to more than Rome's ambition true,
The Nurse of Freedom gave it not to you!
She the bold route of Europe's guilt began,
And, in the march of nations, led the van!

Rich in the gems of India's gaudy zone,
And plunder piled from kingdoms not their own,
Degenerate Trade! thy minions could despise
The heart-born anguish of a thousand cries;
Could lock, with impious hands, their teeming store,
While famished nations died along the shore:
Could mock the groans of fellow-men, and bear
The curse of kingdoms peopled with despair;
Could stamp disgrace on man's polluted name,
And barter, with their gold, eternal shame!

But hark! as bowed to earth the Bramin kneels,
From heavenly climes propitious thunder peals!

Of India's fate her guardian spirits tell,
Prophetic murmurs breathing on the shell,
And solemn sounds that awe the listening mind,
Roll on the azure paths of every wind.

'Foes of mankind!' her guardian spirits say,
'Revolving ages bring the bitter day,
When Heaven's unerring arm shall fall on you,
And blood for blood these Indian plains bedew;
Nine times have Brama's wheels of lightning hurled
His awful presence o'er the alarmèd world;
Nine times hath Guilt, through all his giant frame,
Convulsive trembled, as the Mighty came;
Nine times hath suffering Mercy spared in vain
But Heaven shall burst her starry gates again!
He comes! dread Brama shakes the sunless sky
With murmuring wrath, and thunders from on high;
Heaven's fiery horse, beneath his warrior form,
Paws the light clouds, and gallops on the storm!
Wide waves his flickering sword: his bright arms glow
Like summer suns, and light the world below!
Earth, and her trembling isles in Ocean's bed,
Are shook, and Nature rocks beneath his tread!

'To pour redress on India's injured realm,
The oppressor to dethrone, the proud to whelm;
To chase destruction from her plundered shore
With arts and arms that triumphed once before,
The tenth Avatar comes! at Heaven's command
Shall Seriswattee wave her hallowed wand!
And Camdeo bright, and Ganesa sublime,
Shall bless with joy their own propitious clime!
Come, Heavenly Powers! primeval peace restore!
Love!—Mercy!—Wisdom!—rule for evermore!'

582 alarmèd] prostrate *first edition.*

ANALYSIS OF PART II

Apostrophe to the power of Love—Its intimate connexion with generous and social Sensibility—Allusion to that beautiful passage, in the beginning of the book of Genesis, which represents the happiness of Paradise itself incomplete till love was superadded to its other blessings—The dreams of future felicity which a lively imagination is apt to cherish when Hope is animated by refined attachment—This disposition to combine, in one imaginary scene of residence, all that is pleasing in our estimate of happiness, compared to the skill of the great artist who personified perfect beauty, in the picture of Venus, by an assemblage of the most beautiful features he could find—A summer and winter evening described, as they may be supposed to arise in the mind of one who wishes, with enthusiasm, for the union of friendship and retirement.

Hope and imagination inseparable agents—Even in those contemplative moments when our imagination wanders beyond the boundaries of this world, our minds are not unattended with an impression that we shall some day have a wider and distinct prospect of the universe, instead of the partial glimpse we now enjoy.

The last and most sublime influence of Hope is the concluding topic of the poem—The predominance of a belief in a future state over the terrors attendant on dissolution—The baneful influence of that sceptical philosophy which bars us from such comforts—Allusion to the fate of a suicide—Episode of Conrad and Ellenore—Conclusion.

[The foregoing Analysis did not appear in the first edition, published in 1799.]

PART II

In joyous youth, what soul hath never known
Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its own?
Who hath not paused while Beauty's pensive eye
Asked from his heart the homage of a sigh?
Who hath not owned, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name?

There be, perhaps, who barren hearts avow,
Cold as the rocks on Torneo's hoary brow;

There be, whose loveless wisdom never failed,
In self-adoring pride securely mailed ;—
But, triumph not, ye peace-enamoured few !
Fire, Nature, Genius, never dwelt with you !
For you no fancy consecrates the scene
Where rapture uttered vows, and wept between ;
'Tis yours, unmoved, to sever and to meet ;
No pledge is sacred, and no home is sweet !

Who that would ask a heart to dullness wed,
The waveless calm, the slumber of the dead ?
No ; the wild bliss of Nature needs alloy,
And fear and sorrow fan the fire of joy !
And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh ! what were man ?—a world without a sun !

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower !
In vain the viewless seraph, lingering there,
At starry midnight charmed the silent air ;
In vain the wild bird carolled on the steep,
To hail the sun, slow wheeling from the deep ;
In vain, to soothe the solitary shade,
Aerial notes in mingling measure played—
The summer wind that shook the spangled tree,
The whispering wave, the murmur of the bee ;
Still slowly passed the melancholy day,
And still the stranger wist not where to stray ;
The world was sad ! the garden was a wild !
And man, the hermit, sighed—till woman smiled !

True, the sad power to generous hearts may bring
Delirious anguish on his fiery wing,—
Barred from delight by Fate's untimely hand,
By wealthless lot, or pitiless command ;

Or doomed to gaze on beauties that adorn
The smile of triumph or the frown of scorn;
While Memory watches o'er the sad review,
Of joys that faded like the morning dew.
Peace may depart; and life and nature seem
A barren path, a wildness, and a dream!

But can the noble mind for ever brood,
The willing victim of a weary mood,
On heartless cares that squander life away,
And cloud young Genius brightening into day?
Shame to the coward thought that e'er betrayed
The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade!
If HOPE's creative spirit cannot raise
One trophy sacred to thy future days,
Scorn the dull crowd that haunt the gloomy shrine
Of hopeless love to murmur and repine!
But, should a sigh of milder mood express
Thy heart-warm wishes, true to happiness;
Should Heaven's fair harbinger delight to pour
Her blissful visions on thy pensive hour,
No tear to blot thy memory's pictured page,
No fears but such as fancy can assuage;
Though thy wild heart some hapless hour may miss
The peaceful tenor of unvaried bliss
(For love pursues an ever-devious race,
True to the winding lineaments of grace),—
Yet still may HOPE her talisman employ
To snatch from Heaven anticipated joy,
And all her kindred energies impart
That burn the brightest in the purest heart.

When first the Rhodian's mimic art arrayed
The queen of Beauty in her Cyprian shade,
The happy master mingled on his piece
Each look that charmed him in the fair of Greece:

To faultless nature true, he stole a grace
From every finer form and sweeter face ;
And, as he sojourned on the Aegean isles,
Woo'd all their love, and treasured all their smiles ;
Then glowed the tints, pure, precious, and refined,
And mortal charms seemed heavenly when combined !
Love on the picture smiled ! Expression poured
Her mingling spirit there—and Greece adored !

So thy fair hand, enamoured Fancy ! gleans
The treasured pictures of a thousand scenes.
Thy pencil traces on the lover's thought
Some cottage-home, from towns and toil remote,
Where love and lore may claim alternate hours,
With peace embosom'd in Idalian bowers !
Remote from busy life's bewildered way,
O'er all his heart shall taste and beauty sway !
Free on the sunny slope, or winding shore,
With hermit steps to wander and adore,
There shall he love, when genial morn appears,
Like pensive Beauty smiling in her tears,
To watch the brightening roses of the sky,
And muse on Nature with a poet's eye !
And when the sun's last splendour lights the deep,
The woods and waves, and murmuring winds asleep ;
When fairy harps the Hesperian planet hail,
And the lone cuckoo sighs along the vale,—
His path shall be where streamy mountains swell
Their shadowy grandeur o'er the narrow dell,
Where mouldering piles and forests intervene,
Mingling with darker tints the living green,—
No circling hills his ravished eye to bound,
Heaven, Earth, and Ocean, blazing all around.

The moon is up—the watch-tower dimly burns —
And down the vale his sober step returns ;

But pauses oft, as winding rocks convey
The still sweet fall of music far away;
And oft he lingers from his home awhile
To watch the dying notes!—and start, and smile!

Let Winter come! let polar spirits sweep
The darkening world and tempest-troubled deep!
Though boundless snows the withered heath deform,
And the dim sun scarce wanders through the storm,
Yet shall the smile of social love repay
With mental light the melancholy day!
And, when its short and sullen noon is o'er,
The ice-chained waters slumbering on the shore,
How bright the faggots in his little hall
Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictured wall!

How blest he names, in love's familiar tone,
The kind fair friend, by nature marked his own;
And, in the waveless mirror of his mind,
Views the fleet years of pleasure left behind,
Since Anna's empire o'er his heart began!
Since first he called her his before the holy man!

Trim the gay taper in his rustic dome,
And light the wintry paradise of home!
And let the half-uncurtained window hail
Some way-worn man benighted in the vale!
Now, while the moaning night-wind rages high,
As sweep the shot-stars down the troubled sky,
While fiery hosts in Heaven's wide circle play,
And bathe in lurid light the milky-way,
Safe from the storm, the meteor, and the shower,
Some pleasing page shall charm the solemn hour—
With pathos shall command, and wit beguile,
A generous tear of anguish, or a smile;

138 lurid] livid *first edition.*

Thy woes, Arion! and thy simple tale,
O'er all the heart shall triumph and prevail!
Charmed as they read the verse too sadly true,
How gallant Albert, and his weary crew,
Heaved all their guns, their foundering bark to save,
And toiled—and shrieked—and perished on the wave!

Yes, at the dead of night, by Lonna's steep,
The seaman's cry was heard along the deep;
There, on his funeral waters, dark and wild,
The dying father blessed his darling child!
'Oh! Mercy, shield her innocence,' he cried,
Spent on the prayer his bursting heart, and died!

Or they will learn how generous worth sublimes
The robber Moor, and pleads for all his crimes!
How poor Amelia kissed, with many a tear,
His hand blood-stained, but ever, ever dear!
Hung on the tortured bosom of her lord,
And wept, and prayed perdition from his sword!
Nor sought in vain! at that heart-piercing cry
The strings of Nature cracked with agony!
He, with delirious laugh, the dagger hurled,
And burst the ties that bound him to the world!

Turn from his dying words, that smite with steel
The shuddering thoughts, or wind them on the wheel—
Turn to the gentler melodies that suit
Thalia's harp, or Pan's Arcadian lute;
Or, down the stream of Truth's historic page
From clime to clime descend, from age to age!

Yet there, perhaps, may darker scenes obtrude
Than Fancy fashions in her wildest mood;
There shall he pause with horrent brow, to rate
What millions died—that Caesar might be great!

Or learn the fate that bleeding thousands bore,
Marched by their Charles to Dneiper's swampy shore:
Faint in his wounds, and shivering in the blast,
The Swedish soldier sunk—and groaned his last!
File after file the stormy showers benumb,
Freeze every standard-sheet, and hush the drum!
Horseman and horse confessed the bitter pang,
And arms and warriors fell with hollow clang!
Yet, ere he sunk in Nature's last repose,
Ere life's warm torrent to the fountain froze,
The dying man to Sweden turned his eye,
Thought of his home, and closed it with a sigh!
Imperial Pride looked sullen on his plight,
And Charles beheld—nor shuddered at the sight!

[1] Above, below, in Ocean, Earth, and Sky,
Thy fairy worlds, Imagination, lie,
And HOPE attends, companion of the way,
Thy dream by night, thy visions of the day!
In yonder pensile orb, and every sphere
That gems the starry girdle of the year;
In those unmeasured worlds, she bids thee tell,
Pure from their God, created millions dwell,
Whose names and natures, unrevealed below,
We yet shall learn, and wonder as we know;
For, as Iona's saint, a giant form,
Throned on her towers, conversing with the storm
(When o'er each Runic altar, weed-entwined,
The vesper clock tolls mournful to the wind),
Counts every wave-worn isle and mountain hoar
From Kilda to the green Ierne's shore;
So, when thy pure and renovated mind
This perishable dust hath left behind,
Thy seraph eye shall count the starry train,
Like distant isles embosomed in the main,—

[1] [Lines 189–212 did not appear in the first edition.]

Rapt to the shrine where motion first began,
And light and life in mingling torrents ran,
From whence each bright rotundity was hurled,
The throne of God,—the centre of the world!

Oh! vainly wise, the moral Muse hath sung
That suasive HOPE hath but a Syren tongue!
True; she may sport with life's untutored day,
Nor heed the solace of its last decay,
The guileless heart her happy mansion spurn,
And part like Ajut—never to return!

But yet, methinks, when Wisdom shall assuage
The griefs and passions of our greener age,
Though dull the close of life, and far away
Each flower that hailed the dawning of the day;
Yet o'er her lovely hopes, that once were dear,
The time-taught spirit, pensive, not severe,
With milder griefs her agèd eye shall fill,
And weep their falsehood, though she love them still!

Thus, with forgiving tears, and reconciled,
The king of Judah mourned his rebel child!
Musing on days, when yet the guiltless boy
Smiled on his sire, and filled his heart with joy!
'My Absalom!' the voice of Nature cried:
'Oh! that for thee thy father could have died!
For bloody was the deed, and rashly done,
That slew my Absalom!—my son!—my son!'

Unfading HOPE! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return!
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!
Oh! then thy kingdom comes, immortal Power!
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!

Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day—
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,
And all the phoenix spirit burns within!

[1] Oh! deep-enchanting prelude to repose,
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!
Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh,
It is a dread and awful thing to die!
Mysterious worlds, untravelled by the sun!
Where Time's far-wandering tide has never run,
From your unfathomed shades and viewless spheres
A warning comes, unheard by other ears.
'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,
Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud!
While Nature hears, with terror-mingled trust,
The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust;
And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod
The roaring waves, and call'd upon his God,
With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,
And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss!

Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illume
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb!
Melt, and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll
Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul!
Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of dismay,
Chased on his night-steed by the star of day!
The strife is o'er—the pangs of Nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
The noon of Heaven undazzled by the blaze,
On heavenly winds that waft her to the sky,
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody;

[1] [Lines 245–374 did not appear in the first edition.]

Wild as that hallowed anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
When Jordan hushed his waves, and midnight still
Watched on the holy towers of Zion hill!

Soul of the just! companion of the dead!
Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled?
Back to its heavenly source thy being goes.
Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose;
Doomed on his airy path awhile to burn,
And doomed, like thee, to travel, and return.
Hark! from the world's exploding centre driven,
With sounds that shook the firmament of Heaven,
Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,
On bickering wheels, and adamantine car;
From planet whirled to planet more remote,
He visits realms beyond the reach of thought,
But wheeling homeward, when his course is run,
Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun!
So hath the traveller of earth unfurled
Her trembling wings, emerging from the world:
And o'er the path by mortal never trod,
Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God!

Oh! lives there, Heaven! beneath thy dread expanse,
One hopeless, dark idolater of Chance,
Content to feed, with pleasures unrefined,
The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind:
Who, mouldering earthward, 'reft of every trust,
In joyless union wedded to the dust,
Could all his parting energy dismiss,
And call this barren world sufficient bliss?
There live, alas! of heaven-directed mien,
Of cultured soul, and sapient eye serene,

Who hail thee, Man! the pilgrim of a day,
Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay,
Frail as a leaf in Autumn's yellow bower,
Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower;
A friendless slave, a child without a sire,
Whose mortal life and momentary fire
Lights to the grave his chance-created form,
As ocean-wrecks illuminate the storm,
And, when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,
To night and silence sink for evermore!

Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,
Lights of the world, and demi-gods of Fame?
Is this your triumph—this your proud applause,
Children of Truth, and champions of her cause?
For this hath Science searched on weary wing
By shore and sea each mute and living thing?
Launched with Iberia's pilot from the steep,
To worlds unknown, and isles beyond the deep?
Or round the cope her living chariot driven,
And wheeled in triumph through the signs of Heaven?
Oh! star-eyed Science, hast thou wandered there,
To waft us home the message of despair?
Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow to suit,
Of blasted leaf, and death-distilling fruit!
Ah me! the laurelled wreath that Murder rears,
Blood-nursed, and watered by the widow's tears,
Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,
As waves the night-shade round the sceptic's head.
What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain?
I smile on death, if heavenward HOPE remain!
But, if the warring winds of Nature's strife
Be all the faithless charter of my life,
If Chance awaked, inexorable power,
This frail and feverish being of an hour,

Doomed o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep,
Swift as the tempest travels on the deep,
To know Delight but by her parting smile,
And toil, and wish, and weep a little while;
Then melt, ye elements, that formed in vain
This troubled pulse, and visionary brain!
Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom,
And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb!
Truth, ever lovely,—since the world began
The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man,—
How can thy words from balmy slumber start
Reposing Virtue, pillowed on the heart!
Yet, if thy voice the note of thunder rolled,
And that were true which Nature never told,
Let Wisdom smile not on her conquered field:
No rapture dawns, no treasure is revealed!
Oh! let her read, nor loudly, nor elate,
The doom that bars us from a better fate:
But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in!

And well may Doubt, the mother of Dismay,
Pause at her martyr's tomb, and read the lay.
Down by the wilds of yon deserted vale
It darkly hints a melancholy tale!
There, as the homeless madman sits alone,
In hollow winds he hears a spirit moan!
And there, they say, a wizard orgie crowds,
When the moon lights her watch-tower in the clouds.
Poor lost Alonzo! Fate's neglected child!
Mild be the doom of Heaven—as thou wert mild!
For oh! thy heart in holy mould was cast,
And all thy deeds were blameless, but the last.
Poor lost Alonzo! still I seem to hear
The clod that struck thy hollow-sounding bier!

When Friendship paid, in speechless sorrow drowned,
Thy midnight rites, but not on hallowed ground!

Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
But leave, oh! leave the light of HOPE behind!
What though my wingèd hours of bliss have been,
Like angel-visits, few and far between?
Her musing mood shall every pang appease,
And charm—when pleasures lose the power to please!
Yes; let each rapture, dear to Nature, flee;
Close not the light of Fortune's stormy sea—
Mirth, Music, Friendship, Love's propitious smile,
Chase every care, and charm a little while,
Ecstatic throbs the fluttering heart employ,
And all her strings are harmonized to joy!
But why so short is Love's delighted hour?
Why fades the dew on Beauty's sweetest flower?
Why can no hymnèd charm of music heal
The sleepless woes impassioned spirits feel?
Can Fancy's fairy hands no veil create,
To hide the sad realities of fate?

No! not the quaint remark, the sapient rule,
Nor all the pride of Wisdom's worldly school
Have power to soothe, unaided and alone,
The heart that vibrates to a feeling tone!
When stepdame Nature every bliss recalls,
Fleet as the meteor o'er the desert falls;
When, 'reft of all, yon widowed sire appears
A lonely hermit in the vale of years;
Say, can the world one joyous thought bestow
To Friendship weeping at the couch of Woe?
No! but a brighter soothes the last adieu,—
Souls of impassioned mould, she speaks to you!
'Weep not,' she says, 'at Nature's transient pain;
Congenial spirits part to meet again!'

What plaintive sobs thy filial spirit drew,
What sorrow choked thy long and last adieu,
Daughter of Conrad! when he heard his knell,
And bade his country and his child farewell!
Doomed the long isles of Sydney Cove to see,
The martyr of his crimes, but true to thee.
Thrice the sad father tore thee from his heart,
And thrice returned, to bless thee, and to part;
Thrice from his trembling lips he murmured low
The plaint that owned unutterable woe;
Till Faith, prevailing o'er his sullen doom,
As bursts the morn on night's unfathomed gloom,
Lured his dim eye to deathless hopes sublime,
Beyond the realms of Nature and of Time!

'And weep not thus,' he cried, 'young Ellenore;
My bosom bleeds, but soon shall bleed no more!
Short shall this half-extinguished spirit burn,
And soon these limbs to kindred dust return!
But not, my child, with life's precarious fire,
The immortal ties of Nature shall expire;
These shall resist the triumph of decay,
When time is o'er, and worlds have passed away!
Cold in the dust this perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once shall never die!
That spark unburied in its mortal frame,
With living light, eternal, and the same,
Shall beam on Joy's interminable years,
Unveiled by darkness, unassuaged by tears!

'Yet, on the barren shore and stormy deep,
One tedious watch is Conrad doomed to weep;
But when I gain the home without a friend,
And press the uneasy couch where none attend,
This last embrace, still cherished in my heart,
Shall calm the struggling spirit ere it part;

Thy darling form shall seem to hover nigh,
And hush the groan of life's last agony!

'Farewell! when strangers lift thy father's bier,
And place my nameless stone without a tear;
When each returning pledge hath told my child
That Conrad's tomb is on the desert piled;
And when the dream of troubled fancy sees
Its lonely rank-grass waving in the breeze;
Who then will soothe thy grief, when mine is o'er?
Who will protect thee, helpless Ellenore?
Shall secret scenes thy filial sorrows hide,
Scorned by the world, to factious guilt allied?
Ah! no; methinks the generous and the good
Will woo thee from the shades of solitude!
O'er friendless grief compassion shall awake,
And smile on innocence, for mercy's sake!'

Inspiring thought of rapture yet to be,
The tears of love were hopeless, but for thee!
If in that frame no deathless spirit dwell,
If that faint murmur be the last farewell,
If fate unite the faithful but to part,
Why is their memory sacred to the heart?
Why does the brother of my childhood seem
Restored awhile in every pleasing dream?
Why do I joy the lonely spot to view,
By artless friendship blessed when life was new?

Eternal HOPE! when yonder spheres sublime
Pealed their first notes to sound the march of Time,
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade.
When all the sister planets have decayed,
When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below,
Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruin smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile!

NOTES TO THE PLEASURES OF HOPE

[For Original Introduction to this Poem see end of these Notes.]

PART I

Note to Line 101.

And such thy strength-inspiring aid that bore
The hardy Byron to his native shore.

The following picture of his own distress, given by Byron in his simple and interesting narrative, justifies the description on page 5.

After relating the barbarity of the Indian cacique to his child, he proceeds thus :—'A day or two after we put to sea again, and crossed the great bay I mentioned we had been at the bottom of when we first hauled away to the westward. The land here was very low and sandy, and something like the mouth of a river which discharged itself into the sea, and which had been taken no notice of by us before, as it was so shallow that the Indians were obliged to take everything out of their canoes, and carry them over land. We rowed up the river four or five leagues, and then took into a branch of it that ran first to the eastward, and then to the northward : here it became much narrower, and the stream excessively rapid, so that we gained but little way, though we wrought very hard. At night we landed upon its banks, and had a most uncomfortable lodging, it being a perfect swamp, and we had nothing to cover us, though it rained excessively. The Indians were little better off than we, as there was no wood here to make their wigwams ; so that all they could do was to prop up the bark, which they carry in the bottom of their canoes, and shelter themselves as well as they could to the leeward of it. Knowing the difficulties they had to encounter here, they had provided themselves with some seal ; but we had not a morsel to eat, after the heavy fatigues of the day, excepting a sort of root we saw the Indians make use of, which was very disagreeable to the taste. We laboured all next day against the stream, and fared as we had done the day before. The next day brought us to the carrying place. Here was plenty of wood, but nothing to be got for sustenance. We passed this night as we had frequently done, under a tree ; but what we suffered at this time is not easy to be expressed. I had been three days at the oar without any kind of nourishment except the wretched root above mentioned. I had no shirt, for it had rotted off by bits. All my clothes consisted

of a short grieko (something like a bear-skin), a piece of red cloth which had once been a waistcoat, and a ragged pair of trowsers without shoes or stockings.'

NOTE TO LINE 120.

A Briton and a friend. Don Patricio Gedd, a Scotch physician in one of the Spanish settlements, hospitably relieved Byron and his wretched associates, of which the Commodore speaks in the warmest terms of gratitude.

NOTE TO LINE 134.

Another string. The seven strings of Apollo's harp were the symbolical representations of the seven planets. Herschel, by discovering an eighth, might be said to add another string to the instrument.

NOTE TO LINE 135.

The Swedish sage. Linnaeus.

NOTE TO LINE 146.

Father Sage. Socrates.

NOTE TO LINE 155.

The Loxian murmurs. Loxias is a name frequently given to Apollo by Greek writers; it is met with more than once in the Choephorae of Aeschylus.

NOTE TO LINE 188.

See Exodus, chap. xvii. 3, 5, 6.

NOTE TO LINE 338.

Wild Obi flies. Among the negroes of the West Indies, Obi, or Obiah, is the name of a magical power, which is believed by them to affect the object of its malignity with dismal calamities. Such a belief must undoubtedly have been deduced from the superstitious mythology of their kinsmen on the coast of Africa. I have, therefore, personified Obi as the evil spirit of the African, although the history of the African tribes mentions the evil spirits of their religious creed by a different appellation.

NOTE TO LINE 342.

Sibir's dreary mines. Mr. Bell, of Antermony, in his *Travels through Siberia*, informs us that the name of the country is universally pronounced 'Sibir' by the Russians.

NOTE TO LINE 356.

Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

The history of the partition of Poland, of the massacre in the suburbs of Warsaw, and on the bridge of Prague, the triumphant entry of Suwarrow into the Polish capital, and the insult offered to human nature, by the blasphemous thanks offered up to Heaven for victories obtained over men fighting in the sacred cause of liberty, by murderers and oppressors, are events generally known.

[In the first edition there appears here a long quotation of several pages from the *New Annual Register*, 1794.]

NOTE TO LINE 519.

The shrill horn blew.

The negroes in the West Indies are summoned to their morning work by a shell or horn.

NOTE TO LINE 538.

How long was Timour's iron sceptre swayed?

To elucidate this passage, I shall subjoin a quotation from the preface to *Letters from a Hindoo Rajah*, a work of elegance and celebrity:—

'The impostor of Mecca had established, as one of the principles of his doctrine, the merit of extending it either by persuasion, or the sword, to all parts of the earth. How steadily this injunction was adhered to by his followers, and with what success it was pursued, is well known to all who are in the least conversant in history.

'The same overwhelming torrent which had inundated the greater part of Africa, burst its way into the very heart of Europe, and covering many kingdoms of Asia, with unbounded desolation, directed its baneful course to the flourishing provinces of Hindostan. Here these fierce and hardy adventurers, whose only improvement had been in the science of destruction, who added the fury of fanaticism to the ravages of war, found the great end of their conquest opposed by objects which neither the ardour of their persevering zeal, nor savage barbarity, could surmount. Multitudes were sacrificed by the cruel hand of religious persecution, and whole countries were deluged in blood, in the vain hope, that by the destruction of a part, the remainder might be persuaded, or terrified, into the profession of Mahomedism. But all these sanguinary efforts were ineffectual: and at length, being fully convinced, that though they might extirpate, they could never

hope to convert, any number of the Hindoos, they relinquished the impracticable idea with which they had entered upon their career of conquest, and contented themselves with the acquirement of the civil dominion and almost universal empire of Hindostan.'—(*Letters from a Hindoo Rajah*, by Eliza Hamilton.)

Note to Line 552.

The stormy spirit of the Cape. See the description of the Cape of Good Hope, translated from Camoens, by Mickle.

Note to Line 566.

While famished nations died along the shore.

The following account of British conduct, and its consequences, in Bengal, will afford a sufficient idea of the fact alluded to in this passage.

After describing the monopoly of salt, betel nut, and tobacco, the historian proceeds thus :—' Money in this current came but by drops ; it could not quench the thirst of those who waited in India to receive it. An expedient, such as it was, remained to quicken its pace. The natives could live with little salt, but could not want food. Some of the agents saw themselves well situated for collecting the rice into stores ; they did so. They knew the Gentoos would rather die than violate the principles of their religion by eating flesh. The alternative would therefore be between giving what they had, or dying. The inhabitants sunk ; —they that cultivated the land, and saw the harvest at the disposal of others, planted in doubt ; scarcity ensued. Then the monopoly was easier managed—sickness ensued. In some districts the languid living left the bodies of their numerous dead unburied.'—*Short History of the English Transactions in the East Indies*, p. 145.

Note to Line 581.

Nine times have Brama's wheels of lightning hurled
His awful presence o'er the alarmèd world.

Among the sublime fictions of the Hindoo mythology, it is one article of belief that the Deity Brama has descended nine times upon the world in various forms, and that he is yet to appear a tenth time, in the figure of a warrior upon a white horse, to cut off all incorrigible offenders. ' Avatar ' is the word used to express his descent.

NOTE TO LINE 601.

Camdeo bright, &c. Camdeo is the God of Love in the mythology of the Hindoos. Ganesa and Seriswattee correspond to the pagan deities Janus and Minerva.

PART II

NOTE TO LINE 54.

The noon of manhood, &c. 'Sacred to Venus is the myrtle shade.'—Dryden.

NOTE TO LINE 143.

Thy woes, Arion! Falconer in his poem, *The Shipwreck*, speaks of himself by the name of Arion. See Falconer's *Shipwreck*, Canto III. [In the first edition of his poem Campbell gives a long quotation here from Falconer.]

NOTE TO LINE 156.

The robber Moor. See Schiller's tragedy of *The Robbers*, Scene v. [Here in the first edition Campbell gives a long quotation from Schiller.]

NOTE TO LINE 174.

What millions died, &c. The carnage occasioned by the wars of Julius Caesar has been usually estimated at two millions of men.

NOTE TO LINE 175.

Or learn the fate that bleeding thousands bore,
Marched by their Charles to Dneiper's swampy shore.

'In this extremity', says the biographer of Charles XII of Sweden, speaking of his military exploits before the battle of Pultowa, 'the memorable winter of 1709, which was still more remarkable in that part of Europe than in France, destroyed numbers of his troops; for Charles resolved to brave the seasons as he had done his enemies, and ventured to make long marches during this mortal cold. It was in one of these marches that two thousand men fell down dead with cold before his eyes."

NOTE TO LINE 199.

As Iona's saint. The natives of the island of St. Iona have an opinion that on certain evenings every year the tutelary saint Columba is seen on the top of the church spires, counting the surrounding islands, to see that they have not been sunk by the power of witchcraft. [This note is not in the first edition.]

NOTE TO LINE 218.

Part like Ajut. See the history of Ajut and Auningait in *The Rambler.*

ORIGINAL MS. INTRODUCTION TO THE PLEASURES OF HOPE

[First printed, soon after the author's death, in *The Edinburgh Advertiser.*]

SEVEN lingering moons have crossed the starry line
Since Beauty's form or Nature's face divine
Had power the sombre of my soul to turn,
Had power to wake my strings and bid them burn.
The charm dissolves! What Genius bade me go
To search the unfathomed mine of human woe,
The wrongs of man to man, of clime to clime,
Since Nature yoked the fiery steeds of time;
The tales of death, since cold on Eden's plain
The beauteous mother clasped her Abel slain;
Ambition's guilt, since Carthage wept her doom;
The Patriot's fate, since Brutus fell with Rome?
The charm dissolves! My kindling fancy dreams
Of brighter forms inspired by gentler themes:
Joy and her rosy flowers attract my view,
And Mirth can please, and Music charm anew;
And Hope, the harbinger of golden hours,
The light of life, the fire of Fancy's powers,
Returns! Again I lift my trembling gaze,
And bless the smiling guest of other days!
So when the Northern in the lonely gloom,
Where Hekla's fires the polar night illume,
Hails the glad summer to his Lulean shores,
And, bowed to earth, his circling suns adores.
So when Cimmerian darkness wakes the dead,
And hideous Nightmare haunts the curtained bed,
And scowls her wild eye on the maddening brain,
What speechless horrors thrill the slumbering swain
When shapeless fiends inhale his tortured breath,
Immure him living in the vaults of death,
Or lead him lonely through the charnelled aisles,
The roaring floods, the dark and swampy vales,

When rocked by winds he wanders on the deep,
Climbs the tall spire, or scales the beetling steep,
His life-blood freezing to the central urn,
No voice can call for aid, no limb can turn,
Till eastern shoot the harbinger of day,
And Night and all her spectres fade away.
If then some wandering huntsman of the morn
Wind from the hill his murmuring bugle-horn,
The shrill sweet music wakes the slumberer's ear,
And melts his blood, and bursts the bands of fear;
The vision fades—the shepherd lifts his eye
And views the lark that carols to the sky.

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING

OR

THE PENNSYLVANIAN COTTAGE

(First published in 1809)

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION

Most of the popular histories of England, as well as of the American war, give an authentic account of the desolation of Wyoming, in Pennsylvania, which took place in 1778, by an incursion of the Indians. Though the scenery and incidents of the following Poem are connected with that event, I forbear to quote any of the historical pages which give a minute detail of it, because the circumstances narrated are disagreeable, and even horrible. It is sufficient for my purpose to state that the testimonies of historians and travellers concur in describing the infant colony as one of the happiest spots of human existence, for the hospitable and innocent manners of the inhabitants, the beauty of the country, and the luxuriant fertility of the soil and climate. In an evil hour the junction of European with Indian arms converted this terrestrial paradise into a frightful waste. Mr. Isaac Weld informs us that the ruins of many of the villages, perforated with balls, and bearing marks of conflagration, were still preserved by the recent inhabitants, when he travelled through America in 1796.

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING

PART I

I

On Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming !
Although the wild-flower on thy ruined wall
And roofless homes a sad remembrance bring
Of what thy gentle people did befall,
Yet thou wert once the loveliest land of all
That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore.
Sweet land ! may I thy lost delights recall,
And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of yore,
Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's shore !

II

Delightful Wyoming ! beneath thy skies
The happy shepherd swains had nought to do
But feed their flocks on green declivities,
Or skim, perchance, thy lake with light canoe
From morn till evening's sweeter pastime grew
With timbrel when, beneath the forests brown,
Thy lovely maidens would the dance renew ;
And aye those sunny mountains half-way down
Would echo flageolet from some romantic town.

I, 1 Susquehanna's] Susquehana's *first edition.*
II, 9 flageolet] flagelet *first to seventh edition.*

III

Then, where of Indian hills the daylight takes
His leave, how might you the flamingo see
Disporting like a meteor on the lakes,
And playful squirrel on his nut-grown tree :
And every sound of life was full of glee,
From merry mock-bird's song, or hum of men ;
While hearkening, fearing nought their revelry,
The wild-deer arched his neck from glades, and then
Unhunted sought his woods and wilderness again.

IV

And scarce had Wyoming of war or crime
Heard, but in transatlantic story rung,
For here the exile met from every clime,
And spoke in friendship every distant tongue :
Men from the blood of warring Europe sprung
Were but divided by the running brook ;
And happy where no Rhenish trumpet sung,
On plains no sieging mine's volcano shook,
The blue-eyed German changed his sword to pruning-hook.

V

Nor far some Andalusian saraband
Would sound to many a native roundelay ;
But who is he that yet a dearer land
Remembers, over hills and far away ?
Green Albin ! what though he no more survey
Thy ships at anchor on the quiet shore,
Thy pellochs rolling from the mountain bay,
Thy lone sepulchral cairn upon the moor,
And distant isles that hear the loud Corbrechtan roar ?

v, 2 roundelay] rondelay *first edition.*

VI

Alas! poor Caledonia's mountaineer,
That want's stern edict e'er, and feudal grief,
Had forced him from a home he loved so dear!
Yet found he here a home, and glad relief,
And plied the beverage from his own fair sheaf,
That fired his Highland blood with mickle glee:
And England sent her men, of men the chief,
Who taught those sires of Empire yet to be
To plant the tree of life,—to plant fair Freedom's tree!

VII

Here was not mingled in the city's pomp
Of life's extremes the grandeur and the gloom;
Judgement awoke not here her dismal tromp,
Nor sealed in blood a fellow-creature's doom,
Nor mourned the captive in a living tomb.
One venerable man, beloved of all,
Sufficed, where innocence was yet in bloom,
To sway the strife that seldom might befall:
And Albert was their judge in patriarchal hall.

VIII

How reverend was the look, serenely aged,
He bore, this gentle Pennsylvanian sire,
Where all but kindly fervours were assuaged,
Undimmed by weakness' shade, or turbid ire!
And though, amidst the calm of thought entire,
Some high and haughty features might betray
A soul impetuous once, 'twas earthly fire
That fled composure's intellectual ray,
As Etna's fires grow dim before the rising day.

IX

I boast no song in magic wonders rife,
But yet, O Nature! is there nought to prize,
Familiar in thy bosom scenes of life?
And dwells in daylight truth's salubrious skies
No form with which the soul may sympathize?—
Young, innocent, on whose sweet forehead mild
The parted ringlet shone in simplest guise,
An inmate in the home of Albert smiled,
Or blest his noonday walk; she was his only child.

X

The rose of England bloomed on Gertrude's cheek.
What though these shades had seen her birth? her sire
A Briton's independence taught to seek
Far western worlds; and there his household fire
The light of social love did long inspire,
And many a halcyon day he lived to see
Unbroken but by one misfortune dire,
When fate had reft his mutual heart: but she
Was gone; and Gertrude climbed a widowed father's knee—

XI

A loved bequest! and I may half impart
To them that feel the strong paternal tie,
How like a new existence to his heart
That living flower uprose beneath his eye,
Dear as she was, from cherub infancy,
From hours when she would round his garden play,
To time when, as the ripening years went by,
Her lovely mind could culture well repay,
And more engaging grew from pleasing day to day.

IX, 2, 3: in the *first edition*—

But yet, familiar is there nought to prize,
O Nature! in thy bosom scenes of life?

XI, 4: Uprose that living flower *first edition.*

XII

I may not paint those thousand infant charms
(Unconscious fascination, undesigned);
The orison repeated in his arms
For God to bless her sire and all mankind;
The book, the bosom on his knee reclined,
Or how sweet fairy-lore he heard her con
(The playmate ere the teacher of her mind):
All uncompanioned else her heart had gone
Till now in Gertrude's eyes their ninth blue summer shone.

XIII

And summer was the tide, and sweet the hour,
When sire and daughter saw, with fleet descent,
An Indian from his bark approach their bower,
Of buskined limb, and swarthy lineament;
The red wild feathers on his brow were blent,
And bracelets bound the arm that helped to light
A boy, who seemed, as he beside him went,
Of Christian vesture, and complexion bright,
Led by his dusky guide, like morning brought by night.

XIV

Yet pensive seemed the boy for one so young—
The dimple from his polished cheek had fled;
When, leaning on his forest-bow unstrung,
The Oneyda warrior to the planter said,
And laid his hand upon the stripling's head,
'Peace be to thee! my words this belt approve;
The paths of peace my steps have hither led:
This little nursling, take him to thy love,
And shield the bird unfledged, since gone the parent dove.

XII, 8 heart] years *first edition.*

XV

'Christian! I am the foeman of thy foe;
Our wampum league thy brethren did embrace:
Upon the Michagan, three moons ago,
We launched our pirogues for the bison chace,
And with the Hurons planted for a space,
With true and faithful hands, the olive-stalk;
But snakes are in the bosoms of their race,
And though they held with us a friendly talk
The hollow peace-tree fell beneath their tomahawk.

XVI

'It was encamping on the lake's far port
A cry of Areouski broke our sleep,
Where stormed an ambushed foe thy nation's fort,
And rapid, rapid whoops came o'er the deep;
But long thy country's war-sign on the steep
Appeared through ghastly intervals of light,
And deathfully their thunders seemed to sweep,
Till utter darkness swallowed up the sight,
As if a shower of blood had quenched the fiery fight.

XVII

'It slept—it rose again—on high their tower
Sprung upwards like a torch to light the skies;
Then down again it rained an ember shower,
And louder lamentations heard we rise:
As, when the evil Manitou that dries
The Ohio woods consumes them in his ire,
In vain the desolated panther flies,
And howls amidst his wilderness of fire:
Alas! too late, we reached and smote those Hurons dire!

xv, 4 pirogues] quivers *first edition.*

9 tomahawk] tomohawk *first edition*: Webster gives 'tamoihecan' as the Delaware form.

XVIII

'But, as the fox beneath the nobler hound,
So died their warriors by our battle-brand;
And from the tree we, with her child, unbound
A lonely mother of the Christian land:—
Her lord—the captain of the British band—
Amidst the slaughter of his soldiers lay.
Scarce knew the widow our delivering hand;
Upon her child she sobbed, and swooned away,
Or shrieked unto the God to whom the Christians pray.

XIX

'Our virgins fed her with their kindly bowls
Of fever-balm and sweet sagamité:
But she was journeying to the land of souls,
And lifted up her dying head to pray
That we should bid an ancient friend convey
Her orphan to his home of England's shore;
And take, she said, this token far away
To one that will remember us of yore,
When he beholds the ring that Waldegrave's Julia wore.

XX

'And I, the eagle of my tribe, have rushed
With this lorn dove.'—A sage's self-command
Had quelled the tears from Albert's heart that gushed;
But yet his cheek—his agitated hand
That showered upon the stranger of the land
No common boon—in grief but ill beguiled
A soul that was not wont to be unmanned;
'And stay', he cried, 'dear pilgrim of the wild,
Preserver of my old, my boon companion's child!—

XXI

'Child of a race whose name my bosom warms,
On earth's remotest bounds how welcome here!
Whose mother oft, a child, has filled these arms
Young as thyself, and innocently dear;
Whose grandsire was my early life's compeer.
Ah, happiest home of England's happy clime!
How beautiful e'en now thy scenes appear,
As in the noon and sunshine of my prime!
How gone like yesterday these thrice ten years of time!

XXII

'And, Julia! when thou wert like Gertrude now,
Can I forget thee, favourite child of yore?
Or thought I, in thy father's house when thou
Wert lightest-hearted on his festive floor,
And first of all his hospitable door
To meet and kiss me at my journey's end—
But where was I when Waldegrave was no more?
And thou didst, pale, thy gentle head extend
In woes, that e'en the tribe of deserts was thy friend?'

XXIII

He said—and strained unto his heart the boy:
Far differently the mute Oneyda took
His calumet of peace and cup of joy;
As monumental bronze unchanged his look;
A soul that pity touched, but never shook;
Trained from his tree-rocked cradle to his bier
The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook
Impassive—fearing but the shame of fear—
A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear.

XXIV

Yet deem not goodness on the savage stock
Of Outalissi's heart disdained to grow;
As lives the oak unwithered on the rock
By storms above and barrenness below,
He scorned his own, who felt another's woe:
And, ere the wolf-skin on his back he flung,
Or laced his mocasins, in act to go,
A song of parting to the boy he sung,
Who slept on Albert's couch nor heard his friendly tongue.

XXV

'Sleep, wearied one! and in the dreaming land
Shouldst thou to-morrow with thy mother meet.
Oh! tell her spirit that the white man's hand
Hath plucked the thorns of sorrow from thy feet;
While I in lonely wilderness shall greet
Thy little foot-prints—or by traces know
The fountain where at noon I thought it sweet
To feed thee with the quarry of my bow,
And poured the lotus-horn, or slew the mountain roe.

XXVI

Adieu! sweet scion of the rising sun!
But, should affliction's storms thy blossom mock,
Then come again, my own adopted one!
And I will graft thee on a noble stock:
The crocodile, the condor of the rock,
Shall be the pastime of thy sylvan wars;
And I will teach thee, in the battle's shock,
To pay with Huron blood thy father's scars,
And gratulate his soul rejoicing in the stars!'

XXV, 2 to-morrow with . . . meet] the spirit of . . . greet *first edition.*

3 tell her spirit] say to-morrow *first edition.*

5 greet] meet *first edition.*

XXVII

So finished he the rhyme (howe'er uncouth)
That true to nature's fervid feelings ran
(And song is but the eloquence of truth):
Then forth uprose that lone wayfaring man;
But, dauntless, he nor chart nor journey's plan
In woods required, whose trainèd eye was keen
As eagle of the wilderness to scan
His path by mountain, swamp, or deep ravine,
Or ken far friendly huts on good savannas green.

XXVIII

Old Albert saw him from the valley's side—
His pirogue launched, his pilgrimage begun,
Far like the red-bird's wing he seemed to glide;
Then dived, and vanished in the woodlands dun.
Oft, to that spot by tender memory won,
Would Albert climb the promontory's height,
If but a dim sail glimmered in the sun;
But never more, to bless his longing sight,
Was Outalissi hailed, with bark and plumage bright.

PART II

I

A VALLEY from the river shore withdrawn
Was Albert's home, two quiet woods between,
Whose lofty verdure overlooked his lawn:
And waters to their resting-place serene
Came freshening, and reflecting all the scene
(A mirror in the depth of flowery shelves):
So sweet a spot of earth, you might (I ween)
Have guessed some congregation of the elves,
To sport by summer moons, had shaped it for themselves.

XXVIII, 9 with] his *first edition.*

II

Yet wanted not the eye far scope to muse,
Nor vistas opened by the wandering stream ;
Both where at evening Allegany views,
Through ridges burning in her western beam,
Lake after lake interminably gleam :
And past those settlers' haunts the eye might roam
Where earth's unliving silence all would seem ;
Save where on rocks the beaver built his dome,
Or buffalo remote lowed far from human home.

III

But silent not that adverse eastern path,
Which saw Aurora's hills the horizon crown ;
There was the river heard, in bed of wrath
(A precipice of foam from mountains brown),
Like tumults heard from some far distant town :
But softening in approach he left his gloom,
And murmured pleasantly, and laid him down
To kiss those easy curving banks of bloom
That lent the windward air an exquisite perfume.

IV

It seemed as if those scenes sweet influence had
On Gertrude's soul, and kindness like their own
Inspired those eyes, affectionate and glad,
That seemed to love whate'er they looked upon—
Whether with Hebe's mirth her features shone,
Or if a shade more pleasing them o'ercast
(As if for heavenly musing meant alone) ;
Yet so becomingly the expression passed
That each succeeding look was lovelier than the last.

V

Nor, guess I, was that Pennsylvanian home
With all its picturesque and balmy grace,
And fields that were a luxury to roam,
Lost on the soul that looked from such a face!
Enthusiast of the woods! when years apace
Had bound thy lovely waist with woman's zone,
The sunrise path at morn I see thee trace
To hills with high magnolia overgrown,
And joy to breathe the groves, romantic and alone.

VI

The sunrise drew her thoughts to Europe forth,
That thus apostrophized its viewless scene:
'Land of my father's love, my mother's birth!
The home of kindred I have never seen!
We know not other—oceans are between:
Yet say, far friendly hearts! from whence we came,
Of us does oft remembrance intervene?
My mother sure—my sire a thought may claim;
But Gertrude is to you an unregarded name.

VII

'And yet, loved England! when thy name I trace
In many a pilgrim's tale and poet's song,
How can I choose but wish for one embrace
Of them, the dear unknown, to whom belong
My mother's looks,—perhaps her likeness strong?
Oh, parent! with what reverential awe
From features of thine own related throng
An image of thy face my soul could draw,
And see thee once again whom I too shortly saw!'

VIII

Yet deem not Gertrude sighed for foreign joy;
To soothe a father's couch, her only care,
And keep his reverend head from all annoy—
For this, methinks, her homeward steps repair
Soon as the morning wreath had bound her hair;
While yet the wild deer trod in spangling dew,
While boatman carolled to the fresh-blown air,
And woods a horizontal shadow threw,
And early fox appeared in momentary view.

IX

Apart there was a deep, untrodden grot
Where oft the reading hours sweet Gertrude wore;
Tradition had not named its lonely spot;
But here, methinks, might India's sons explore
Their fathers' dust, or lift, perchance, of yore
Their voice to the great Spirit:—rocks sublime
To human art a sportive semblance bore,
And yellow lichens coloured all the clime,
Like moonlight battlements, and towers decayed by time.

X

But, high in amphitheatre above,
His arms the everlasting aloes threw:
Breathed but an air of heaven, and all the grove
As if instinct with living spirit grew,
Rolling its verdant gulfs of every hue;
And now suspended was the pleasing din,
Now from a murmur faint it swelled anew,
Like the first note of organ heard within
Cathedral aisles,—ere yet its symphony begin.

IX, 1 Apart] At times *first edition.*

X, 2: So in the first edition; altered to the more general, and therefore less effective, 'Gay tinted woods their massy foliage threw.' 'Aloes' is used as a singular noun.

4 instinct with] with instinct *first edition.*

XI

It was in this lone valley she would charm
The lingering noon, where flowers a couch had strown ;
Her cheek reclining, and her snowy arm,
On hillock by the palm-tree half o'ergrown :
And aye that volume on her lap is thrown
Which every heart of human mould endears ;
With Shakespeare's self she speaks and smiles alone,
And no intruding visitation fears
To shame the unconscious laugh or stop her sweetest tears.

XII

And nought within the grove was seen or heard
But stock-doves 'plaining through its gloom profound
Or winglet of the fairy humming-bird,
Like atoms of the rainbow fluttering round ;
When, lo ! there entered to its inmost ground
A youth, the stranger of a distant land ;
He was, to weet, for eastern mountains bound ;
But late the equator suns his cheek had tanned,
And California's gales his roving bosom fanned.

XIII

A steed, whose rein hung loosely o'er his arm,
He led dismounted ; ere his leisure pace,
Amid the brown leaves, could her ear alarm,
Close he had come, and worshipped for a space
Those downcast features :—she her lovely face
Uplift on one whose lineaments and frame
Were youth and manhood's intermingled grace :
Iberian seemed his boot—his robe the same,
And well the Spanish plume his lofty looks became.

XII, 1, 2 : For, save her presence, scarce an ear had heard
The stock-dove—*first edition.*

5 When lo ! there entered} Till chance had ushered *first edition.*

6 The stranger guest of many a distant clime *first edition.*

XIV

For Albert's home he sought—her finger fair
Has pointed where the father's mansion stood.
Returning from the copse he soon was there;
And soon has Gertrude hied from dark green wood;
Nor joyless, by the converse understood
Between the man of age and pilgrim young
That gay congeniality of mood
And early liking from acquaintance sprung;
Full fluently conversed their guest in England's tongue.

XV

And well could he his pilgrimage of taste
Unfold; and much they loved his fervid strain,
While he each fair variety retraced
Of climes and manners o'er the eastern main—
Now happy Switzer's hills, romantic Spain,
Gay lilied fields of France, or, more refined,
The soft Ausonia's monumental reign;
Nor less each rural image he designed
Than all the city's pomp and home of human kind.

XVI

Anon some wilder portraiture he draws;
Of Nature's savage glories he would speak,
The loneliness of earth that overawes,
Where, resting by some tomb of old Cacique,
The lama-driver on Peruvia's peak,
Nor living voice nor motion marks around,—
But storks that to the boundless forest shriek.
Or wild-cane arch high flung o'er gulf profound,
That fluctuates when the storms of El Dorado sound.

XVI, 5 lama-driver] so in the first and subsequent editions. The modern form is 'llama', Peruvian for 'flock'. The Tibetan word lama means 'high priest'.

6 living voice nor motion] voice nor living motion *first edition*.

XVII

Pleased with his guest, the good man still would ply
Each earnest question, and his converse court ;
But Gertrude, as she eyed him, knew not why
A strange and troubling wonder stopt her short.
' In England thou hast been,—and, by report,
An orphan's name,' quoth Albert, ' mayst have known.
Sad tale !—When latest fell our frontier fort,
One innocent—one soldier's child—alone
Was spared, and brought to me, who loved him as my own,—

XVIII

' Young Henry Waldegrave ! Three delightful years
These very walls his infant sports did see ;
But most I loved him when his parting tears
Alternately bedewed my child and me :
His sorest parting, Gertrude, was from thee ;
Nor half its grief his little heart could hold :
By kindred he was sent for o'er the sea ;—
They tore him from us when but twelve years old,
And scarcely for his loss have I been yet consoled ! '

XIX

His face the wanderer hid—but could not hide
A tear, a smile, upon his cheek that dwell ;—
And ' Speak ! mysterious stranger ! ' Gertrude cried,
' It is !—it is !—I knew—I knew him well !
'Tis Waldegrave's self, of Waldegrave come to tell ! '
A burst of joy the father's lips declare ;
But Gertrude speechless on his bosom fell :
At once his open arms embraced the pair.
Was never group more blest in this wide world of care.

XX

'And will ye pardon then,' replied the youth,
'Your Waldegrave's feignèd name, and false attire?
I durst not in the neighbourhood, in truth,
The very fortunes of your house inquire;
Lest one that knew me might some tidings dire
Impart, and I my weakness all betray;
For had I lost my Gertrude and my sire,
I meant but o'er your tombs to weep a day,—
Unknown I meant to weep, unknown to pass away.

XXI

'But here ye live,—ye bloom; in each dear face
The changing hand of time I may not blame;
For there it hath but shed more reverend grace,
And here of beauty perfected the frame:
And well I know your hearts are still the same—
They could not change—ye look the very way
As when an orphan first to you I came.
And have ye heard of my poor guide, I pray?
Nay, wherefore weep ye, friends, on such a joyous day?'

XXII

'And art thou here? or is it but a dream?
And wilt thou, Waldegrave, wilt thou, leave us more?'—
'No, never! thou that yet dost lovelier seem
Than aught on earth—than e'en thyself of yore—
I will not part thee from thy father's shore;
But we shall cherish him with mutual arms,
And hand in hand again the path explore
Which every ray of young remembrance warms,
While thou shalt be my own, with all thy truth and charms!'

XXIII

At morn, as if beneath a galaxy
Of over-arching groves in blossoms white,
Where all was odorous scent and harmony
And gladness to the heart, nerve, ear, and sight:
There, if, O gentle love! I read aright
The utterance that sealed thy sacred bond,
'Twas, listening to these accents of delight
She hid upon his breast those eyes, beyond
Expression's power to paint all languishingly fond.

XXIV

'Flower of my life, so lovely, and so lone!
Whom I would rather in this desert meet,
Scorning and scorned by fortune's power, than own
Her pomp and splendours lavished at my feet!
Turn not from me thy breath, more exquisite
Than odours cast on heaven's own shrine to please;
Give me thy love, than luxury more sweet,
And more than all the wealth that loads the breeze,
When Coromandel's ships return from Indian seas.'

XXV

Then would that home admit them—happier far
Than grandeur's most magnificent saloon,
While, here and there, a solitary star
Flushed in the darkening firmament of June;
And silence brought the soul-felt hour full soon,
Ineffable, which I may not portray;
For never did the hymenean moon
A paradise of hearts more sacred sway
In all that slept beneath her soft voluptuous ray.

PART III

I

O LOVE! in such a wilderness as this,
Where transport and security entwine,
Here is the empire of thy perfect bliss,
And here thou art a god indeed divine.
Here shall no forms abridge, no hours confine
The views, the walks, that boundless joy inspire!
Roll on, ye days of raptured influence, shine!
Nor, blind with ecstasy's celestial fire,
Shall love behold the spark of earth-born time expire.

II

Three little moons, how short! amidst the grove
And pastoral savannas they consume!
While she, beside her buskined youth to rove,
Delights, in fancifully wild costume,
Her lovely brow to shade with Indian plume;
And forth in hunter-seeming vest they fare:
But not to chase the deer in forest gloom;
'Tis but the breath of heaven—the blessed air—
And interchange of hearts, unknown, unseen, to share.

III

What though the sportive dog oft round them note
Or fawn or wild bird bursting on the wing;
Yet who in love's own presence would devote
To death those gentle throats that wake the spring,
Or writhing from the brook its victim bring?
No!—nor let fear one little warbler rouse;
But, fed by Gertrude's hand, still let them sing,
Acquaintance of her path, amidst the boughs
That shade e'en now her love, and witnessed first her vows.

IV

Now labyrinths, which but themselves can pierce,
Methinks, conduct them to some pleasant ground,
Where welcome hills shut out the universe,
And pines their lawny walk encompass round;
There, if a pause delicious converse found,
'Twas but when o'er each heart the idea stole
(Perchance awhile in joy's oblivion drowned)
That come what may, while life's glad pulses roll,
Indissolubly thus should soul be knit to soul.

V

And, in the visions of romantic youth,
What years of endless bliss are yet to flow!
But, mortal pleasure, what art thou in truth?
The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below!
And must I change my song? and must I show,
Sweet Wyoming! the day when thou wert doomed,
Guiltless, to mourn thy loveliest bowers laid low?
When, where of yesterday a garden bloomed,
Death overspread his pall, and blackening ashes gloomed.

VI

Sad was the year, by proud oppression driven,
When Transatlantic Liberty arose,
Not in the sunshine and the smile of heaven,
But wrapt in whirlwinds and begirt with woes,
Amidst the strife of fratricidal foes;
Her birth star was the light of burning plains;
Her baptism is the weight of blood that flows
From kindred hearts—the blood of British veins;
And famine tracks her steps, and pestilential pains.

VII

Yet, ere the storm of death had raged remote,
Or siege unseen in heaven reflects its beams,
Who now each dreadful circumstance shall note
That fills pale Gertrude's thoughts and nightly dreams ?
Dismal to her the forge of battle gleams
Portentous light ! and music's voice is dumb,
Save where the fife its shrill reveillè screams,
Or midnight streets re-echo to the drum
That speaks of maddening strife and bloodstained fields to come.

VIII

It was, in truth, a momentary pang ;
Yet how comprising myriad shapes of woe
First when in Gertrude's ear the summons rang
A husband to the battle doomed to go !
' Nay meet not thou,' she cries, ' thy kindred foe !
But peaceful let us seek fair England's strand ! '
' Ah, Gertrude ! thy belovèd heart, I know,
Would feel like mine the stigmatising brand
Could I forsake the cause of Freedom's holy band !

IX

' But shame, but flight, a recreant's name to prove,
To hide in exile ignominious fears—
Say even if this I brooked : the public love
Thy father's bosom to his home endears ;
And how could I his few remaining years,
My Gertrude, sever from so dear a child ? '
So, day by day, her boding heart he cheers ;
At last that heart to hope is half beguiled,
And, pale through tears suppressed, the mournful beauty smiled.

X

Night came; and in their lighted bower full late
The joy of converse had endured—when, hark!
Abrupt and loud a summons shook their gate;
And, heedless of the dog's obstreperous bark,
A form has rushed amidst them from the dark,
And spread his arms,—and fell upon the floor:
Of agèd strength his limbs retained the mark;
But desolate he looked, and famished poor,
As ever shipwrecked wretch lone left on desert shore.

XI

Uprisen, each wondering brow is knit and arched:
A spirit from the dead they deem him first:
To speak he tries; but quivering, pale, and parched,
From lips, as by some powerless dream accursed,
Emotions unintelligible burst;
And long his filmèd eye is red and dim;
At length the pity-proffered cup his thirst
Had half assuaged, and nerved his shuddering limb,
When Albert's hand he grasped;—but Albert knew
not him!

XII

'And hast thou then forgot,' he cried forlorn,
And eyed the group with half indignant air,
'Oh! hast thou, Christian chief, forgot the morn
When I with thee the cup of peace did share?
Then stately was this head, and dark this hair
That now is white as Appalachia's snow;
But, if the weight of fifteen years' despair
And age hath bowed me, and the torturing foe,
Bring me my boy—and he will his deliverer know!'

XIII

It was not long, with eyes and heart of flame,
Ere Henry to his loved Oneyda flew :
' Bless thee, my guide ! '—but backward, as he came,
The chief his old bewildered head withdrew,
And grasped his arm, and looked and looked him through.
'Twas strange—nor could the group a smile control—
The long, the doubtful scrutiny to view :
At last delight o'er all his features stole,
' It is—my own,' he cried, and clasped him to his soul.

XIV

' Yes ! thou recall'st my pride of years, for then
The bowstring of my spirit was not slack,
When, spite of woods, and floods, and ambushed men,
I bore thee like the quiver on my back,
Fleet as the whirlwind hurries on the rack ;
Nor foeman then, nor cougar's crouch I feared,
For I was strong as mountain cataract :
And dost thou not remember how we cheered,
Upon the last hill top, when white men's huts appeared ?

XV

' Then welcome be my death-song, and my death !
Since I have seen thee, and again embraced.'
And longer had he spent his toil-worn breath ;
But with affectionate and eager haste
Was every arm outstretched around their guest
To welcome and to bless his aged head.
Soon was the hospitable banquet placed ;
And Gertrude's lovely hands a balsam shed
On wounds with fevered joy that more profusely bled.

XVI

'But this is not a time,'—he started up,
And smote his breast with woe-denouncing hand—
'This is no time to fill the joyous cup—
The Mammoth comes! the foe! the Monster Brandt,
With all his howling, desolating band!
These eyes have seen their blade and burning pine
Awake at once, and silence half your land.
Red is the cup they drink; but not with wine:
Awake, and watch to-night, or see no morning shine!

XVII

'Scorning to wield the hatchet for his bribe,
'Gainst Brandt himself I went to battle forth:
Accursèd Brandt! he left of all my tribe
Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth:
No! not the dog that watched my household hearth
Escaped that night of blood upon our plains!
All perished!—I alone am left on earth!
To whom nor relative nor blood remains,
No!—not a kindred drop that runs in human veins!

XVIII

'But go!—and rouse your warriors; for, if right
These old bewildered eyes could guess, by signs
Of striped and starrèd banners, on yon height
Of eastern cedars, o'er the creek of pines,
Some fort embattled by your country shines:
Deep roars the innavigable gulf below
Its squarèd rock, and palisaded lines.
Go! seek the light its warlike beacons show;
Whilst I in ambush wait for vengeance and the foe!'

XIX

Scarce had he uttered when Heaven's verge extreme
Reverberates the bomb's descending star,
And sounds that mingled laugh, and shout, and scream
To freeze the blood, in one discordant jar
Rung to the pealing thunderbolts of war.
Whoop after whoop with rack the ear assailed,
As if unearthly fiends had burst their bar;
While rapidly the marksman's shot prevailed:—
And aye, as if for death, some lonely trumpet wailed.

XX

Then looked they to the hills, where fire o'erhung
The bandit groups in one Vesuvian glare;
Or swept, far seen, the tower, whose clock unrung
Told legible that midnight of despair.
She faints—she falters not,—the heroic fair!
As he the sword and plume in haste arrayed.
One short embrace, he clasped his dearest care—
But hark! what nearer war-drum shakes the glade?
Joy, joy! Columbia's friends are trampling through the shade!

XXI

Then came of every race the mingled swarm:
Far rung the groves and gleamed the midnight grass
With flambeau, javelin, and naked arm;
As warriors wheeled their culverins of brass,
Sprung from the woods a bold athletic mass
Whom virtue fires and liberty combines:
And first the wild Moravian yagers pass;
His plumed host the dark Iberian joins;
And Scotia's sword beneath the Highland thistle shines.

XXII

And in the buskined hunters of the deer
To Albert's home with shout and cymbal throng :
Roused by their warlike pomp, and mirth, and cheer,
Old Outalissi woke his battle-song,
And, beating with his war-club cadence strong,
Tells how his deep-stung indignation smarts,
Of them that wrapt his house in flames, ere long
To whet a dagger on their stony hearts,
And smile avenged ere yet his eagle spirit parts.

XXIII

Calm opposite the Christian father rose.
Pale on his venerable brow its rays
Of martyr-light the conflagration throws ;
One hand upon his lovely child he lays,
And one the uncovered crowd to silence sways ;
While, though the battle flash is faster driven,
Unawed, with eye unstartled by the blaze,
He for his bleeding country prays to Heaven,—
Prays that the men of blood themselves may be forgiven.

XXIV

Short time is now for gratulating speech :
And yet, belovèd Gertrude, ere began
Thy country's flight, yon distant towers to reach,
Looked not on thee the rudest partisan
With brow relaxed to love ? And murmurs ran,
As round and round their willing ranks they drew
From beauty's sight to shield the hostile van.
Grateful, on them a placid look she threw,
Nor wept, but as she bade her mother's grave adieu !

XXV

Past was the flight, and welcome seemed the tower,
That like a giant standard-bearer frowned
Defiance on the roving Indian power.
Beneath, each bold and promontory mound,
With embrasure embossed, and armour crowned,
And arrowy frise, and wedgèd ravelin,
Wove like a diadem its tracery round
The lofty summit of that mountain green;
Here stood secure the group, and eyed a distant scene—

XXVI

A scene of death! where fires beneath the sun,
And blended arms, and white pavilions glow;
And for the business of destruction done
Its requiem the war-horn seemed to blow:
There, sad spectatress of her country's woe,
The lovely Gertrude, safe from present harm,
Had laid her cheek, and clasped her hands of snow
On Waldegrave's shoulder, half within his arm
Enclosed, that felt her heart, and hushed its wild alarm.

XXVII

But short that contemplation—sad and short
The pause to bid each much-loved scene adieu!
Beneath the very shadow of the fort,
Where friendly swords were drawn, and banners flew,
Ah! who could deem that foot of Indian crew
Was near?—yet there, with lust of murderous deeds,
Gleamed like a basilisk, from woods in view,
The ambushed foeman's eye! his volley speeds,
And Albert—Albert—falls! the dear old father bleeds!

[XXV, 6, arrowy frise = *chevaux de Frise.*]

XXVIII

And tranced in giddy horror Gertrude swooned;
Yet, while she clasps him lifeless to her zone,
Say, burst they, borrowed from her father's wound,
These drops?—Oh, God! the life-blood is her own!
And faltering, on her Waldegrave's bosom thrown—
'Weep not, O Love!' she cries, 'to see me bleed—
Thee, Gertrude's sad survivor, thee alone
Heaven's peace commiserate; for scarce I heed
These wounds; yet thee to leave is death, is death
indeed!

XXIX

'Clasp me a little longer on the brink
Of fate! while I can feel thy dear caress:
And when this heart hath ceased to beat—oh! think,
And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
And friend to more than human friendship just.
Oh! by that retrospect of happiness,
And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
God shall assuage thy pangs—when I am laid in dust!

XXX

'Go, Henry, go not back, when I depart,
The scene thy bursting tears too deep will move,
Where my dear father took thee to his heart,
And Gertrude thought it ecstasy to rove
With thee, as with an angel, through the grove
Of peace, imagining her lot was cast
In heaven; for ours was not like earthly love.
And must this parting be our very last?
No! I shall love thee still, when death itself is past.

XXXI

'Half could I bear, methinks, to leave this earth,—
And thee, more loved than aught beneath the sun,
If I had lived to smile but on the birth
Of one dear pledge;—but shall there then be none,
In future times—no gentle little one,
To clasp thy neck, and look, resembling me?
Yet seems it, e'en while life's last pulses run,
A sweetness in the cup of death to be,
Lord of my bosom's love! to die beholding thee!'

XXXII

Hushed were his Gertrude's lips! but still their bland
And beautiful expression seemed to melt
With love that could not die! and still his hand
She presses to the heart no more that felt.
Ah, heart! where once each fond affection dwelt,
And features yet that spoke a soul more fair.
Mute, gazing, agonizing as he knelt,—
Of them that stood encircling his despair
He heard some friendly words, but knew not what
they were.

XXXIII

For now, to mourn their judge and child, arrives
A faithful band. With solemn rites between,
'Twas sung how they were lovely in their lives,
And in their deaths had not divided been.
Touched by the music and the melting scene,
Was scarce one tearless eye amidst the crowd:
Stern warriors, resting on their swords, were seen
To veil their eyes, as passed each much-loved shroud,
While woman's softer soul in woe dissolved aloud.

XXXIV

Then mournfully the parting bugle bid
Its farewell o'er the grave of worth and truth;
Prone to the dust, afflicted Waldegrave hid
His face on earth;—him watched in gloomy ruth
His woodland guide, but words had none to soothe
The grief that knew not consolation's name:
Casting his Indian mantle o'er the youth,
He watched, beneath its folds, each burst that came
Convulsive, ague-like, across his shuddering frame!

XXXV

'And I could weep'—the Oneyda chief
His descant wildly thus begun,
'But that I may not stain with grief
The death-song of my father's son,
Or bow this head in woe!
For by my wrongs, and by my wrath!
To-morrow Areouski's breath
(That fires yon heaven with storms of death)
Shall light us to the foe:
And we shall share, my Christian boy,
The foeman's blood, the avenger's joy!

XXXVI

'But thee, my flower, whose breath was given
By milder genii o'er the deep,
The spirits of the white man's heaven
Forbid not thee to weep:—
Nor will the Christian host,
Nor will thy father's spirit grieve,

To see thee, on the battle's eve,
Lamenting, take a mournful leave
Of her who loved thee most:
She was the rainbow to thy sight!
Thy sun—thy heaven—of lost delight!

XXXVII

'To-morrow let us do or die!
But when the bolt of death is hurled,
Ah! whither then with thee to fly
Shall Outalissi roam the world?
Seek we thy once-loved home?
The hand is gone that cropt its flowers:
Unheard their clock repeats its hours!
Cold is the hearth within their bowers!
And, should we thither roam,
Its echoes and its empty tread
Would sound like voices from the dead!

XXXVIII

'Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,
Whose streams my kindred nation quaffed?
And by my side, in battle true,
A thousand warriors drew the shaft?
Ah! there in desolation cold
The desert serpent dwells alone,
Where grass o'ergrows each mouldering bone,
And stones themselves to ruin grown,
Like me, are death-like old.
Then seek we not their camp,—for there
The silence dwells of my despair!

[XXXVIII, 3 And *in all editions*; *better* Where.]

XXXIX

'But hark, the trump!—to-morrow thou
In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears:
Even from the land of shadows now
My father's awful ghost appears
Amidst the clouds that round us roll;
He bids my soul for battle thirst—
He bids me dry the last—the first—
The only tears that ever burst
From Outalissi's soul;
Because I may not stain with grief
The death-song of an Indian chief!'

NOTES TO GERTRUDE OF WYOMING

Note to Stanza II, Part I.

[The text of this stanza in the first edition was as follows :—

'It was beneath thy skies that but to prune
His Autumn fruits or skim the light canoe,
Perchance along that river calm at noon
The happy shepherd swain had nought to do
From morn, till evening's sweeter pastime grew,
Their timbrel in the dance of forests brown,
When lovely maidens prankt in flowret new;
And aye those sunny mountains half-way down
Would echo flagelet from some romantic town.']

Note to Stanza III, Part I.

From merry mock-bird's song.

'The mocking-bird is of the form, but larger than the thrush; and the colours are a mixture of black, white, and grey. What is said of the nightingale by its greatest admirers is what may with more propriety apply to this bird, who, in a natural state, sings with very superior taste. Toward evening I have heard one begin softly, reserving its breath to swell certain notes, which, by this means, had a most astonishing effect. A gentleman in London had one of these birds for six years. During the space of a minute he was heard to imitate the woodlark, chaffinch, blackbird, thrush, and sparrow. In this country (America) I have frequently known the mocking-birds so engaged in this mimicry, that it was with much difficulty I could ever obtain an opportunity of hearing their own natural note. Some go so far as to say, that they have neither peculiar notes, nor favourite imitations. This may be denied. Their few natural notes resemble those of the (European) nightingale. Their song, however, has a greater compass and volume than the nightingale, and they have the faculty of varying all intermediate notes in a manner which is truly delightful.'—Ashe's *Travels in America*, vol. ii. p. 73.

Notes to Stanza V, Part I.

And distant isles that hear the loud Corbrechtan roar!

The Corybrechtan, or Corbrechtan, is a whirlpool on the western coast of Scotland, near the island of Jura, which is heard at a prodigious distance. Its name signifies the whirlpool of the Prince of Denmark; and there is a tradition that a Danish prince once undertook, for a wager, to cast anchor in it. He is said to have used woollen, instead of hempen ropes, for greater strength, but perished in the attempt. On the shores of Argyleshire I have often listened with great delight to the sound of this vortex at the distance of many leagues. When the weather is calm, and the adjacent sea is scarcely heard on these picturesque shores, its sound, which is like the sound of innumerable chariots, creates a magnificent and fine effect.

Albin. Scotland.

Pellochs. The Gaelic appellation for the porpoise. [Not noted in first edition.]

Note to Stanza XIII, Part I.

Of buskined limb, and swarthy lineament.

'In the Indian tribes there is a great similarity in their colour, stature, &c. They are all, except the Snake Indians, tall in stature, straight, and robust. It is very seldom they are deformed, which has given rise to the supposition that they put to death their deformed children. Their skin is of a copper colour; their eyes large, bright, black, and sparkling, indicative of a subtile and discerning mind; their hair is of the same colour, and prone to be long, seldom or never curled. Their teeth are large and white; I never observed any decayed among them, which makes their breath as sweet as the air they inhale.'—*Travels through America by Capts. Lewis and Clarke, in* 1804–5–6.

[This note is not in the first edition.]

Notes to Stanza XIV, Part I.

Peace be to thee! my words this belt approve.

'The Indians of North America accompany every formal address to strangers, with whom they form or recognize a treaty of amity, with a present of a string, or belt, of wampum. "Wampum," says Cadwalladar Colden, "is made of the large whelk shell, *Buccinum*, and shaped like long beads: it is the current money of the Indians." '—*History of the five Indian Nations*, p. 34. New York edition.

The paths of peace my steps have hither led.

In relating an interview of Mohawk Indians with the Governor of New York, Colden quotes the following passage as a specimen of their metaphorical manner :—'Where shall I seek the chair of peace ? where shall I find it but upon our path ? and whither doth our path lead us but unto this house ? '

Notes to Stanza XV, Part I.

Our wampum league thy brethren did embrace.

'When they solicit the alliance, offensive or defensive, of a whole nation, they send an embassy with a large belt of wampum and a bloody hatchet, inviting them to come and drink the blood of their enemies. The wampum made use of on these and other occasions, before their acquaintance with the Europeans, was nothing but small shells which they picked up by the sea-coasts, and on the banks of the lakes ; and now it is nothing but a kind of cylindrical beads, made of shells, white and black, which are esteemed among them as silver and gold are among us. The black they call the most valuable, and both together are their greatest riches and ornaments ; these among them answering all the end that money does amongst us. They have the art of stringing, twisting, and interweaving them into their belts, collars, blankets, and mocazins, &c., in ten thousand different sizes, forms, and figures, so as to be ornaments for every part of dress, and expressive to them of all their important transactions. They dye the wampum of various colours and shades, and mix and dispose them with great ingenuity and order, and so as to be significant among themselves of almost everything they please ; so that by these their words are kept, and their thoughts communicated to one another, as ours are by writing. The belts that pass from one nation to another in all treaties, declarations, and important transactions, are very carefully preserved in the cabins of their chiefs, and serve not only as a kind of record or history, but as a public treasure.'—Major Rogers's *Account of North America.*

[This note is not in the first edition.]

Note to Stanza XVI, Part I.

Areouski : The Indian god of war.

Note to Stanza XVII, Part I.

As when the evil Manitou. 'It is certain the Indians acknowledge one Supreme Being, or Giver of Life, who presides over all

things; that is, the Great Spirit; and they look up to him as the source of good, from whence no evil can proceed. They also believe in a bad Spirit, to whom they ascribe great power; and suppose that through his power all the evils which befall mankind are inflicted. To him, therefore, they pray in their distresses, begging that he would either avert their troubles, or moderate them when they are no longer avoidable.

'They hold, also, that there are good Spirits of a lower degree, who have their particular departments, in which they are constantly contributing to the happiness of mortals. These they suppose to preside over all the extraordinary productions of Nature, such as those lakes, rivers, and mountains that are of an uncommon magnitude; and likewise the beasts, birds, fishes, and even vegetables or stones, that exceed the rest of their species in size or singularity.'—Clarke's *Travels among the Indians.*

[The foregoing note is not in the first edition.]

Everything which they cannot comprehend the cause of is called by them Spirit. There are two orders of spirits, the good and the bad. The good is the spirit of dreams, and of all things innocent and inconceivable. The bad is the thunder, the hail, the tempest, and conflagration. The Supreme Spirit of good is called by the Indians 'Kitchi Manitou'; and the Spirit of evil 'Matchi Manitou.'

Note to Stanza XIX, Part I.

Fever-balm and sweet sagamité.

The fever-balm is a medicine used by these tribes; it is a decoction of a bush called the Fever Tree. Sagamité is a kind of soup administered to their sick.

Notes to Stanza XX, Part I.

And I, the eagle of my tribe, have rushed with this torn dove.

The testimony of all travellers among the American Indians who mention their hieroglyphics authorises me in putting this figurative language in the mouth of Outalissi. The dove is among them, as elsewhere, an emblem of meekness; and the eagle that of a bold, noble, and liberal mind. When the Indians speak of a warrior who soars above the multitude in person and endowments, they say, 'he is like the eagle, who destroys his enemies, and gives protection and abundance to the weak of his own tribe.'—

The Indians are distinguished, both personally and by tribes, by the name of particular animals whose qualities they affect to resemble, either for cunning, strength, swiftness, or other qualities; as the eagle, the serpent, the fox, or bear. [Footnote in first edition.]

Notes to Stanza XXIII, Part I.

Far differently, the mute Oneyda took, &c.

'They are extremely circumspect and deliberate in every word and action; nothing hurries them into any intemperate wrath, but that inveteracy to their enemies which is rooted in every Indian's breast. In all other instances they are cool and deliberate, taking care to suppress the emotions of the heart. If an Indian has discovered that a friend of his is in danger of being cut off by a lurking enemy, he does not tell him of his danger in direct terms, as though he were in fear, but he first coolly asks him which way he is going that day, and having his answer, with the same indifference tells him that he has been informed that a noxious beast lies on the route he is going. This hint proves sufficient, and his friend avoids the danger with as much caution as though every design and motion of his enemy had been pointed out to him.

'If an Indian has been engaged for several days in the chase, and by accident continued long without food, when he arrives at the hut of a friend, where he knows that his wants will be immediately supplied, he takes care not to show the least symptoms of impatience, or betray the extreme hunger that he is tortured with; but on being invited in, sits contentedly down and smokes his pipe with as much composure as if his appetite was cloyed and he was perfectly at ease. He does the same if among strangers. This custom is strictly adhered to by every tribe, as they esteem it a proof of fortitude, and think the reverse would entitle them to the appellation of old women.

'If you tell an Indian that his children have greatly signalized themselves against an enemy, have taken many scalps, and brought home many prisoners, he does not appear to feel any strong emotions of pleasure on the occasion; his answer generally is,—they have "done well," and he makes but very little inquiry about the matter; on the contrary, if you inform him that his children are slain or taken prisoners, he makes no complaints: he only replies, "It is unfortunate"—and for some time asks no questions about how it happened.'—Lewis and Clarke's *Travels.*

[This note is not in the first edition.]

His calumet of peace, &c.

'Nor is the calumet of less importance or less revered than the wampum in many transactions relative both to peace and war. The bowl of this pipe is made of a kind of soft red stone, which is easily wrought and hollowed out; the stem is of cane, alder, or some kind of light wood, painted with different colours, and decorated with the heads, tails, and feathers of the most beautiful birds. The use of the calumet is to smoke either tobacco or some bark, leaf, or herb, which they often use instead of it, when they enter into an alliance or any serious occasion or solemn engagements; this being among them the most sacred oath that can be taken, the violation of which is esteemed most infamous, and deserving of severe punishment from Heaven. When they treat of war, the whole pipe and all its ornaments are red: sometimes it is red only on one side, and by the disposition of the feathers, &c., one acquainted with their customs will know at first sight what the nation who presents it intends or desires. Smoking the calumet is also a religious ceremony on some occasions, and in all treaties is considered as a witness between the parties, or rather as an instrument by which they invoke the sun and moon to witness their sincerity, and to be as it were a guarantee of the treaty between them. This custom of the Indians, though to appearance somewhat ridiculous, is not without its reasons; for as they find that smoking tends to disperse the vapours of the brain, to raise the spirits, and to qualify them for thinking and judging properly, they introduced it into their councils, where, after their resolves, the pipe was considered as a seal of their decrees, and, as a pledge of their performance thereof, it was sent to those they were consulting, in alliance or treaty with;—so that smoking among them at the same pipe is equivalent to our drinking together and out of the same cup.'—Major Rogers's *Account of North America*, 1766.

[The foregoing note is not in the first edition.]

'To smoke the calumet or pipe of peace with any person is a sacred token of amity among the Indians. The lighted calumet is also used among them for a purpose still more interesting than the expression of social friendship. The austere manners of the Indians forbid any appearance of gallantry between the sexes in day-time; but at night the young lover goes a calumetting, as his courtship is called. As these people live in a state of equality, and without fear of internal violence or theft in their own tribes, they leave their doors open by night as well as by day. The lover takes advantage of this liberty, lights his calumet, enters the

cabin of his mistress, and gently presents it to her. If she extinguishes it, she admits his addresses; but if she suffer it to burn unnoticed, he retires with a disappointed and throbbing heart.'—Ashe's *Travels*.

Trained from his tree-rocked cradle to his bier.

'An Indian child, as soon as he is born, is swathed with clothes, or skins, and, being laid on his back, is bound down on a piece of thick board, spread over with soft moss. The board is somewhat larger and broader than the child, and bent pieces of wood, like pieces of hoops, are placed over its face to protect it, so that if the machine were suffered to fall, the child probably would not be injured. When the women have any business to transact at home, they hang the board on a tree, if there be one at hand, and set them a swinging from side to side, like a pendulum, in order to exercise the children.'—Weld, vol. ii, p. 246.

The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook
Impassive—

Of the active as well as passive fortitude of the Indian character, the following is an instance related by Adair in his *Travels*:—

'A party of the Senekah Indians came to war against the Katahba, bitter enemies to each other. In the woods the former discovered a sprightly warrior belonging to the latter, hunting in their usual light dress: on his perceiving them, he sprang off for a hollow rock four or five miles distant, as they intercepted him from running homeward. He was so extremely swift and skilful with the gun, as to kill seven of them in the running fight before they were able to surround and take him. They carried him to their country in sad triumph; but though he had filled them with uncommon grief and shame for the loss of so many of their kindred, yet the love of martial virtue induced them to treat him, during their long journey, with a great deal more civility than if he had acted the part of a coward. The women and children, when they met him at their several towns, beat him and whipped him in as severe a manner as the occasion required, according to their law of justice, and at last he was formally condemned to die by the fiery torture. It might reasonably be imagined that what he had for some time gone through, by being fed with a scanty hand, a tedious march, lying at night on the bare ground, exposed to the changes of the weather, with his arms and legs extended in a pair of rough stocks, and suffering such punishment on his entering into their hostile towns, as a prelude to those sharp torments for

which he was destined, would have so impaired his health and affected his imagination, as to have sent him to his long sleep, out of the way of any more sufferings. Probably this would have been the case with the major part of white people under similar circumstances; but I never knew this with any of the Indians: and this cool-headed, brave warrior, did not deviate from their rough lessons of martial virtue, but acted his part so well as to surprise and sorely vex his numerous enemies: for when they were taking him, unpinioned, in their wild parade, to the place of torture, which lay near to a river, he suddenly dashed down those who stood in his way, sprung off, and plunged into the water, swimming underneath like an otter, only rising to take breath, till he reached the opposite shore. He now ascended the steep bank, but though he had good reason to be in a hurry, as many of the enemy were in the water, and others running, very like blood-hounds, in pursuit of him, and the bullets flying round him from the time he took to the river, yet his heart did not allow him to leave them abruptly, without taking leave in a formal manner, in return for the extraordinary favors they had done, and intended to do him. After slapping a part of his body, in defiance to them,' continues the author, 'he put up the shrill war-whoop, as his last salute, till some more convenient opportunity offered, and darted off in the manner of a beast broke loose from its torturing enemies. He continued his speed, so as to run by about midnight of the same day as far as his eager pursuers were two days in reaching. There he rested till he happily discovered five of those Indians who had pursued him:—he lay hid a little way off their camp, till they were sound asleep. Every circumstance of his situation occurred to him, and inspired him with heroism. He was naked, torn, and hungry, and his enraged enemies were come up with him;—but there was now everything to relieve his wants, and a fair opportunity to save his life, and get great honour and sweet revenge by cutting them off. Resolution, a convenient spot, and sudden surprise, would effect the main object of all his wishes and hopes. He accordingly creeped, took one of their tomohawks, and killed them all on the spot,—clothed himself, took a choice gun, and as much ammunition and provisions as he could well carry in a running march. He set off afresh with a light heart, and did not sleep for several successive nights, only when he reclined, as usual, a little before day, with his back to a tree. As it were by instinct, when he found he was free from the pursuing enemy, he made directly to the very place where he had killed seven of his enemies and was taken by them for the fiery torture. He digged them up, burnt their bodies to ashes, and went home in safety with

singular triumph. Other pursuing enemies came, on the evening of the second day, to the camp of their dead people, when the sight gave them a greater shock than they had ever known before. In their chilled war-council they concluded, that as he had done such surprising things in his defence before he was captivated, and since that in his naked condition, and now was well-armed, if they continued the pursuit he would spoil them all, for he surely was an enemy wizard,—and therefore they returned home.'—Adair's *General Observations on the American Indians*, p. 394.

'It is surprising,' says the same author, 'to see the long continued speed of the Indians. Though some of us have often ran the swiftest of them out of sight for about the distance of twelve miles, yet afterwards, without any seeming toil, they would stretch on, leave us out of sight, and outwind any horse.'—*Ibid.*, p. 318.

'If an Indian were driven out into the extensive woods, with only a knife and a tomohawk, or a small hatchet, it is not to be doubted but he would fatten even where a wolf would starve. He would soon collect fire by rubbing two dry pieces of wood together, make a bark hut, earthen vessels, and a bow and arrows; then kill wild game, fish, fresh-water tortoises, gather a plentiful variety of vegetables, and live in affluence.'—*Ibid.*, p. 410.

[The foregoing quotations from Adair are not in the first edition.]

Note to Stanza XXIV, Part I.

Or laced his mocasins. Mocasins are a sort of Indian buskins.

[The modern form of the word is moccassins or mocazins, from the Algonquin *makisin*, a shoe of deerskin.]

Note to Stanza XXV, Part I.

Sleep, wearied one! and in the dreaming land
Shouldst thou to-morrow with thy mother meet.

'There is nothing,' says Charlevoix, 'in which these barbarians carry their superstitions farther, than in what regards dreams; but they vary greatly in their manner of explaining themselves on this point. Sometimes it is the reasonable soul which ranges abroad, while the sensitive continues to animate the body. Sometimes it is the familiar genius who gives salutary counsel with

respect to what is going to happen. Sometimes it is a visit made by the soul of the object of which he dreams. But in whatever manner the dream is conceived, it is always looked upon as a thing sacred, and as the most ordinary way in which the gods make known their will to men. Filled with this idea, they cannot conceive how we should pay no regard to them. For the most part they look upon them either as a desire of the soul, inspired by some genius, or an order from him, and in consequence of this principle they hold it a religious duty to obey them. An Indian having dreamt of having a finger cut off, had it really cut off as soon as he awoke, having first prepared himself for this important action by a feast. Another having dreamt of being a prisoner, and in the hands of his enemies, was much at a loss what to do. He consulted the jugglers, and by their advice caused himself to be tied to a post, and burnt in several parts of the body.'—Charlevoix's *Journal of a Voyage to North America.*

[The foregoing note is not in the first edition.]

The lotus-horn. From a flower shaped like a horn, which Chateaubriant presumes to be of the lotus kind; the Indians in their travels through the desert often find a draught of dew purer than any other water. [Footnote in first edition.]

Note to Stanza XXVI, Part I.

The crocodile, the condor of the rock.

'The alligator, or American crocodile, when full grown,' says Bertram, 'is a very large and terrible creature, and of prodigious strength, activity, and swiftness in the water. I have seen them twenty feet in length, and some are supposed to be twenty-two or twenty-three feet in length. Their body is as large as that of a horse, their shape usually resembles that of a lizard, which is flat, or cuneiform, being compressed on each side, and gradually diminishing from the abdomen to the extremity, which, with the whole body, is covered with horny plates, of squamæ, impenetrable when on the body of the live animal, even to a rifle-ball, except about their head, and just behind their fore-legs or arms, where, it is said, they are only vulnerable. The head of a full-grown one is about three feet, and the mouth opens nearly the same length. Their eyes are small in proportion, and seem sunk in the head, by means of the prominency of the brows; the nostrils are large, inflated, and prominent on the top, so that the head on the water resembles, at a distance, a great chunk of wood floating about: only the upper jaw moves, which they raise almost perpen-

dicular, so as to form a right angle with the lower one. In the fore-part of the upper jaw, on each side, just under the nostrils, are two very large, thick, strong teeth, or tusks, not very sharp, but rather the shape of a cone: these are as white as the finest polished ivory, and are not covered by any skin or lips, but always in sight, which gives the creature a frightful appearance; in the lower jaw are holes opposite to these teeth to receive them; when they clap their jaws together, it causes a surprising noise, like that which is made by forcing a heavy plank with violence upon the ground, and may be heard at a great distance.—But what is yet more surprising to a stranger, is the incredibly loud and terrifying roar which they are capable of making, especially in breeding-time. It most resembles very heavy distant thunder, not only shaking the air and waters, but causing the earth to tremble; and when hundreds are roaring at the same time, you can scarcely be persuaded but that the whole globe is violently and dangerously agitated. An old champion, who is, perhaps, absolute sovereign of a little lake or lagoon (when fifty less than himself are obliged to content themselves with swelling and roaring in little coves round about), darts forth from the reedy coverts, all at once, on the surface of the waters in a right line, at first seemingly as rapid as lightning, but gradually more slowly, until he arrives at the centre of the lake, where he stops. He now swells himself by drawing in wind and water through his mouth, which causes a loud sonorous rattling in the throat for near a minute; but it is immediately forced out again through his mouth and nostrils with a loud noise, brandishing his tail in the air, and the vapour running from his nostrils like smoke. At other times, when swoln to an extent ready to burst, his head and tail lifted up, he spins or twirls round on the surface of the water. He acts his part like an Indian chief, when rehearsing his feats of war.'—Bertram's *Travels in North America*. [This note is not in the first edition.]

Note to Stanza XXVII, Part I.

Then forth uprose that lone wayfaring man.

'They discover an amazing sagacity, and acquire, with the greatest readiness, anything that depends upon the attention of the mind. By experience, and an acute observation, they attain many perfections to which Americans are strangers. For instance, they will cross a forest or a plain, which is two hundred miles in breadth, so as to reach, with great exactness, the point at which they intend to arrive, keeping, during the whole of that space, in

a direct line, without any material deviations; and this they will do with the same ease, let the weather be fair or cloudy. With equal acuteness they will point to that part of the heavens the sun is in, though it be intercepted by clouds or fogs. Besides this, they are able to pursue, with incredible facility, the traces of man or beast, either on leaves or grass; and on this account it is with great difficulty they escape discovery. They are indebted for these talents not only to nature, but to an extraordinary command of the intellectual qualities, which can only be acquired by an unremitted attention, and by long experience. They are, in general, very happy in a retentive memory. They can recapitulate every particular that has been treated of in council, and remember the exact time when they were held. Their belts of wampum preserve the substance of the treaties they have concluded with the neighbouring tribes for ages back, to which they will appeal and refer with as much perspicuity and readiness as Europeans can to their written records.

'The Indians are totally unskilled in geography, as well as all the other sciences, and yet they draw on their birch-bark very exact charts or maps of the countries they are acquainted with. The latitude and longitude only are wanting to make them tolerably complete.

'Their sole knowledge in astronomy consists in being able to point out the polar star, by which they regulate their course when they travel in the night.

'They reckon the distance of places not by miles or leagues, but by a day's journey, which, according to the best calculation I could make, appears to be about twenty English miles. These they also divide into halves and quarters, and will demonstrate them in their maps with great exactness by the hieroglyphics just mentioned, when they regulate in council their war-parties, or their most distant hunting excursions.'—Lewis and Clarke's *Travels*.

'Some of the French missionaries have supposed that the Indians are guided by instinct, and have pretended that Indian children can find their way through a forest as easily as a person of maturer years; but this is a most absurd notion. It is unquestionably by a close attention to the growth of the trees, and position of the sun, that they find their way. On the northern side of a tree there is generally the most moss; and the bark on that side, in general, differs from that on the opposite one. The branches towards the south are, for the most part, more luxuriant than those on the other sides of trees, and several other distinctions also subsist between the northern and southern sides, conspicuous to Indians, being taught from their infancy to attend to them.

which a common observer would, perhaps, never notice. Being accustomed from their infancy likewise to pay great attention to the position of the sun, they learn to make the most accurate allowance for its apparent motion from one part of the heavens to another; and in every part of the day they will point to the part of the heavens where it is, although the sky be obscured by clouds or mists.

'An instance of their dexterity in finding their way through an unknown country came under my observation when I was at Staunton, situated behind the Blue Mountains, Virginia. A number of the Creek nation had arrived at that town on their way to Philadelphia, whither they were going upon some affairs of importance, and had stopped there for the night. In the morning, some circumstance or other, which could not be learned, induced one half of the Indians to set off without their companions, who did not follow until some hours afterwards. When these last were ready to pursue their journey, several of the towns-people mounted their horses to escort them part of the way. They proceeded along the high road for some miles, but, all at once, hastily turning aside into the woods, though there was no path, the Indians advanced confidently forward. The people who accompanied them, surprised at this movement, informed them that they were quitting the road to Philadelphia, and expressed their fear least they should miss their companions who had gone on before. They answered that they knew better, that the way through the woods was the shortest to Philadelphia, and that they knew very well that their companions had entered the wood at the very place where they did. Curiosity led some of the horsemen to go on; and to their astonishment, for there was apparently no track, they overtook the other Indians in the thickest part of the wood. But what appeared most singular was, that the route which they took was found, on examining a map, to be as direct for Philadelphia as if they had taken the bearings by a mariner's compass. From others of their nation, who had been at Philadelphia at a former period, they had probably learned the exact direction of that city from their villages, and had never lost sight of it, although they had already travelled three hundred miles through the woods, and had upwards of four hundred miles more to go before they could reach the place of their destination.—Of the exactness with which they can find out a strange place to which they have been once directed by their own people, a striking example is furnished, I think, by Mr. Jefferson, in his account of the Indian graves in Virginia. These graves are nothing more than large mounds of earth in the woods, which, on being opened, are found to contain skeletons

in an erect posture: the Indian mode of sepulture has been too often described to remain unknown to you. But to come to my story. A party of Indians that were passing on to some of the sea-ports on the Atlantic, just as the Creeks, above mentioned, were going to Philadelphia, were observed, all on a sudden, to quit the straight road by which they were proceeding, and without asking any questions, to strike through the woods, in a direct line, to one of these graves, which lay at the distance of some miles from the road. Now very near a century must have passed over since the part of Virginia, in which this grave was situated, had been inhabited by Indians, and these Indian travellers, who were to visit it by themselves, had unquestionably never been in that part of the country before; they must have found their way to it simply from the description of its situation, that had been handed down to them by tradition.'—Weld's *Travels in North America*, Vol. II.

Note to Stanza IX, Part II.

Their fathers' dust. It is a custom of the Indian tribes to visit the tombs of their ancestors in the cultivated parts of America, who have been buried for upwards of a century. [Footnote in first edition.]

Note to Stanza XII, Part II.

[The first line is sometimes misprinted, to the destruction of the rhyme,—'And nought within the grove was heard or seen.']

Notes to Stanza XVI, Part II.

Wild-cane arch high flung. The bridges over narrow streams in many parts of Spanish America are said to be built of cane, which, however strong to support the passenger, are yet waved in the agitation of the storm, and frequently add to the effect of a mountainous and picturesque scenery. [Footnote in first edition.]

The Mammoth comes. That I am justified in making the Indian chief allude to the mammoth as an emblem of terror and destruction, will be seen by the authority quoted below. Speaking of the mammoth, or big buffalo, Mr. Jefferson states that a tradition is preserved among the Indians of that animal still existing in the northern parts of America:—

'A delegation of warriors from the Delaware tribe having visited the governor of Virginia during the revolution, on matters

of business, the governor asked them some questions relative to their country, and, among others, what they knew or had heard of the animal whose bones were found at the Saltlicks, on the Ohio. Their chief speaker immediately put himself into an attitude of oratory, and with a pomp suited to what he conceived the elevation of his subject, informed him, that it was a tradition handed down from their fathers, that in ancient times a herd of these tremendous animals came to the Bick-bone-licks, and began an universal destruction of the bear, deer, elk, buffalo, and other animals which had been created for the use of the Indians. That the Great Man above looking down and seeing this, was so enraged, that he seized his lightning, descended on the earth, seated himself on a neighbouring mountain on a rock, of which his seat and the prints of his feet are still to be seen, and hurled his bolts among them, till the whole were slaughtered, except the big bull, who presenting his forehead to the shafts, shook them off as they fell, but missing one, at length it wounded him in the side, whereon, springing round, he bounded over the Ohio, over the Wabash, the Illinois, and finally over the great lakes, where he is living at this day.'—Jefferson's *Notes on Virginia*.

Note to Stanza VI, Part III.

Alluding to the miseries that attended the American Civil War. [Footnote in first edition.]

Note to Stanza XIV, Part III.

Cougar. The American tyger. [Footnote in first edition.]

Notes to Stanza XVII, Part III.

Scorning to wield the hatchet for his bribe,
'Gainst Brandt himself I went to battle forth.

I took the character of Brandt in the poem of 'Gertrude' from the common Histories of England, all of which represented him as a bloody and bad man (even among savages), and chief agent in the horrible desolation of Wyoming. Some years after this poem appeared, the son of Brandt, a most interesting and intelligent youth, came over to England, and I formed an acquaintance with him on which I still look back with pleasure. He appealed to my sense of honour and justice, on his own part and on that of his sister, to retract the unfair aspersions which, unconscious of their unfairness, I had cast on his father's memory.

He then referred me to documents which completely satisfied me that the common accounts of Brandt's cruelties at Wyoming, which I had found in books of Travels and in Adolphus's and similar Histories of England, were gross errors, and that, in point of fact, Brandt was not even present at that scene of desolation.

It is, unhappily, to Britons and Anglo-Americans that we must refer the chief blame in this horrible business. I published a letter expressing this belief in the *New Monthly Magazine*, in the year 1822, to which I must refer the reader—if he has any curiosity on the subject—for an antidote to my fanciful description of Brandt. Among other expressions to young Brandt, I made use of the following words:—'Had I learnt all this of your father when I was writing my poem, he should not have figured in it as the hero of mischief.' It was but bare justice to say thus much of a Mohawk Indian, who spoke English eloquently, and was thought capable of having written a history of the Six Nations. I ascertained also that he often strove to mitigate the cruelty of Indian warfare. The name of Brandt, therefore, remains in my poem a pure and declared character of fiction.

[The foregoing note, needless to say, did not appear in the first edition. The note in the first edition, which it cancelled, was as follows:—]

This Brandt was a warrior of the Mohawk nation, who was engaged to allure by bribes, or to force by threats, many Indian tribes to the expedition against Pennsylvania. His blood, I believe, was not purely Indian, but half German. He disgraced, however, his European descent by more than savage ferocity. Among many anecdotes which are given of him, the following is extracted from a traveller in America already quoted: 'With a considerable body of his troops he joined the troops under the command of Sir John Johnson. A skirmish took place with a body of American troops; the action was warm, and Brandt was shot by a musket-ball in his heel, but the Americans in the end were defeated, and an officer with sixty men were taken prisoners. The officer, after having delivered up his sword, had entered into conversation with Sir John Johnson, who commanded the British troops, and they were talking together in the most friendly manner, when Brandt, having stolen slily behind them, laid the American officer low with a blow of his tomohawk. The indignation of Sir John Johnson, as may be readily supposed, was roused by such an act of treachery, and he resented it in the warmest terms. Brandt listened to him unconcernedly, and, when he had finished, told him that he was sorry for his displeasure, but that, indeed, his heel was extremely painful at the moment, and he could not help revenging himself

on the only chief of the party that he saw taken. Since he had killed the officer, he added, his heel was much less painful to him than it had been before.'—Weld's *Travels*, vol. ii, p. 297.

To whom nor relative nor blood remains,
No !—not a kindred drop that runs in human veins !

Every one who recollects the specimen of Indian eloquence given in the speech of Logan, a Mingo chief, to the Governor of Virginia, will perceive that I have attempted to paraphrase its concluding and most striking expression—'There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature.' The similar salutation of the fictitious personage in my story and the real Indian orator makes it surely allowable to borrow such an expression ; and if it appears, as it cannot but appear, to less advantage than in the original, I beg the reader to reflect how difficult it is to transpose such exquisitely simple words without sacrificing a portion of their effect.

In the spring of 1774 a robbery and murder were committed on an inhabitant of the frontiers of Virginia by two Indians of the Shawanee tribe. The neighbouring whites, according to their custom, undertook to punish this outrage in a summary manner. Colonel Cresap, a man infamous for the many murders he had committed on those much injured people, collected a party and proceeded down the Kanaway in quest of vengeance ; unfortunately a canoe with women and children, with one man only, was seen coming from the opposite shore unarmed, and unsuspecting an attack from the whites. Cresap and his party concealed themselves on the bank of the river, and, the moment the canoe reached the shore, singled out their objects, and at one fire killed every person in it. This happened to be the family of Logan, who had long been distinguished as a friend to the whites. This unworthy return provoked his vengeance ; he accordingly signalized himself in the war which ensued. In the autumn of the same year a decisive battle was fought at the mouth of the great Kanaway, in which the collected forces of the Shawanees, Mingoes, and Delawares were defeated by a detachment of the Virginian militia. The Indians sued for peace. Logan, however, disdained to be seen among the suppliants ; but, lest the sincerity of a treaty should be disturbed from which so distinguished a chief abstracted himself, he sent, by a messenger, the following speech to be delivered to Lord Dunmore :—

'I appeal to any white man if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not to eat ; if ever he came cold and

hungry, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, "Logan is the friend of white men." I have even thought to have lived with you but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, murdered all the relations of Logan, even my women and children.

'There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature:—this called on me for revenge. I have fought for it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance.—For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace;—but do not harbour a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life.—Who is there to mourn for Logan? not one!'—Jefferson's *Notes on Virginia.*

THEODRIC:

A DOMESTIC TALE

(First published 1824)

'Twas sunset, and the *Ranz des Vaches* was sung,
And lights were o'er the Helvetian mountains flung
That gave the glacier-tops their richest glow
And tinged the lakes like molten gold below.
Warmth flushed the wonted regions of the storm,
Where, phoenix-like, you saw the eagle's form
That high in heaven's vermilion wheeled and soared;
Woods nearer frowned, and cataracts dashed and roared
From heights browsed by the bounding bouquetin;
Herds tinkling roamed the long-drawn vales between,
And hamlets glittered white, and gardens flourished green.
'Twas transport to inhale the bright sweet air!
The mountain-bee was revelling in its glare,
And roving with his minstrelsy across
The scented wild weeds and enamelled moss.
Earth's features so harmoniously were linked,
She seemed one great glad form, with life instinct,
That felt Heaven's ardent breath, and smiled below
Its flush of love with consentaneous glow.

A Gothic church was near; the spot around
Was beautiful, even though sepulchral ground;
For there nor yew nor cypress spread their gloom,
But roses blossomed by each rustic tomb.

Amidst them one of spotless marble shone—
A maiden's grave—and 'twas inscribed thereon
That young and loved she died whose dust was there.

'Yes,' said my comrade, 'young she died, and fair!
Grace formed her, and the soul of gladness played
Once in the blue eyes of that mountain-maid.
Her fingers witched the chords they passed along,
And her lips seemed to kiss the soul in song:
Yet, wooed and worshipped as she was, till few
Aspired to hope, 'twas sadly, strangely true,
That heart, the martyr of its fondness, burned
And died of love that could not be returned.

Her father dwelt where yonder castle shines
O'er clustering trees and terrace-mantling vines.
As gay as ever the laburnum's pride
Waves o'er each walk where she was wont to glide;
And still the garden whence she graced her brow
As lovely blooms, though trod by strangers now.
How oft, from yonder window o'er the lake,
Her song of wild Helvetian swell and shake
Has made the rudest fisher bend his ear
And rest enchanted on his oar to hear!
Thus bright, accomplished, spirited, and bland,
Well-born, and wealthy for that simple land,
Why had no gallant native youth the art
To win so warm, so exquisite a heart?
She, 'midst these rocks inspired with feelings strong
By mountain-freedom—music—fancy—song,
Herself descended from the brave in arms,
And conscious of romance-inspiring charms,
Dreamt of heroic beings; hoped to find
Some extant spirit of chivalric kind;
And, scorning wealth, looked cold even on the claim
Of manly worth that lacked the wreath of fame.

Her younger brother, sixteen summers old,
And much her likeness both in mind and mould,
Had gone, poor boy! in soldiership to shine,
And bore an Austrian banner on the Rhine.
'Twas when, alas! our Empire's evil star
Shed all the plagues, without the pride, of war;
When patriots bled, and bitterer anguish crossed
Our brave, to die in battles foully lost.
The youth wrote home the rout of many a day;
Yet still he said, and still with truth could say,
One corps had ever made a valiant stand,—
The corps in which he served—Theodric's band.
His fame, forgotten chief, is now gone by,
Eclipsed by brighter orbs in glory's sky;
Yet once it shone, and veterans, when they show
Our fields of battle twenty years ago,
Will tell you feats his small brigade performed,
In charges nobly faced and trenches stormed.
Time was when songs were chanted to his fame,
And soldiers loved the march that bore his name.
The zeal of martial hearts was at his call,
And that Helvetian Udolph's most of all.
'Twas touching, when the storm of war blew wild,
To see a blooming boy, almost a child,
Spur fearless at his leader's words and signs,
Brave death in reconnoitring hostile lines,
And speed each task, and tell each message clear
In scenes where war-trained men were stunned with fear.

Theodric praised him; and they wept for joy
In yonder house, when letters from the boy
Thanked Heaven for life, and more, to use his phrase,
Than twenty lives—his own Commander's praise.

Then followed glowing pages, blazoning forth
The fancied image of his leader's worth,
With such hyperboles of youthful style
As made his parents dry their tears and smile.
But differently far his words impressed
A wondering sister's well-believing breast,
She caught the illusion, blessed Theodric's name,
And wildly magnified his worth and fame,
Rejoicing life's reality contained
One, heretofore, her fancy had but feigned,
Whose love could make her proud;—and time and chance
To passion raised that day-dream of romance.

Once, when with hasty charge of horse and man
Our arrière-guard had checked the Gallic van,
Theodric, visiting the outposts, found
His Udolph, wounded, weltering on the ground:
Sore crushed, half-swooning, half-upraised he lay,
And bent his brow, fair boy! and grasped the clay.
His fate moved even the common soldiers' ruth.
Theodric succoured him; nor left the youth
To vulgar hands, but brought him to his tent
And lent what aid a brother would have lent.

Meanwhile, to save his kindred half the smart
The war-gazette's dread blood-roll might impart,
He wrote the event to them; and soon could tell
Of pains assuaged, and symptoms auguring well;
And last of all, prognosticating cure,
Enclosed the leech's vouching signature.

Their answers, on whose pages you might note
That tears had fallen, whilst trembling fingers wrote,
Gave boundless thanks for benefits conferred,
(Of which the boy, in secret, sent them word)

Whose memory time, they said, would never blot ;
But which the giver had himself forgot.

In time, the stripling, vigorous and healed,
Resumed his barb and banner in the field,
And bore himself right soldier-like, till now
The third campaign had manlier bronzed his brow,
When peace, though but a scanty pause for breath,
A curtain-drop between the acts of death,
A check in frantic war's unfinished game,
Yet dearly bought, and direly welcome, came.
The camp broke up, and Udolph left his chief
As with a son's or younger brother's grief.
But journeying home, how rapt his spirits rose !
How light his footsteps crushed St. Gothard's snows !
How dear seemed e'en the waste and wild Shreckhorn,
Though wrapt in clouds, and frowning as in scorn
Upon a downward world of pastoral charms ;
Where, by the very smell of dairy-farms,
And fragrance from the mountain-herbage blown,
Blindfold his native hills he could have known !

His coming down yon lake—his boat in view
Of windows where love's fluttering kerchief flew—
The arms spread out for him, the tears that burst
('Twas Julia's, 'twas his sister's, met him first)—
Their pride to see war's medal at his breast,
And all their rapture's greeting—may be guessed.

Ere long his bosom triumphed to unfold
A gift he meant their gayest room to hold—
The picture of a friend in warlike dress ;
And who it was he first bade Julia guess.
' Yes,' she replied, ' 'twas he, methought, in sleep,
When you were wounded, told me not to weep.'

The painting long in that sweet mansion drew
Regards its living semblance little knew.

Meanwhile Theodric, who had years before
Learnt England's tongue, and loved her classic lore,
A glad enthusiast, now explored the land,
Where Nature, Freedom, Art smile hand in hand.
Her women fair; her men robust for toil;
Her vigorous souls, high-cultured as her soil;
Her towns, where civic independence flings
The gauntlet down to senates, courts, and kings;
Her works of art, resembling magic's powers;
Her mighty fleets, and learning's beauteous bowers—
These he had visited, with wonder's smile,
And scarce endured to quit so fair an isle.
But how our fates from unmomentous things
May rise, like rivers out of little springs!
A trivial chance postponed his parting day,
And public tidings caused, in that delay,
An English jubilee. 'Twas a glorious sight!
At eve stupendous London, clad in light,
Poured out triumphant multitudes to gaze,
Youth, age, wealth, penury smiling in the blaze;
The illumined atmosphere was warm and bland,
And Beauty's groups, the fairest of the land,
Conspicuous, as in some wide festive room,
In open chariots passed with pearl and plume.
Amidst them he remarked a lovelier mien
Than e'en his thoughts had shaped, or eyes had seen;
The throng detained her till he reined his steed,
And, ere the beauty passed, had time to read
The motto and the arms her carriage bore.
Led by that clue, he left not England's shore
Till he had known her: and to know her well
Prolonged, exalted, bound enchantment's spell;

For with affections warm, intense, refined,
She mixed such calm and holy strength of mind,
That, like Heaven's image in the smiling brook,
Celestial peace was pictured in her look.
Hers was the brow, in trials unperplexed,
That cheered the sad, and tranquillized the vexed;
She studied not the meanest to eclipse,
And yet the wisest listened to her lips;
She sang not, knew not music's magic skill,
But yet her voice had tones that swayed the will.
He sought—he won her—and resolved to make
His future home in England for her sake.

Yet, ere they wedded, matters of concern
To Caesar's court commanded his return
A season's space,—and on his Alpine way
He reached those bowers, that rang with joy that day.
The boy was half beside himself; the sire
All frankness, honour, and Helvetian fire,
Of speedy parting would not hear him speak;
And tears bedewed and brightened Julia's cheek.

Thus, loth to wound their hospitable pride,
A month he promised with them to abide;
As blithe he trod the mountain-sward as they,
And felt his joy make even the young more gay.
How jocund was their breakfast-parlour, fanned
By yon blue water's breath! their walks how bland!
Fair Julia seemed her brother's softened sprite,
A gem reflecting Nature's purest light;
And with her graceful wit there was inwrought
A wildly sweet unworldliness of thought
That almost childlike to his kindness drew,
And twin with Udolph in his friendship grew.
But did his thoughts to love one moment range?
No! he who had loved Constance could not change!

Besides, till grief betrayed her undesigned,
The unlikely thought could scarcely reach his mind
That eyes so young on years like his should beam
Unwooed devotion back for pure esteem.

True, she sang to his very soul, and brought
Those trains before him of luxuriant thought
Which only music's heaven-born art can bring,
To sweep across the mind with angel wing.
Once, as he smiled amidst that waking trance,
She paused o'ercome: he thought it might be chance,
And, when his first suspicions dimly stole,
Rebuked them back like phantoms from his soul.
But, when he saw his caution gave her pain,
And kindness brought suspense's rack again,
Faith, honour, friendship bound him to unmask
Truths which her timid fondness feared to ask.

And yet with gracefully ingenuous power
Her spirit met the explanatory hour;
Even conscious beauty brightened in her eyes,
That told she knew their love no vulgar prize;
And pride, like that of one more woman-grown,
Enlarged her mien, enriched her voice's tone.
'Twas then she struck the keys, and music made
That mocked all skill her hand had e'er displayed:
Inspired and warbling, rapt from things around,
She looked the very Muse of magic sound,
Painting in sound the forms of joy and woe,
Until the mind's eye saw them melt and glow.
Her closing strain composed and calm she played,
And sang no words to give its pathos aid:
But grief seemed lingering in its lengthened swell,
And like so many tears the trickling touches fell.
Of Constance then she heard Theodric speak,
And steadfast smoothness still possessed her cheek:

But, when he told her how he oft had planned
Of old a journey to their mountain land
That might have brought him hither years before,
'Ah! then,' she cried, 'you knew not England's shore;
And had you come,—and wherefore did you not?'
'Yes,' he replied, 'it would have changed our lot!'
Then burst her tears through pride's restraining bands,
And with her handkerchief and both her hands
She hid her face and wept. Contrition stung
Theodric for the tears his words had wrung.
'But no,' she cried, 'unsay not what you've said,
Nor grudge one prop on which my pride is stayed;
To think I could have merited your faith
Shall be my solace even unto death!'
'Julia,' Theodric said, with purposed look
Of firmness, 'my reply deserved rebuke;
But by your pure and sacred peace of mind,
And by the dignity of womankind,
Swear that when I am gone you'll do your best
To chase this dream of fondness from your breast.'

The abrupt appeal electrified her thought;
She looked to Heaven, as if its aid she sought,
Dried hastily the tear-drops from her cheek,
And signified the vow she could not speak.

Ere long he communed with her mother mild:
'Alas!' she said, 'I warned—conjured my child,
And grieved for this affection from the first,
But like fatality it has been nursed;
For, when her filled eyes on your picture fixed,
And when your name in all she spoke was mixed,
'Twas hard to chide an over-grateful mind!
Then each attempt a livelier choice to find

Made only fresh-rejected suitors grieve,
And Udolph's pride—perhaps her own—believe
That, could she meet, she might enchant even you.
You came. I augured the event, 'tis true ;
But how was Udolph's mother to exclude
The guest that claimed our boundless gratitude ?
And that unconscious you had cast a spell
On Julia's peace, my pride refused to tell :
Yet in my child's illusion I have seen,
Believe me well, how blameless you have been :
Nor can it cancel, howsoe'er it end,
Our debt of friendship to our boy's best friend.'
At night he parted with the agèd pair ;
At early morn rose Julia to prepare
The last repast her hands for him should make,
And Udolph to convoy him o'er the lake.
The parting was to her such bitter grief
That of her own accord she made it brief :
But, lingering at her window, long surveyed
His boat's last glimpses melting into shade.

Theodric sped to Austria, and achieved
His journey's object. Much was he relieved
When Udolph's letters told that Julia's mind
Had born his loss firm, tranquil, and resigned,
He took the Rhenish route to England, high
Elate with hopes, fulfilled their ecstasy,
And interchanged with Constance's own breath
The sweet eternal vows that bound their faith.

To paint that being to a grovelling mind
Were like portraying pictures to the blind.
'Twas needful even infectiously to feel
Her temper's fond and firm and gladsome zeal,
To share existence with her, and to gain
Sparks from her love's electrifying chain

Of that pure pride, which, lessening to her breast
Life's ills, gave all its joys a treble zest,
Before the mind completely understood

That mighty truth—how happy are the good!
E'en when her light forsook him, it bequeathed
Ennobling sorrow; and her memory breathed
A sweetness that survived her living days
As odorous scents outlast the censer's blaze.

Or, if a trouble dimmed their golden joy,
'Twas outward dross, and not infused alloy:
Their home knew but affection's looks and speech—
A little Heaven, above dissension's reach.
But midst her kindred there was strife and gall;
Save one congenial sister they were all
Such foils to her bright intellect and grace,
As if she had engrossed the virtue of her race.
Her nature strove the unnatural feuds to heal,
Her wisdom made the weak to her appeal,
And, though the wounds she cured were soon unclosed,
Unwearied still her kindness interposed.

Oft on those errands though she went in vain,
And home, a blank without her, gave him pain,
He bore her absence for its pious end.
But public grief his spirit came to bend;
For war laid waste his native land once more,
And German honour bled at every pore.
Oh! were he there, he thought, to rally back
One broken band, or perish in the wrack!
Nor think that Constance sought to move or melt
His purpose: like herself she spoke and felt—
'Your fame is mine, and I will bear all woe
Except its loss!—but with you let me go
To arm you for, to embrace you from, the fight;
Harm will not reach me—hazards will delight!'

He knew those hazards better; one campaign
In England he conjured her to remain,
And she expressed assent, although her heart
In secret had resolved they should not part.

How oft the wisest on misfortune's shelves
Are wrecked by errors most unlike themselves!
That little fault, that fraud of love's romance,
That plan's concealment, wrought their whole mischance.
He knew it not, preparing to embark,
But felt extinct his comfort's latest spark
When, 'midst those numbered days, she made repair
Again to kindred worthless of her care.
'Tis true she said the tidings she could write
Would make her absence on his heart sit light:
But, haplessly, revealed not yet her plan,
And left him in his home a lonely man.

Thus damped in thoughts, he mused upon the past:
'Twas long since he had heard from Udolph last,
And deep misgivings on his spirit fell
That all with Udolph's household was not well.
'Twas that too true prophetic mood of fear
That augurs griefs inevitably near,
Yet makes them not less startling to the mind
When come. Least looked-for then of human kind,
His Udolph ('twas, he thought at first, his sprite)
With mournful joy that morn surprised his sight.
How changed was Udolph! Scarce Theodric durst
Inquire his tidings;—he revealed the worst.
'At first,' he said, 'as Julia bade me tell,
She bore her fate high-mindedly and well,
Resolved from common eyes her grief to hide,
And from the world's compassion saved our pride:

But still her health gave way to secret woe.
And long she pined—for broken hearts die slow!
Her reason went, but came returning, like
The warning of her death-hour—soon to strike:
And all for which she now, poor sufferer! sighs,
Is once to see Theodric ere she dies.
Why should I come to tell you this caprice?
Forgive me! for my mind has lost its peace.
I blame myself, and ne'er shall cease to blame,
That my insane ambition for the name
Of brother to Theodric founded all
Those high-built hopes that crushed her by their fall.
I made her slight her mother's counsel sage,
But now my parents droop with grief and age;
And, though my sister's eyes mean no rebuke,
They overwhelm me with their dying look.
The journey's long, but you are full of ruth;
And she who shares your heart, and knows its truth,
Has faith in your affection, far above
The fear of a poor dying object's love.'
'She has, my Udolph,' he replied, ''tis true;
And oft we talk of Julia—oft of you.'
Their converse came abruptly to a close;
For scarce could each his troubled looks compose,
When visitants, to Constance near akin
(In all but traits of soul), were ushered in.
They brought not her, nor 'midst their kindred band
The sister who alone, like her, was bland;
But said—and smiled to see it gave him pain
That Constance would a fortnight yet remain.
Vexed by their tidings, and the haughty view
They cast on Udolph as the youth withdrew,
Theodric blamed his Constance's intent.
The demons went, and left him as they went

To read, when they were gone beyond recall,
A note from her loved hand explaining all.
She said that with their house she only stayed
That parting peace might with them all be made;
But prayed for love to share his foreign life,
And shun all future chance of kindred strife.
He wrote with speed his soul's consent to say:
The letter missed her on her homeward way.
In six hours Constance was within his arms:
Moved, flushed, unlike her wonted calm of charms.
And breathless—with uplifted hands outspread—
Burst into tears upon his neck, and said—
'I knew that those who brought your message laughed,
With poison of their own to point the shaft;
And this my one kind sister thought, yet loth
Confessed she feared 'twas true you had been wroth.
But here you are, and smile on me: my pain
Is gone, and Constance is herself again.'
His ecstasy, it may be guessed, was much,
Yet pain's extreme and pleasure's seemed to touch.
What pride! embracing beauty's perfect mould;
What terror! lest his few rash words, mistold,
Had agonized her pulse to fever's heat:
But, calmed again, so soon it healthful beat,
And such sweet tones were in her voice's sound,
Composed herself, she breathed composure round.

Fair being! with what sympathetic grace
She heard, bewailed, and pleaded Julia's case;
Implored he would her dying wish attend,
'And go,' she said, 'to-morrow with your friend;
I'll wait for your return on England's shore,
And then we'll cross the deep, and part no more.'

To-morrow both his soul's compassion drew
To Julia's call, and Constance urged anew

That not to heed her now would be to bind
A load of pain for life upon his mind.
He went with Udolph—from his Constance went—
Stifling, alas! a dark presentiment
Some ailment lurked, even whilst she smiled, to mock
His fears of harm from yester-morning's shock.
Meanwhile a faithful page he singled out
To watch at home and follow straight his route
If aught of threatened change her health should show.
With Udolph then he reached the house of woe.

That winter's eve how darkly Nature's brow
Scowled on the scenes it lights so lovely now!
The tempest, raging o'er the realms of ice,
Shook fragments from the rifted precipice;
And, whilst their falling echoed to the wind,
The wolf's long howl in dismal discord joined,
While white yon water's foam was raised in clouds
That whirled like spirits wailing in their shrouds.
Without was Nature's elemental din—
And beauty died, and friendship wept, within!

Sweet Julia, though her fate was finished half,
Still knew him—smiled on him with feeble laugh—
And blessed him, till she drew her latest sigh!
But lo! while Udolph's bursts of agony,
And age's tremulous wailings, round him rose,
What accents pierced him deeper yet than those?
'Twas tidings by his English messenger
Of Constance—brief and terrible they were.
She still was living when the page set out
From home, but whether now was left in doubt.
Poor Julia! saw he then thy death's relief,
Stunned into stupor more than wrung with grief?

It was not strange ; for in the human breast
Two master-passions cannot co-exist,
And that alarm which now usurped his brain
Shut out, not only peace, but other pain.
'Twas fancying Constance underneath the shroud
That covered Julia made him first weep loud,
And tear himself away from them that wept.
Fast hurrying homeward, night nor day he slept,
Till, launched at sea, he dreamt that his soul's saint
Clung to him on a bridge of ice, pale, faint,
O'er cataracts of blood. Awake, he blessed
The shore ; nor hope left utterly his breast,
Till reaching home, terrific omen ! there
The straw-laid street preluded his despair.
The servant's look—the table that revealed
His letter sent to Constance last, still sealed—
Though speech and hearing left him, told too clear
That he had now to suffer—not to fear.
He felt as if he ne'er should cease to feel—
A wretch live-broken on misfortune's wheel :
Her death's cause—he might make his peace with Heaven,
Absolved from guilt, but never self-forgiven.

The ocean has its ebbings—so has grief ;
'Twas vent to anguish, if 'twas not relief.
To lay his brow e'en on her death-cold cheek.
Then first he heard her one kind sister speak :
She bade him, in the name of Heaven, forbear
With self-reproach to deepen his despair :
' 'Twas blame,' she said, ' I shudder to relate,
But none of yours, that caused our darling's fate ;
Her mother (must I call her such ?) foresaw,
Should Constance leave the land, she would withdraw

Our House's charm against the world's neglect—
The only gem that drew it some respect.
Hence, when you went, she came and vainly spoke
To change her purpose—grew incensed, and broke
With execrations from her kneeling child.
Start not! your angel from her knee rose mild,
Feared that she should not long the scene outlive,
Yet bade e'en you the unnatural one forgive.
Till then her ailment had been slight or none:
But fast she drooped, and fatal pains came on:
Foreseeing their event, she dictated
And signed these words for you.' The letter said—

'Theodric, this is destiny above
Our power to baffle; bear it then, my love!
Rave not to learn the usage I have borne,
For one true sister left me not forlorn;
And, though you're absent in another land,
Sent from me by my own well-meant command,
Your soul, I know, as firm is knit to mine
As these clasped hands in blessing you now join:
Shape not imagined horrors in my fate—
E'en now my sufferings are not very great;
And, when your grief's first transports shall subside
I call upon your strength of soul and pride
To pay my memory, if 'tis worth the debt,
Love's glorying tribute—not forlorn regret:
I charge my name with power to conjure up
Reflection's balmy, not its bitter, cup.
My pardoning angel, at the gates of Heaven,
Shall look not more regard than you have given
To me; and our life's union has been clad
In smiles of bliss as sweet as life e'er had.
Shall gloom be from such bright remembrance cast?
Shall bitterness outflow from sweetness past?

No ! imaged in the sanctuary of your breast,
There let me smile, amidst high thoughts at rest ;
And let contentment on your spirit shine,
As if its peace were still a part of mine :
For if you war not proudly with your pain,
For you I shall have worse than lived in vain.
But I conjure your manliness to bear
My loss with noble spirit—not despair :
I ask you by our love to promise this,
And kiss these words, where I have left a kiss,—
The latest from my living lips for yours.'

Words that will solace him while life endures :
For, though his spirit from affliction's surge
Could ne'er to life, as life had been, emerge,
Yet still that mind whose harmony elate
Rang sweetness, even beneath the crush of fate,—
That mind in whose regard all things were placed
In views that softened them, or lights that graced,
That soul's example could not but dispense
A portion of its own blessed influence,
Invoking him to peace, and that self-sway
Which Fortune cannot give, nor take away :
And, though he mourned her long, 'twas with such woe
As if her spirit watched him still below.

NOTES TO THEODRIC

Note to Line 3.

That gave the glacier-tops their richest glow.

The sight of the glaciers of Switzerland, I am told, has often disappointed travellers who had perused the accounts of their splendour and sublimity given by Bourrit and other describers of Swiss scenery. Possibly Bourrit, who had spent his life in an enamoured familiarity with the beauties of Nature in Switzerland,

may have leaned to the romantic side of description. One can pardon a man for a sort of idolatry of those imposing objects of Nature which heighten our ideas of the beauty of Nature or Providence, when we reflect that the glaciers—those seas of ice—are not only sublime, but useful: they are the inexhaustible reservoirs which supply the principal rivers of Europe; and their annual melting is in proportion to the summer heat which dries up those rivers and makes them need that supply.

That the picturesque grandeur of the glaciers should sometimes disappoint the traveller will not seem surprising to any one who has been much in a mountainous country, and recollects that the beauty of Nature in such countries is not only variable, but capriciously dependent on the weather and sunshine. There are about four hundred different glaciers,[1] according to the computation of M. Bourrit, between Mont Blanc and the frontiers of the Tyrol. The full effect of the most lofty and picturesque of them can, of course, only be produced by the richest and warmest light of the atmosphere; and the very heat which illuminates them must have a changing influence on many of their appearances. I imagine it is owing to this circumstance, namely, the casualty and changeableness of the appearance of some of the glaciers, that the impressions made by them on the minds of other and more transient travellers have been less enchanting than those described by M. Bourrit. On one occasion M. Bourrit seems even to speak of a past phenomenon, and certainly one which no other spectator attests in the same terms, when he says that there once existed between the Kandel Steig and Lauterbrun 'a passage amidst singular glaciers, sometimes resembling magical towns of ice, with pilasters, pyramids, columns, and obelisks, reflecting to the sun the most brilliant hues of the finest gems.'

M. Bourrit's description of the Glacier of the Rhone is quite enchanting:—'To form an idea,' he says, 'of this superb spectacle, figure in your mind a scaffolding of transparent ice filling a space of two miles, rising to the clouds, and darting flashes of light like the sun. Nor were the several parts less magnificent and surprising. One might see, as it were, the streets and buildings of a city erected in the form of an amphitheatre, and embellished with pieces of water, cascades, and torrents. The effects were as prodigious as the immensity and the height;—the most beautiful azure, the most splendid white, the regular appearance of a thousand pyramids of ice—are more easy to be imagined than described.'—Bourrit, iii. 163.

[1] Occupying, if taken together, a surface of 130 square leagues.

Note to Line 9.

From heights browsed by the bounding bouquetin.

Laborde, in his *Tableau de la Suisse*, gives a curious account of this animal, the wild sharp cry and elastic movements of which must heighten the picturesque appearance of its haunts:—'Nature,' says Laborde, 'has destined it to mountains covered with snow: if it is not exposed to keen cold it becomes blind. Its agility in leaping much surpasses that of the chamois, and would appear incredible to those who have not seen it. There is not a mountain so high or steep to which it will not trust itself provided it has room to place its feet; it can scramble along the highest wall, if its surface be rugged.'

Note to Line 15.

Enamelled moss.

The moss of Switzerland, as well as that of the Tyrol, is remarkable for a bright smoothness approaching to the appearance of enamel.

Note to Line 136.

How dear seemed even the waste and wild Shreckhorn.

The Schreckhorn means, in German, the Peak of Terror.

Note to Line 141.

Blindfold his native hills he would have known!

I have here availed myself of a striking expression of the Emperor Napoleon respecting his recollections of Corsica which is recorded in Las Cases' *History of the Emperor's Abode at St. Helena.*

THE PILGRIM OF GLENCOE

(First published in 1842)

The sunset sheds a horizontal smile
O'er Highland frith and Hebridean isle ;
While, gay with gambols of its finny shoals,
The glancing wave rejoices as it rolls
With streamered busses that distinctly shine
All downward pictured in the glassy brine ;
Whose crews, with faces brightening in the sun,
Keep measure with their oars, and all in one
Strike up th' old Gaelic song, ' Sweep, rowers, sweep !
The fisher's glorious spoils are in the deep.'

Day sinks ; but twilight owes the traveller soon.
To reach his bourne, a round unclouded moon,
Bespeaking long undarkened hours of time ;
False hope ! the Scots are steadfast—not their clime.
A war-worn soldier from the western land
Seeks Cona's vale by Ballihoula's strand,—
The vale by eagle-haunted cliffs o'erhung,
Where Fingal fought and Ossian's harp was strung
Our veteran's forehead, bronzed on sultry plains,
Had stood the brunt of thirty fought campaigns ;
He well could vouch the sad romance of wars,
And count the dates of battles by his scars ;
For he had served where o'er and o'er again
Britannia's oriflamme had lit the plain
Of glory—and victorious stamped her name
On Oudenarde's and Blenheim's fields of fame.

Nine times in battle field his blood had streamed.
Yet vivid still his veteran blue eye gleamed ;
Full well he bore his knapsack—unoppressed—
And marched with soldier-like erected crest :
Nor sign of even loquacious age he wore,
Save when he told his life's adventures o'er.
Some tired of these ; for terms to him were dear
Too tactical by far for vulgar ear ;
As when he talked of rampart and ravine,
And trenches fenced with gabion and fascine.
But when his theme possessed him all and whole,
He scorned proud puzzling words and warmed the soul ;
Hushed groups hung on his lips with fond surprise,
That sketched old scenes like pictures to their eyes—
The wide war-plain, with banners glowing bright,
And bayonets to the farthest stretch of sight ;
The pause, more dreadful than the peal to come
From volleys blazing at the beat of drum,
Till all the fields of thundering lines became
Two level and confronted sheets of flame.
Then to the charge, when Marlbro's hot pursuit
Trod France's gilded lilies underfoot,
He came and kindled—and with martial lung
Would chant the very march their trumpets sung.

The old soldier hoped, ere evening's light should fail,
To reach a home south-east of Cona's vale ;
But, looking at Ben Nevis, capped with snow,
He saw its mists come curling down below
And spread white darkness o'er the sunset glow—
Fast rolling like tempestuous Ocean's spray,
Or clouds from troops in battle's fiery day,
So dense, his quarry 'scaped the falcon's sight ;
The owl alone exulted, hating light.

Benighted thus our pilgrim groped his ground
Half 'twixt the river's and the cataract's sound.
At last a sheep-dog's bark informed his ear
Some human habitation might be near ;
Anon sheep-bleatings rose from rock to rock,—
'Twas Luath hounding to their fold the flock.
Ere long the cock's obstreperous clarion rang,
And next a maid's sweet voice that spinning sang :
At last amidst the greensward (gladsome sight !)
A cottage stood, with straw roof golden bright.

He knocked ; was welcomed in. None asked his name,
Nor whither he was bound nor whence he came ;
But he was beckoned to the stranger's seat,
Right side the chimney fire of blazing peat.
Blest hospitality makes not her home
In wallèd parks and castellated dome ;
She flies the city's needy greedy crowd,
And shuns still more the mansions of the proud—
The balm of savage or of simple life,
A wild flower cut by culture's polished knife !

The house, no common sordid shieling cot,
Spoke inmates of a comfortable lot.
The Jacobite white rose festooned their door ;
The windows sashed and glazed, the oaken floor,
The chimney graced with antlers of the deer,
The rafters hung with meat for winter cheer,
And all the mansion indicated plain
Its master a superior shepherd swain.

Their supper came ; the table soon was spread
With eggs and milk and cheese and barley bread.
The family were three—a father hoar,
Whose age you'd guess at seventy years or more ;

His son looked fifty ; cheerful like her lord,
His comely wife presided at the board.
All three had that peculiar courteous grace
Which marks the meanest of the Highland race—
Warm hearts that burn alike in weal and woe,
As if the north wind fanned their bosom's glow !

But wide unlike their souls : old Norman's eye
Was proudly savage even in courtesy.
His sinewy shoulders—each, though aged and lean,
Broad as the curled Herculean head between—
His scornful lip, his eyes of yellow fire,
And nostrils that dilated quick with ire,
With ever downward-slanting shaggy brows,
Marked the old lion you would dread to rouse.
Norman, in truth, had led his earlier life
In raids of red revenge and feudal strife.
Religious duty in revenge he saw,
Proud Honour's right and Nature's honest law ;
First in the charge, and foremost in pursuit,
Long-breathed, deep-chested, and in speed of foot
A match for stags—still fleeter when the prey
Was man, in persecution's evil day ;
Cheered to that chase by brutal bold Dundee,
No Highland hound had lapped more blood than he.
Oft had he changed the Covenanter's breath
From strains of psalmody to howls of death ;
And, though long bound to peace, it irked him still
His dirk had ne'er one hated foe to kill.

Yet Norman had fierce virtues that would mock
Cold-blooded Tories of the modern stock
Who starve the breadless poor with fraud and cant ;—
He slew, and saved them from the pangs of want.
Nor was his solitary lawless charm
Mere dauntlessness of soul and strength of arm ;

He had his moods of kindness now and then,
And feasted even well-mannered Lowland men
Who blew not up his Jacobitish flame,
Nor prefaced with ' pretender ' Charles's name.
Fierce, but by sense and kindness not unwon,
He loved, respected even his wiser son ;
And brooked from him expostulations sage,
When all advisers else were spurned with rage.

Far happier times had moulded Ronald's mind,
By nature too of more sagacious kind.
His breadth of brow, and Roman shape of chin,
Squared well with the firm man that reigned within.
Contemning strife as childishness, he stood
With neighbours on kind terms of neighbourhood ;
And, whilst his father's anger nought availed,
His rational remonstrance never failed.
Full skilfully he managed farm and fold,
Wrote, ciphered, profitably bought and sold ;
And, blessed with pastoral leisure, deeply took
Delight to be informed, by speech or book,
Of that wide world beyond his mountain home
Where oft his curious fancy loved to roam.
Oft while his faithful dog ran round his flock
He read long hours when summer warmed the rock.
Guests who could tell him aught were welcomed warm ;
Even pedlars' news had to his mind a charm
That like an intellectual magnet-stone
Drew truth from judgements simpler than his own.

His soul's proud instinct sought not to enjoy
Romantic fictions, like a minstrel boy ;
Truth, standing on her solid square, from youth
He worshipped—stern uncompromising truth.
His goddess kindlier smiled on him, to find
A votary of her light in land so blind ;

She bade majestic history unroll
Broad views of public welfare to his soul,
Until he looked on clannish feuds and foes
With scorn, as on the wars of kites and crows;
Whilst doubts assailed him, o'er and o'er again,
If men were made for kings or kings for men.
At last, to Norman's horror and dismay,
He flat denied the Stuarts' right to sway.

No blow-pipe ever whitened furnace fire
Quick as these words lit up his father's ire,
Who envied even old Abraham for his faith,
Ordained to put his only son to death.
He started up! in such a mood of soul
The white bear bites his showman's stirring pole;
He danced too, and brought out, with snarl and howl,
'O Dia! Dia! and Dioul! Dioul!'

But sense foils fury: as the blowing whale
Spouts, bleeds, and dyes the waves without avail—
Wears out the cable's length that makes him fast,
But, worn himself, comes up harpooned at last—
E'en so, devoid of sense, succumbs at length
Mere strength of zeal to intellectual strength.

His son's close logic so perplexed his pate
The old hero rather shunned than sought debate;
Exhausting his vocabulary's store
Of oaths and nicknames, he could say no more,
But tapp'd his mull, rolled mutely in his chair,
Or only whistled Killiecrankie's air.

Witch legends Ronald scorned—ghost, kelpie, wraith,
And all the trumpery of vulgar faith;
Grave matrons even were shocked to hear him slight
Authenticated facts of second-sight;

Yet never flinched his mockery to confound
The brutal superstition reigning round.

Reserved himself, still Ronald loved to scan
Men's natures—and he liked the old hearty man;
So did the partner of his heart and life:
Who pleased her Ronald ne'er displeased his wife.
His sense, 'tis true, compared with Norman's son,
Was commonplace—his tales too long outspun;
Yet Allan Campbell's sympathizing mind
Had held large intercourse with human kind,
Seen much, and gaily, graphically, drew
The men of every country, clime, and hue;
Nor ever stooped, though soldier-like his strain,
To ribaldry of mirth or oath profane.

All went harmonious till the guest began
To talk about his kindred, chief and clan,
And, with his own biography engrossed,
Marked not the changed demeanour of each host,
Nor how old choleric Norman's cheek became
Flushed at the Campbell and Breadalbane name.
Assigning, heedless of impending harm,
Their steadfast silence to his story's charm,
He touched a subject perilous to touch—
Saying, ' 'Midst this well-known vale I wondered much
To lose my way. In boyhood, long ago,
I roamed and loved each pathway of Glencoe;
Trapped leverets, plucked wild berries on its braes,
And fished along its banks long summer days.

' But times grew stormy; bitter feuds arose;
Our clan was merciless to prostrate foes.
I never palliated my chieftain's blame,
But mourned the sin, and reddened for the shame

Of that foul morn (Heaven blot it from the year !)
Whose shapes and shrieks still haunt my dreaming ear.
What could I do ? a serf—Glenlyon's page,
A soldier sworn at nineteen years of age ;
To have breathed one grieved remonstrance to our chief,
The pit or gallows would have cured my grief.
Forced, passive as the musket in my hand,
I marched when, feigning royalty's command,
Against the clan Macdonald Stairs's lord
Sent forth exterminating fire and sword ;
And troops at midnight through the vale defiled,
Enjoined to slaughter woman, man, and child.
My clansmen many a year had cause to dread
The curse that day entailed upon their head ;
Glenlyon's self confessed the avenging spell—
I saw it light on him.
It so befell :—
A soldier from our ranks to death was brought
By sentence deemed too dreadful for his fault ;
All was prepared—the coffin and the cart
Stood near twelve muskets levelled at his heart.
The chief, whose breast for ruth had still some room,
Obtained reprieve a day before his doom ;
But of the awarded boon surmised no breath.
The sufferer knelt, blindfolded, waiting death,—
And met it. Though Glenlyon had desired
The musketeers to watch before they fired ;
If from his pocket they should see he drew
A handkerchief—their volley should ensue ;
But if he held a paper in its place,
It should be hailed the sign of pardoning grace.
He, in a fatal moment's absent fit,
Drew forth the handkerchief, and not the writ ;

Wept o'er the corpse, and wrung his hands in woe,
Crying "Here 's thy curse again—Glencoe ! Glencoe!"

Though thus his guest spoke feelings just and clear,
The cabin's patriarch lent impatient ear ;
Wroth that, beneath his roof, a living man
Should boast the swine-blood of the Campbell clan,
He hastened to the door—called out his son
To follow ; walked a space, and thus begun :—
' You have not, Ronald, at this day to learn
The oath I took beside my father's cairn,
When you were but a babe a twelvemonth born ;
Sworn on my dirk—by all that 's sacred, sworn
To be revenged for blood that cries to Heaven—
Blood unforgiveable, and unforgiven :
But never power, since then, have I possessed
To plant my dagger in a Campbell's breast.
Now, here 's a self-accusing partisan,
Steeped in the slaughter of Macdonald's clan ;
I scorn his civil speech and sweet-lipped show
Of pity—he is still our house's foe :
I'll perjure not myself—but sacrifice
The caitiff ere to-morrow's sun arise.
Stand ! hear me—you're my son, the deed is just ;
And if I say it must be done, it must :
A debt of honour which my clansmen crave ;
Their very dead demand it from the grave.'
Conjuring then their ghosts, he humbly prayed
Their patience till the blood-debt should be paid.

But Ronald stopped him :—' Sir, Sir, do not dim
Your honour for a moment's angry whim ;
Your soul 's too just and generous, were you cool,
To act at once the assassin and the fool.
Bring me the men on whom revenge is due,
And I will dirk them willingly as you !

But all the real authors of that black
Old deed are gone—you cannot bring them back.
And this poor guest, 'tis palpable to judge,
In all his life ne'er bore our clan a grudge;
Dragged when a boy against his will to share
That massacre, he loathed the foul affair.
Think, if your hardened heart be conscience-proof;
To stab a stranger underneath your roof!
One who has broken bread within your gate!
Reflect—before reflection comes too late.
Such ugly consequences there may be
As judge and jury, rope and gallows-tree.
The days of dirking snugly are gone by.
Where could you hide the body privily,
When search is made for 't?'
'Plunge it in yon flood,
That Campbells crimsoned with our kindred blood.'
'Ay, but the corpse may float—'
'Pshaw! dead men tell
No tales—nor will it float if leaded well.
I am determined!' What could Ronald do?
No house within ear-reach of his halloo,
Though that would have but published household shame.
He temporized with wrath he could not tame,
And said; 'Come in; till night put off the deed,
And ask a few more questions ere he bleed.'

They entered; Norman with portentous air
Strode to a nook behind the stranger's chair,
And, speaking nought, sat grimly in the shade,
With dagger in his clutch beneath his plaid.
His son's own plaid, should Norman pounce his prey,
Was coiled thick round his arm, to turn away

Or blunt the dirk. He purposed leaving free
The door, and giving Allan time to flee,
Whilst he should wrestle with (no safe emprise)
His father's maniac strength and giant size.
Meanwhile he could nowise communicate
The impending peril to his anxious mate;
But she, convinced no trifling matter now
Disturbed the wonted calm of Ronald's brow,
Divined too well the cause of gloom that lowered,
And sat with speechless terror overpowered.
Her face was pale, so lately blithe and bland,
The stocking knitting-wire shook in her hand.
But Ronald and the guest resumed their thread
Of converse, still its theme that day of dread.
'Much,' said the veteran, 'much as I bemoan
That deed, when half a hundred years have flown,
Still on one circumstance I can reflect
That mitigates the dreadful retrospect.
A mother with her child before us flew;
I had the hideous mandate to pursue;
But swift of foot, outspeeding bloodier men,
I chased, o'ertook her in the winding glen,
And showed her, palpitating, where to save
Herself and infant in a secret cave;
Nor left them till I saw that they could mock
Pursuit and search within that sheltering rock.'

'Heavens!' Ronald cried, in accents gladly wild,
'That woman was my mother—I the child!
Of you, unknown by name, she late and air
Spoke, wept, and ever blessed you in her prayer,
Even to her death; describing you withal
A well-looked florid youth, blue-eyed and tall.'
They rose, exchanged embrace: the old lion then
Upstarted, metamorphosed, from his den,

Saying, ' Come and make thy home with us for life,
Heaven-sent preserver of my child and wife.
I fear thou'rt poor: that Hanoverian thing
Rewards his soldiers ill.'—' God save the king!'
With hand upon his heart, old Allan said,
' I wear his uniform, I eat his bread,
And, whilst I've tooth to bite a cartridge, all
For him and Britain's fame I'll stand or fall.'

' Bravo!' cried Ronald; ' I commend your zeal,'
Quoth Norman, ' and I see your heart is leal;
But I have prayed my soul may never thrive
If thou shouldst leave this house of ours alive,
Nor shalt thou; in this home protract thy breath
Of easy life, nor leave it till thy death.'

The following morn arose serene as glass,
And red Ben Nevis shone like molten brass.
While sunrise opened flowers with gentle force
The guest and Ronald walked in long discourse.
' Words fail me,' Allan said, ' to thank aright
Your father's kindness shown me yesternight;
Yet scarce I'd wish my latest days to spend
A fireside fixture with the dearest friend:
Besides, I've but a fortnight's furlough now
To reach Macallin More, beyond Lochow.
I'd fain memorialize the powers that be
To deign remembrance of my wounds and me;
My life-long service never bore the brand
Of sentence, lash, disgrace or reprimand.
And so I've written, though in meagre style,
A long petition to his Grace Argyle;
I mean, on reaching Innerara's shore,
To leave it safe within his castle door.'
' Nay,' Ronald said, ' the letter that you bear
Entrust it to no lying varlet's care;

But say a soldier of King George demands
Access to leave it in the Duke's own hands.
But show me, first, the epistle to your chief—
'Tis nought, unless succinctly clear and brief;
Great men have no great patience when they read,
And long petitions spoil the cause they plead.'

That day saw Ronald from the field full soon
Return; and, when they all had dined at noon,
He conned the old man's memorial—lopped its length,
And gave it style, simplicity, and strength;
'Twas finished in an hour—and in the next
Transcribed by Allan in perspicuous text.

At evening he and Ronald shared once more
A long and pleasant walk by Cona's shore.
'I'd press you,' quoth his host—('I need not say
How warmly) ever more with us to stay;
But Charles intends, 'tis said, in these same parts
To try the fealty of our Highland hearts.
'Tis my belief, that he and all his line
Have—saving to be hanged—no right divine;
From whose mad enterprise can only flow
To thousands slaughter, and to myriads woe.
Yet have they stirred my father's spirit sore,
He flints his pistols—whets his old claymore—
And longs as ardently to join the fray
As boy to dance who hears the bagpipe play.
Though calm one day, the next, disdaining rule,
He'd gore your red coat like an angry bull:
I told him, and he owned it might be so,
Your tempers never could in concert flow.
But "Mark," he added, "Ronald! from our door
Let not this guest depart forlorn and poor;
Let not your souls the niggardness evince
Of Lowland pedlar or of German prince;

He gave you life—then feed him as you'd feed
Your very father were he cast in need."
He gave—you'll find it by your bed to-night,
A leathern purse of crowns, all sterling bright :
You see I do you kindness not by stealth.
My wife—no advocate of squandering wealth—
Vows that it would be parricide, or worse,
Should we neglect you—here 's a silken purse,
Some golden pieces through the network shine,
'Tis proffered to you from her heart and mine.
But come ! no foolish delicacy, no !
We own, but cannot cancel what we owe—
This sum shall duly reach you once a year.'
Poor Allan's furrowed face and flowing tear
Confessed sensations which he could not speak ;
Old Norman bade him farewell, kindly meek.

At morn the smiling dame rejoiced to pack
With viands full the old soldier's haversack.
He feared not hungry grass with such a load,
And Ronald saw him miles upon his road.

A march of three days brought him to Lochfyne.
Argyle, struck with his manly look benign,
And feeling interest in the veteran's lot,
Created him a sergeant on the spot—
An invalid, to serve not—but with pay
(A mighty sum to him), twelve pence a day.
' But have you heard not,' said Macallin More,
' Charles Stuart 's landed on Eriska's shore,
And Jacobites are arming ? '—' What ! indeed !
Arrived ! then I'm no more an invalid ;
My new-got halbert I must straight employ
In battle.'—' As you please, old gallant boy :

Your grey hairs well might plead excuse, 'tis true,
But now 's the time we want such men as you.'
In brief, at Innerara Allan stayed,
And joined the banners of Argyle's brigade.

Meanwhile the old choleric shepherd of Glencoe
Spurned all advice and girt himself to go.
What was 't to him that foes would poind their fold,
Their lease, their very beds beneath them sold!
And firmly to his text he would have kept,
Though Ronald argued and his daughter wept.
But 'midst the impotence of tears and prayer,
Chance snatched them from proscription and despair.
Old Norman's blood was headward wont to mount
Too rapid from his heart's impetuous fount;
And one day, whilst the German rats he cursed,
An artery in his wise sensorium burst.
The lancet saved him: but how changed, alas,
From him who fought at Killiecrankie's pass!
Tame as a spaniel, timid as a child,
He muttered incoherent words and smiled;
He wept at kindness, rolled a vacant eye,
And laughed full often when he meant to cry.
Poor man! whilst in this lamentable state,
Came Allan back one morning to his gate,
Hale and unburdened by the woes of eild,
And fresh with credit from Culloden's field.
'Twas feared at first the sight of him might touch
The old Macdonald's morbid mind too much;
But no! though Norman knew him and disclosed
Even rallying memory, he was still composed;
Asked all particulars of the fatal fight,
And only heaved a sigh for Charles's flight;
Then said, with but one moment's pride of air,
'It might not have been so had I been there!'

Few days elapsed till he reposed beneath
His grey cairn on the wild and lonely heath ;
Son, friends, and kindred of his dust took leave,
And Allan, with the crape bound round his sleeve.

Old Allan now hung up his sergeant's sword,
And sat, a guest for life, at Ronald's board.
He waked no longer at the barrack's drum,
Yet still you'd see, when peep of day was come,
The erect tall red-coat, walking pastures round,
Or delving with his spade the garden ground.
Of cheerful temper, habits strict and sage,
He reached, enjoyed a patriarchal age—
Loved to the last by the Macdonalds. Near
Their house his stone was placed with many a tear ;
And Ronald's self, in stoic virtue brave,
Scorned not to weep at Allan Campbell's grave.

NOTES TO THE PILGRIM OF GLENCOE

Introductory Note

I received the substance of the tradition on which this poem is founded, in the first instance, from a friend in London, who wrote to Matthew N. Macdonald, Esq., of Edinburgh. He had the kindness to send me a circumstantial account of the tradition ; and that gentleman's knowledge of the Highlands, as well as his particular acquaintance with the district of Glencoe, leave me no doubt of the incident having really happened. I have not departed from the main facts of the tradition as reported to me by Mr. Macdonald ; only I have endeavoured to colour the personages of the story, and to make them as distinctive as possible.

Note to Line 17.

The vale by eagle-haunted cliffs o'erhung.

The valley of Glencoe, unparalleled in its scenery for gloomy grandeur, is to this day frequented by eagles. When I visited the spot within a year ago I saw several perch at a distance. Only one

of them came so near me that I did not wish him any nearer. He favoured me with a full and continued view of his noble person, and with the exception of the African eagle which I saw wheeling and hovering over a corps of the French army that were marching from Oran, and who seemed to linger over them with delight at the sound of their trumpets, as if they were about to restore his image to the Gallic standard, I never saw a prouder bird than this black eagle of Glencoe.

I was unable, from a hurt in my foot, to leave the carriage; but the guide informed me that, if I could go nearer the sides of the glen, I should see the traces of houses and gardens once belonging to the unfortunate inhabitants. As it was, I never saw a spot where I could less suppose human beings to have ever dwelt. I asked the guide how these eagles subsisted; he replied, 'on the lambs and the fawns of Lord Breadalbane,'—'Lambs and fawns!' I said; 'and how do *they* subsist, for I cannot see verdure enough to graze a rabbit? I suspect,' I added, 'that these birds make the cliffs only their country-houses, and that they go down to the Lowlands to find their provender.'—'Ay, ay,' replied the Highlander, 'it is very possible, for the eagle can gang far for his breakfast.'

Note to Line 175.

God and the Devil, a favourite ejaculation of Highland saints.

Note to Line 186.

A mull is a snuff-horn.

Note to Line 188.

Witch-legends Ronald scorned—ghost, kelpie, wraith.

'The most dangerous and malignant creature of Highland superstition was the kelpie, or water-horse, which was supposed to allure women and children to his subaqueous haunts, and there devour them; sometimes he would swell the lake or torrent beyond its usual limits, and overwhelm the unguarded traveller in the flood. The shepherd, as he sat on the brow of a rock on a summer's evening, often fancied he saw this animal dashing along the surface of the lake, or browsing on the pasture-ground upon its verge.'—*Brown's History of the Highland Clans*, vol. i. 106.

In Scotland, according to Dr. John Brown, it is yet a superstitious principle that the *wraith*, the omen or messenger of death, appears in the resemblance of one in danger, immediately preceding dissolution. This ominous form, purely of a spiritual nature,

seems to testify that the exaction (extinction) of life approaches. It was wont to be exhibited, also, as '*a little rough dog*,' when it could be pacified by the death of any other being 'if crossed and conjured in time.'—*Brown's Superstitions of the Highlands*, p. 182.

It happened to me, early in life, to meet with an amusing instance of Highland superstition with regard to myself. I lived in a family of the Island of Mull, and a mile or two from their house there was a burial ground without any church attached to it, on the lonely moor. The cemetery was enclosed and guarded by an iron railing, so high that it was thought to be unscaleable. I was, however, commencing the study of botany at the time, and thinking there might be some nice flowers and curious epitaphs among the grave-stones, I contrived, by help of my handkerchief, to scale the railing, and was soon scampering over the tombs; some of the natives chanced to perceive me, not in the act of climbing over to—but skipping over—the burial ground. In a day or two I observed the family looking on me with unaccountable, though not angry, seriousness; at last the good old grandmother told me, with tears in her eyes, 'that I could not live long, for that my wraith had been seen.'—'And, pray, where?'—'Leaping over the stones of the burial-ground.' The old lady was much relieved to hear that it was not my wraith, but myself.

Akin to other Highland superstitions, but differing from them in many essential respects, is the belief—for superstition it cannot well be called (quoth the wise author I am quoting)—in the second sight, by which, as Dr. Johnson observes, 'seems to be meant a mode of seeing superadded to that which nature generally bestows; and consists of an impression made either by the mind upon the eye—or by the eye upon the mind, by which things distant or future are perceived and seen, as if they were present. This receptive faculty is called Traioshe [1] in the Gaelic, which signifies a spectre or vision, and is neither voluntary nor constant; but consists in seeing an otherwise invisible object, without any previous means used by the person that sees it for that end. The vision makes such a lively impression upon the seers, that they neither see nor think of anything else except the vision, as long as it continues; and then they appear pensive or jovial, according to the object which was represented to them.'

There are now few persons, if any (continues Dr. Brown), who pretend to this faculty, and the belief in it is almost generally exploded. Yet it cannot be denied that apparent proofs of its existence have been adduced, which have staggered minds not

[1] *Taische*

prone to superstition. When the connexion between cause and effect can be recognized, things which would otherwise have appeared wonderful and almost incredible are viewed as ordinary occurrences. The impossibility of accounting for such an extraordinary phenomenon as the alleged faculty on philosophical principles, or from the laws of nature, must ever leave the matter suspended between rational doubt and confirmed scepticism. 'Strong reasons for incredulity,' says Dr. Johnson, 'will readily occur.' This faculty of seeing things out of sight is local, and commonly useless. It is a breach of the common order of things, without any visible reason or perceptible benefit. It is ascribed only to a people very little enlightened, and among them, for the most part, to the mean and ignorant.

In the whole history of Highland superstitions there is not a more curious fact than that Dr. James Brown, a gentleman of the Edinburgh bar, in the nineteenth century, should show himself a more abject believer in the truth of second sight, than Dr. Samuel Johnson, of London, in the eighteenth century.

Note to Line 229.

The pit or gallows would have cured my grief.

Until the year 1747 the Highland lairds had the right of punishing serfs even capitally, in so far that they often hanged, or imprisoned them in a pit or dungeon where they were starved to death. But the law of 1746 for disarming the Highlanders and restraining the use of the Highland garb was followed up the following year by one of a more radical and permanent description. This was the act for abolishing the heritable jurisdictions, which, though necessary in a rude state of society, were wholly incompatible with an advanced state of civilization. By depriving the Highland chiefs of their judicial powers it was thought that the sway which for centuries they had held over their people would be gradually impaired; and that by investing certain judges, who were amenable to the legislature for the proper discharges of their duties, with the civil and criminal jurisdiction enjoyed by the proprietors of the soil, the cause of good government would be promoted, and the facilities for repressing any attempts to disturb the public tranquillity increased.

By this act (20 George II. c. 43), which was made to include the whole of Scotland, all heritable jurisdictions of justiciary, all regalities and heritable bailieries and constabularies (excepting the office of high constable), and all stewartries and sheriffships of smaller districts, which were only parts of counties, were dissolved,

and the powers formerly vested in them were ordained to be exercised by such of the king's courts as these powers would have belonged to if the jurisdictions had never been granted. All sheriffships and stewartries not dissolved by the statute, namely those which comprehended whole counties where they had been granted either heritably or for life, were resumed and annexed to the crown. With the exception of the hereditary justiciaryship of Scotland, which was transferred from the family of Argyle to the High Court of Justiciary, the other jurisdictions were ordained to be vested in sheriffs-depute or stewarts-depute, to be appointed by the king in every shire or stewartry not dissolved by the act. As by the twentieth of Union all heritable offices and jurisdictions were reserved to the grantees as rights of property, compensation was ordained to be made to the holders, the amount of which was afterwards fixed by Parliament, in terms of the act of Sederunt of the Court of Session, at one hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

Note to Lines 231-3.

I marched—when, feigning royalty's command,
Against the clan Macdonald Stairs's lord
Sent forth exterminating fire and sword.

I cannot agree with Brown, the author of an able work, *The History of the Highland Clans*, that the affair of Glencoe has stamped indelible infamy on the Government of King William III, if by this expression it be meant that William's own memory is disgraced by that massacre. I see no proof that William gave more than general orders to subdue the remaining malcontents of the Macdonald clan; and these orders, the nearer we trace them to the Government, are the more express in enjoining that all those who would promise to swear allegiance should be spared. As these orders came down from the general Government to individuals, they became more and more severe, and at last merciless, so that they ultimately ceased to be the real orders of Government. Among these false agents of Government who appear with most disgrace is the 'Master of Stair,' who appears in the business more like a fiend than a man. When issuing his orders for the attack on the remainder of the Macdonalds in Glencoe, he expressed a hope in his letter 'that the soldiers would trouble the Government with no prisoners.'

It cannot be supposed that I would for a moment palliate this atrocious event by quoting the provocations not very long before offered by the Macdonalds in massacres of the Campbells. But they may be alluded to as causes, though not excuses. It is a

part of the melancholy instruction which history affords us that in the moral as well as in the physical world there is always a reaction equal to the action.—The banishment of the Moors from Spain to Africa was the chief cause of African piracy and Christian slavery among the Moors for centuries : and since the reign of William III the Irish Orangemen have been the Algerines of Ireland.

The affair of Glencoe was in fact only a lingering trait of horribly barbarous times, though it was the more shocking that it came from that side of the political world which professed to be the more liberal side, and it occurred at a late time of the day, when the minds of both parties had become comparatively civilized, the Whigs by the triumph of free principles and the Tories by personal experience of the evils attending persecution. Yet that barbarism still subsisted in too many minds professing to act on liberal principles is but too apparent from this disgusting tragedy.

I once flattered myself that the Argyle Campbells, from whom I am sprung, had no share in this massacre, and a direct share they certainly had not. But on inquiry I find that they consented to shutting up the passes of Glencoe through which the Macdonalds might escape ; and perhaps relations of my great-grandfather—I am afraid to count their distance or proximity—might be indirectly concerned in the cruelty.

But children are not answerable for the crimes of their forefathers ; and I hope and trust that the descendants of Breadalbane and Glenlyon are as much and justly at their ease on this subject as I am.

Note to Line 348.

'Late and air' is Lowland Scots for 'late and early.'

Note to Line 377.

'Macallin More' is the Duke of Argyle. 'Lochow' is the Gaelic pronunciation of 'Lochawe.'

Note to Line 384.

Innerara, or Inneraora, is Inverary.

Note to Line 440.

When the hospitable Highlanders load a parting guest with provisions they tell him he will need them, as he has to go over a great deal of hungry grass.

NOTE TO LINE 465.

Chance snatch'd them from proscription and despair.

Many Highland families, at the outbreak of the rebellion in 1745, were saved from utter desolation by the contrivances of some of their more sensible members, principally the women, who foresaw the consequences of the insurrection. When I was a youth in the Highlands I remember an old gentleman being pointed out to me, who, finding all other arguments fail, had, in conjunction with his mother and sisters, bound the old laird hand and foot, and locked him up in his own cellar, until the news of the battle of Culloden had arrived.

A device pleasanter to the reader of the anecdote, though not to the sufferer, was practised by a shrewd Highland dame, whose husband was Charles Stuart mad, and was determined to join the insurgents. He told his wife at night that he should start early to-morrow morning on horseback. 'Well, but you will allow me to make your breakfast before you go?'—'Oh yes.' She accordingly prepared it, and, bringing in a full boiling kettle, poured it, by intentional accident, on his legs!

[This poem, 'The Pilgrim of Glencoe,' when first published in 1842, was dedicated to William Beattie, M.D., who afterwards wrote the Life of Campbell.]

POEMS

HISTORICAL AND LEGENDARY

O'CONNOR'S CHILD

OR, 'THE FLOWER OF LOVE-LIES-BLEEDING'

(Written end of 1809)

I

Oh! once the harp of Innisfail
Was strung full high to notes of gladness;
But yet it often told a tale
Of more prevailing sadness.
Sad was the note, and wild its fall,
As winds that moan at night forlorn
Along the isles of Fion-Gall,
When, for O'Connor's child to mourn,
The harper told, how lone, how far
From any mansion's twinkling star,
From any path of social men,
Or voice, but from the fox's den,
The lady in the desert dwelt;
And yet no wrongs, no fear she felt.
Say, why should dwell in place so wild,
O'Connor's pale and lovely child?

II

Sweet lady ! she no more inspires
Green Erin's hearts with beauty's power,
As in the palace of her sires
She bloomed a peerless flower.
Gone from her hand and bosom, gone,
The royal brooch, the jewelled ring,
That o'er her dazzling whiteness shone
Like dews on lilies of the spring.
Yet why, though fallen her brothers' kerne,
Beneath De Bourgo's battle stern,
While yet in Leinster unexplored,
Her friends survive the English sword ;
Why lingers she from Erin's host,
So far on Galway's shipwrecked coast ;
Why wanders she a huntress wild—
O'Connor's pale and lovely child ?

III

And, fixed on empty space, why burn
Her eyes with momentary wildness ?
And wherefore do they then return
To more than woman's mildness ?
Dishevelled are her raven locks ;
On Connocht Moran's name she calls ;
And oft amidst the lonely rocks
She sings sweet madrigals.
Placed in the foxglove and the moss
Behold a parted warrior's cross !
That is the spot, where evermore,
The lady, at her shieling door,
Enjoys that, in communion sweet,
The living and the dead can meet :
For, lo ! to love-lorn fantasy,
The hero of her heart is nigh.

IV

Bright as the bow that spans the storm,
In Erin's yellow vesture clad,
A son of light—a lovely form,
He comes and makes her glad ;
Now on the grass-green turf he sits,
His tasselled horn beside him laid ;
Now o'er the hills in chase he flits,
The hunter and the deer a shade !
Sweet mourner ! those are shadows vain
That cross the twilight of her brain ;
Yet she will tell you she is blest,
Of Connocht Moran's tomb possessed,
More richly than in Aghrim's bower,
When bards high praised her beauty's power,
And kneeling pages offered up
The morat in a golden cup.

V

' A hero's bride ! this desert bower,
It ill befits thy gentle breeding :
And wherefore dost thou love this flower
To call—" my love-lies-bleeding ? " '
' This purple flower my tears have nursed ;
A hero's blood supplied its bloom :
I love it, for it was the first
That grew on Connocht Moran's tomb.
Oh ! hearken, stranger, to my voice !
This desert mansion is my choice :
And blest, though fatal, be the star
That led me to the wilds afar :
For here these pathless mountains free
Gave shelter to my love and me ;
And every rock and every stone
Bear witness that he was my own.

VI

'O'Connor's child, I was the bud
Of Erin's royal tree of glory;
But woe to them that wrapt in blood
The tissue of my story!
Still as I clasp my burning brain
A death-scene rushes on my sight;
It rises o'er and o'er again,—
The bloody feud, the fatal night,
When, chafing Connocht Moran's scorn,
They called my hero basely born,
And bade him choose a meaner bride
Than from O'Connor's house of pride.
Their tribe, they said, their high degree,
Was sung in Tara's psaltery;
Witness their Eath's victorious brand
And Cathal of the bloody hand;
Glory (they said) and power and honour
Were in the mansion of O'Connor:
But he, my loved one, bore in field
A meaner crest upon his shield.

VII

'Ah, brothers! what did it avail
That fiercely and triumphantly
Ye fought the English of the pale
And stemmed De Bourgo's chivalry?
And what was it to love and me
That barons by your standard rode?
Or beal-fires for your jubilee
Upon a hundred mountains glowed?

What though the lords of tower and dome
From Shannon to the North Sea foam ?
Though ye your iron hands of pride
Could break the knot that love had tied ?
No :—let the eagle change his plume,
The leaf its hue, the flower its bloom ;
But ties around this heart were spun
That could not, would not, be undone !

VIII

' At bleating of the wild watch-fold
Thus sang my love—" Oh, come with me :
Our bark is on the lake, behold
Our steeds are fastened to the tree.
Come far from Castle Connor's clans ;
Come with thy belted forestere,
And I, beside the lake of swans,
Shall hunt for thee the fallow-deer ;
And build thy hut, and bring thee home
The wild-fowl and the honeycomb ;
And berries from the wood provide,
And play my clarshech by thy side.
Then come, my love ! "—How could I stay ?
Our nimble staghounds tracked the way,
And I pursued, by moonless skies,
The light of Connocht Moran's eyes.

IX

' And fast and far, before the star
Of dayspring, rushed we through the glade,
And saw at dawn the lofty bawn
Of Castle Connor fade.

Sweet was to us the hermitage
Of this unploughed, untrodden shore ;
Like birds all joyous from the cage,
For man's neglect we loved it more.
And well he knew, my huntsman dear,
To search the game with hawk and spear ;
While I, his evening food to dress,
Would sing to him in happiness.
But oh that midnight of despair
When I was doomed to rend my hair !
The night to me of shrieking sorrow !
The night to him that had no morrow !

X

' When all was hushed, at eventide,
I heard the baying of their beagle :
" Be hushed ! " my Connocht Moran cried,
" 'Tis but the screaming of the eagle."
Alas ! 'twas not the eyrie's sound ;
Their bloody bands had tracked us out.
Up-listening starts our couchant hound,
And, hark ! again, that nearer shout
Brings faster on the murderers.
Spare—spare him ! Brazil ! Desmond fierce !
In vain ! no voice the adder charms ;
Their weapons crossed my sheltering arms :
Another's sword has laid him low—
Another's and another's ;
And every hand that dealt the blow—
Ay me ! it was a brother's !
Yes, when his moanings died away
Their iron hands had dug the clay,
And o'er his burial turf they trod,
And I beheld—oh God ! oh God !
His life-blood oozing from the sod !

XI

'Warm in his death-wounds sepulchred,
Alas! my warrior's spirit brave
Nor mass nor ulla-lulla heard,
Lamenting, soothe his grave.
Dragged to their hated mansion back
How long in thraldom's grasp I lay
I knew not, for my soul was black,
And knew no change of night or day.
One night of horror round me grew;
Or if I saw, or felt, or knew,
'Twas but when those grim visages,
The angry brothers of my race,
Glared on each eye-ball's aching throb,
And checked my bosom's power to sob;
Or when my heart with pulses drear
Beat like a death-watch to my ear.

XII

'But Heaven, at last, my soul's eclipse
Did with a vision bright inspire:
I woke, and felt upon my lips
A prophetess's fire.
Thrice in the east a war-drum beat,
I heard the Saxon's trumpet sound,
And ranged, as to the judgement-seat,
My guilty, trembling brothers round.
Clad in the helm and shield they came;
For now De Bourgo's sword and flame
Had ravaged Ulster's boundaries,
And lighted up the midnight skies.
The standard of O'Connor's sway
Was in the turret where I lay;
That standard with so dire a look,
As ghastly shone the moon and pale,
I gave that every bosom shook
Beneath its iron mail.

XIII

' " And go ! " I cried, " the combat seek,
Ye hearts that unappallèd bore
The anguish of a sister's shriek,—
Go ! and return no more !
For sooner guilt the ordeal brand
Shall grasp unhurt, than ye shall hold
The banner with victorious hand,
Beneath a sister's curse unrolled."—
O stranger ! by my country's loss !
And by my love ! and by the Cross !
I swear I never could have spoke
The curse that severed nature's yoke,
But that a spirit o'er me stood
And fired me with the wrathful mood,
And frenzy to my heart was given
To speak the malison of heaven.

XIV

' They would have crossed themselves, all mute ;
They would have prayed to burst the spell ;
But at the stamping of my foot
Each hand down powerless fell !
" And go to Athunree ! " I cried ;
" High lift the banner of your pride !
But know that where its sheet unrolls
The weight of blood is on your souls !
Go where the havoc of your kerne
Shall float as high as mountain fern !
Men shall no more your mansion know ;
The nettles on your hearth shall grow !
Dead as the green oblivious flood
That mantles by your walls shall be
The glory of O'Connor's blood !
Away ! away to Athunree !

Where, downward when the sun shall fall,
The raven's wing shall be your pall!
And not a vassal shall unlace
The vizor from your dying face!"

XV

'A bolt that overhung our dome
Suspended till my curse was given,
Soon as it passed these lips of foam,
Pealed in the blood-red heaven.
Dire was the look that o'er their backs
The angry parting brothers threw:
But now, behold! like cataracts,
Come down the hills in view
O'Connor's plumèd partisans;
Thrice ten Kilnagorvian clans
Were marching to their doom:
A sudden storm their plumage tossed,
A flash of lightning o'er them crossed,
And all again was gloom!

XVI

'Stranger! I fled the home of grief,
At Connocht Moran's tomb to fall;
I found the helmet of my chief,
His bow still hanging on our wall,
And took it down, and vowed to rove
This desert place a huntress bold;
Nor would I change my buried love
For any heart of living mould.
No! for I am a hero's child;
I'll hunt my quarry in the wild;
And still my home this mansion make,
Of all unheeded and unheeding,
And cherish for my warrior's sake
"The flower of love-lies-bleeding."'

NOTES TO O'CONNOR'S CHILD

[This poem was first published along with an edition of 'Gertrude of Wyoming' in the spring of 1810.]

Note to Stanza I.

Innisfail. The ancient name of Ireland.

Note to Stanza II.

Kerne. The plural of kern, an Irish foot-soldier. In this sense the word is used by Shakespeare [*Macbeth*, I. ii. 13—'kernes and gallowglasses']. Gainsford, in his *Glories of England*, says:—'They (the Irish) are desperate in revenge, and their kerne think no man dead *until his head be off*.'

Note to Stanza III.

Shieling. A rude cabin or hut.

Notes to Stanza IV.

In Erin's yellow vesture clad. Yellow, dyed from saffron, was the favourite colour of the ancient Irish. When the Irish chieftains came to make terms with Queen Elizabeth's lord-lieutenant, we are told by Sir John Davis that they came to court in saffron-coloured uniforms.

Morat. A drink made of the juice of mulberry mixed with honey.

[In this stanza something of the strain of Matthew Arnold's *Tristram and Iseult* is anticipated.]

Note to Stanza VI.

Their tribe, they said, their high degree,
Was sung in Tara's psaltery.

The pride of the Irish in ancestry was so great, that, one of the O'Neals being told that Barrett of Castlemone had been there only 400 years, he replied that he hated the clown as if he had come there but yesterday.

Tara was the place of assemblage and feasting of the petty princes of Ireland. Very splendid and fabulous descriptions are given by the Irish historians of the pomp and luxury of those meetings. The psaltery of Tara was the grand national register of Ireland. The grand epoch of political eminence in the early history of the Irish is the reign of their great and favourite monarch Ollam Fodlah, who reigned, according to Keating, about 950 years

before the Christian era. Under him was instituted the great Fes at Tara, which it is pretended was a triennial convention of the states, or a parliament, the members of which were the Druids and other learned men who represented the people in that assembly. Very minute accounts are given by Irish annalists of the magnificence and order of these entertainments; from which, if credible, we might collect the earliest traces of heraldry that occur in history. To preserve order and regularity in the great number and variety of the members who met on such occasions, the Irish historians inform us that, when the banquet was ready to be served up, the shield-bearers of the princes and other members of the convention delivered in their shields and targets, which were readily distinguished by the coats of arms emblazoned upon them. These were arranged by the grand marshal and principal herald, and hung upon the walls on the right side of the table; and, upon entering the apartments, each member took his seat under his respective shield or target without the slightest disturbance. The concluding days of the meeting, it is allowed by the Irish antiquaries, were spent in very free excess of conviviality; but the first six, they say, were devoted to the examination and settlement of the annals of the kingdom. These were publicly rehearsed. When they had passed the approbation of the assembly they were transcribed into the authentic chronicles of the nation, which was called the Register, or Psalter of Tara.

Colonel Vallancy gives a translation of an old Irish fragment, found in Trinity College, Dublin, in which the palace of the above assembly is thus described as it existed in the reign of Cormac:—

'In the reign of Cormac the palace of Tara was nine hundred feet square; the diameter of the surrounding rath seven dice or casts of a dart; it contained one hundred and fifty apartments; one hundred and fifty dormitories, or sleeping-rooms for guards, and sixty men in each; the height was twenty-seven cubits; there were one hundred and fifty common drinking-horns, twelve doors, and one thousand guests daily, besides princes, orators, and men of science, engravers of gold and silver, carvers, modellers, and nobles.' The Irish description of the banqueting-hall is thus translated: 'Twelve stalls or divisions in each wing; sixteen attendants on each side, and two to each table; one hundred guests in all.'

Notes to Stanza VII.

And stemmed De Bourgo's chivalry.

The house of O'Connor had a right to boast of their victories over the English. It was a chief of the O'Connor race who gave

a check to the English champion De Courcy, so famous for his personal strength, and for cleaving a helmet at one blow of his sword, in the presence of the kings of France and England, when the French champion declined the combat with him. Though ultimately conquered by the English under De Bourgo, the O'Connors had also humbled the pride of that name on a memorable occasion: viz. when Walter de Bourgo, an ancestor of that De Bourgo who won the battle of Athunree, had become so insolent as to make excessive demands upon the territories of Connaught, and to bid defiance to all the rights and properties reserved by the Irish chiefs, Aeth O'Connnor, a near descendant of the famous Cathal, surnamed of the bloody hand, rose against the usurper, and defeated the English so severely that their general died of chagrin after the battle.

Or beal-fires for your jubilee.

The month of May is to this day called 'Mi Beal tiennie,' i.e. the month of Beal's fire, in the original language of Ireland, and hence, I believe, the name of the Beltan festival in the Highlands. These fires were lighted on the summits of mountains (the Irish antiquaries say) in honour of the sun; and are supposed, by those conjecturing gentlemen, to prove the origin of the Irish from some nation who worshipped Baal or Belus. Many hills in Ireland still retain the name of 'Cnoc Greine,' i.e. the hill of the sun; and on all are to be seen the ruins of druidical altars.

Note to Stanza VIII.

And play my clarshech by thy side.

The clarshech, or harp, the principal musical instrument of the Hibernian bards, does not appear to be of Irish origin, nor indigenous to any of the British islands. The Britons undoubtedly were not acquainted with it during the residence of the Romans in their country, as on all their coins on which musical instruments are represented we see only the Roman lyre, and not the British teylin, or harp.

Notes to Stanza IX.

And saw at dawn the lofty bawn.

'Bawn,' from the Teutonic 'bawen'—to construct and secure with branches of trees—was so called because the primitive Celtic fortification was made by digging a ditch, throwing up a rampart, and on the latter fixing stakes, which were interlaced with boughs

of trees. This word is used by Spenser; but it is inaccurately called by Mr. Todd, his annotator, an eminence.

[Lines 6 and 8 of this stanza are repeated from a well-known passage in the *Lines on Leaving a Scene in Bavaria.*]

Note to Stanza XI.

Ulla-lulla. The Irish lamentation for the dead.

Note to Stanza XIII.

To speak the malison of heaven.

If the wrath which I have ascribed to the heroine of this little piece should seem to exhibit her character as too unnaturally stripped of patriotic and domestic affections, I must beg leave to plead the authority of Corneille in the representation of a similar passion: I allude to the denunciation of Camilla in the tragedy of Horace. When Horace accompanied by a soldier bearing the three swords of the Curiatii meets his sister, and invites her to congratulate him on his victory, she expresses only her grief, which he attributes at first only to her feelings for the loss of her two brothers; but when she bursts forth into reproaches against him as the murderer of her lover, the last of the Curiatii, he exclaims—

'O Ciel! qui vit jamais une pareille rage!
Crois-tu donc que je sois insensible à l'outrage,
Que je souffre en mon sang ce mortel déshonneur!
Aime, aime cette mort qui fait notre bonheur.
Et préfère du moins au souvenir d'un homme
Ce qui doit ta naissance aux intérêts de Rome.'

At the mention of Rome Camille breaks out into this apostrophe:—

'Rome, l'unique objet de mon ressentiment!
Rome, à qui vient ton bras d'immoler mon amant!
Rome, qui t'a vu naître et que ton cœur adore!
Rome, enfin, que je haïs, parce qu'elle t'honore!
Puissent tous ses voisins, ensemble conjurés,
Sapper ses fondements encore mal assurés;
Et, si ce n'est assez de toute l'Italie,
Que l'Orient, contre elle, à l'Occident s'allie!
Que cent peuples unis, des bouts de l'univers
Passent, pour la détruire, et les monts et les mers;
Qu'elle-même sur soi renverse ses murailles,
Et de ses propres mains déchire ses entrailles;
Que le courroux du Ciel, allumé par mes vœux,
Fasse pleuvoir sur elle un déluge de feux!

Puissai-je de mes yeux y voir tomber ce foudre,
Voir ses maisons en cendre, et tes lauriers en poudre ;
Voir le dernier Romain à son dernier soupir,
Moi seule en être cause, et mourir de plaisir ! '

Note to Stanza XIV.

And go to Athunree ! I cried.

In the reign of Edward the Second the Irish presented to Pope John the Twenty-second a memorial of their sufferings under the English, of which the language exhibits all the strength of despair : —' Ever since the English ' (say they) ' first appeared upon our coasts, they entered our territories under a certain specious pretence of charity and external hypocritical show of religion, endeavouring at the same time, by every artifice malice could suggest, to extirpate us root and branch, and without any other right than that of the strongest ; they have so far succeeded by base fraudulence and cunning that they have forced us to quit our fair and ample habitations and inheritances, and to take refuge like wild beasts in the mountains, the woods, and the morasses of the country ;—nor even can the caverns and dens protect us against their insatiable avarice. They pursue us even into these frightful abodes ; endeavouring to dispossess us of the wild uncultivated rocks, and arrogate to themselves the PROPERTY OF EVERY PLACE on which we can stamp the figure of our feet.'

The greatest effort ever made by the ancient Irish to regain their native independence was made at the time when they called over the brother of Robert Bruce from Scotland. William de Bourgo, brother to the Earl of Ulster, and Richard de Bermingham were sent against the main body of the native insurgents, who were headed rather than commanded by Felim O'Connor. The important battle, which decided the subjection of Ireland, took place on August 10, 1315.[1] It was the bloodiest that ever was fought between the two nations, and continued throughout the whole day from the rising to the setting sun. The Irish fought with inferior discipline, but with great enthusiasm. They lost ten thousand men, among whom were twenty-nine chiefs of Connaught. Tradition states that after this terrible day the O'Connor family, like the Fabian, were so nearly exterminated that throughout all Connaught not one of the name remained, except Felim's brother, who was capable of bearing arms.

[1] [In a footnote to the first edition Campbell gives 1314 as the date of Athunree, the battle ' which decided the fate of Ireland.']

REULLURA

(First published in 1824)

Star of the morn and eve,
  Reullura shone like thee;
And well for her might Aodh grieve,
  The dark-attired Culdee.
Peace to their shades! the pure Culdees
  Were Albyn's earliest priests of God,
Ere yet an island of her seas
  By foot of Saxon monk was trod,—
Long ere her churchmen by bigotry
Were barred from holy wedlock's tie.
'Twas then that Aodh, famed afar,
  In Iona preached the word with power;
And Reullura, beauty's star,
  Was the partner of his bower.

But, Aodh, the roof lies low,
  And the thistle-down waves bleaching,
And the bat flits to and fro
  Where the Gael once heard thy preaching;
And fallen is each columned aisle
  Where the chiefs and the people knelt.
'Twas near that temple's goodly pile
  That honoured of men they dwelt.
For Aodh was wise in the sacred law,
And bright Reullura's eyes oft saw
  The veil of fate uplifted.
Alas! with what visions of awe
  Her soul in that hour was gifted—

When pale in the temple, and faint,
  With Aodh she stood alone
By the statue of an aged Saint!
  Fair sculptured was the stone,

It bore a crucifix ;
  Fame said it once had graced
A Christian temple, which the Picts
  In the Briton's land laid waste :
The Pictish men, by St. Columb taught,
Had hither the holy relic brought.
Reullura eyed the statue's face,
  And cried, ' It is he shall come,
Even he in this very place,
  To avenge my martyrdom.

' For, woe to the Gael people !
  Ulvfagre is on the main,
And Iona shall look from tower and steeple
  On the coming ships of the Dane ;
And, dames and daughters, shall all your locks
  With the spoiler's grasp entwine ?
No ! some shall have shelter in caves and rocks.
  And the deep sea shall be mine.
Baffled by me shall the Dane return,
And here shall his torch in the temple burn
Until that holy man shall plough
  The waves from Innisfail.
His sail is on the deep even now,
  And swells to the southern gale.'

' Ah ! knowest thou not, my bride,'
  The holy Aodh said,
' That the Saint whose form we stand beside
  Has for ages slept with the dead ? '
' He liveth, he liveth,' she said again,
  ' For the span of his life tenfold extends
Beyond the wonted years of men.
  He sits by the graves of well-loved friends
That died ere thy grandsire's grandsire's birth ;
The oak is decayed with old age on earth

Whose acorn-seed had been planted by him :
And his parents remember the day of dread
When the sun on the Cross looked dim
And the graves gave up their dead.

'Yet, preaching from clime to clime,
He hath roamed the earth for ages,
And hither he shall come in time
When the wrath of the heathen rages,
In time a remnant from the sword—
Ah ! but a remnant—to deliver ;
Yet, blessed be the name of the Lord !
His martyrs shall go into bliss for ever.
Lochlin, appalled, shall put up her steel,
And thou shalt embark on the bounding keel ;
Safe shalt thou pass through her hundred ships
With the Saint and a remnant of the Gael,
And the Lord will instruct thy lips
To preach in Innisfail.'

The sun, now about to set,
Was burning o'er Tiriee,
And no gathering cry rose yet
O'er the isles of Albyn's sea,
Whilst Reullura saw far rowers dip
Their oars beneath the sun,
And the phantom of many a Danish ship
Where ship there yet was none.
And the shield of alarm was dumb ;
Nor did their warning till midnight come,
When watch-fires burst from across the main.
From Rona and Uist and Skye,
To tell that the ships of the Dane
And the red-haired slayers were nigh.

Our islesmen arose from slumbers,
And buckled on their arms;
But few, alas! were their numbers
To Lochlin's mailèd swarms.
And the blade of the bloody Norse
Has filled the shores of the Gael
With many a floating corse
And with many a woman's wail.
They have lighted the islands with ruin's torch,
And the holy men of Iona's church
In the temple of God lay slain—
All but Aodh, the last Culdee;
But bound with many an iron chain,
Bound in that church was he.

And where is Aodh's bride?
Rocks of the ocean flood!
Plunged she not from your heights in pride,
And mocked the men of blood?

Then Ulvfagre and his bands
In the temple lighted their banquet up,
And the print of their blood-red hands
Was left on the altar cup.
'Twas then that the Norseman to Aodh said,
'Tell where thy church's treasure's laid,
Or I'll hew thee limb from limb.'
As he spoke the bell struck three,
And every torch grew dim
That lighted their revelry.

But the torches again burned bright,
And brighter than before,
When an agèd man of majestic height
Entered the temple door.

Hushed was the revellers' sound ;
They were struck as mute as the dead,
And their hearts were appalled by the very sound
Of his footsteps' measured tread.
Nor word was spoken by one beholder,
Whilst he flung his white robe back on his shoulder,
And, stretching his arm, as eath
Unriveted Aodh's bands
As if the gyves had been a wreath
Of willows in his hands.

All saw the stranger's similitude
To the ancient statue's form ;
The Saint before his own image stood,
And grasped Ulvfagre's arm.
Then uprose the Danes at last to deliver
Their chief ; and, shouting with one accord,
They drew the shaft from its rattling quiver,
They lifted the spear and sword,
And levelled their spears in rows.
But down went axes and spears and bows
When the Saint with his crosier signed ;
The archer's hand on the string was stopped,
And down, like reeds laid flat by the wind,
Their lifted weapons dropped.

The Saint then gave a signal mute;
And, though Ulvfagre willed it not,
He came and stood at the statue's foot—
Spell-riveted to the spot
Till hands invisible shook the wall,
And the tottering image was dashed
Down from its lofty pedestal.
On Ulvfagre's helm it crashed!
Helmet, and skull, and flesh, and brain,
It crushed, as millstones crush the grain.

Then spoke the Saint, whilst all and each
  Of the heathen trembled round,—
And the pauses amidst his speech
  Were as awful as the sound :

'Go back, ye wolves ! to your dens,' he cried,
  'And tell the nations abroad,
How the fiercest of your herd has died
  That slaughtered the flock of God.
Gather him bone by bone,
  And take with you o'er the flood
The fragments of that avenging stone
  That drank his heathen blood.
These are the spoils from Iona's sack,
The only spoils ye shall carry back ;
For the hand that uplifteth spear or sword
  Shall be withered by palsy's shock,
And I come in the name of the Lord
  To deliver a remnant of his flock.'

A remnant was called together,
  A doleful remnant of the Gael,
And the Saint in the ship that had brought him hither
  Took the mourners to Innisfail.
Unscathed they left Iona's strand
  When the opal morn first flushed the sky,
For the Norse dropped spear and bow and brand,
  And looked on them silently ;
Safe from their hiding-places came
Orphans and mothers, child and dame :
But alas ! when the search for Reullura spread,
  No answering voice was given ;
For the sea had gone o'er her lovely head,
  And her spirit was in heaven.

NOTES TO REULLURA

LINE 4. The Culdees were the primitive clergy of Scotland, and apparently her only clergy from the sixth to the eleventh century. They were of Irish origin, and their monastery on the island of Iona, or Icolmkill, was the seminary of Christianity in North Britain. Presbyterian writers have wished to prove them to have been a sort of Presbyters, strangers to the Roman Church and Episcopacy. It seems to be established that they were not enemies to Episcopacy; but that they were not slavishly subjected to Rome, like the clergy of later periods, appears by their resisting the Papal ordonnances respecting the celibacy of religious men, on which account they were ultimately displaced by the Scottish sovereigns to make way for more Popish canons.

LINE 13. *Reullura*, in Gaelic, signifies 'beautiful star.'

LINE 53. *Innisfail.* Ireland.

LINE 78. *Lochlin.* Denmark.

LINE 92. *Shield of alarm.* Striking the shield was an ancient mode of convocation to war among the Gael.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING

(Written in London, 1801)

WIZARD—LOCHIEL

WIZARD

LOCHIEL, Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.
They rally, they bleed for their kingdom and crown;
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?

'Tis thine, oh Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!
Oh, weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead;
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight
This mantle to cover the phantoms of fright.

WIZARD

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!
Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth
From his home in the dark-rolling clouds of the north?
Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah! home let him speed,—for the spoiler is nigh!
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven!
Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!

11 'Tis thine, oh] 'Tis the barb of *first edition.*

35-37: In place of these three lines the first edition gives only—

'Oh, Chieftain! whose tower on the mountain shall burn.'

For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

LOCHIEL

False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my clan—
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws!
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanranald the dauntless and Moray the proud,
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array——

WIZARD

Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day;
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal.
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold where he flies on his desolate path!
Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight:
Rise, rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors:
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.

But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?
Ah no! for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling: oh! mercy dispel
Yon sight that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims;
Accursed be the faggots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale——

LOCHIEL

Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale:
For never shall Albin a destiny meet
So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.
Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,
Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of fame.

66 For] When *first edition.*
71 oh!] let *first edition.*
79–82: These four lines do not apppear in the first edition.
85–8: Instead of these four final lines the first edition gives only the couplet—

'Shall victor exult in the battle's acclaim,
Or look to yon heaven from the deathbed of fame.'

NOTES TO LOCHIEL'S WARNING

[This poem, along with 'Hohenlinden', was first published anonymously in 1802, and dedicated to the Rev. Archibald Alison. Both poems were written in London in 1801.]

Note to Line 1.

Lochiel, the chief of the warlike clan of the Camerons, and descended from ancestors distinguished in their narrow sphere for great personal prowess, was a man worthy of a better cause and fate than that in which he embarked,—the enterprise of the Stuarts in 1745. His memory is still fondly cherished among the Highlanders, by the appellation of 'the gentle Lochiel'; for he was famed for his social virtues as much as for his martial and magnanimous (though mistaken) loyalty. His influence was so important among the Highland chiefs that it depended on his joining with his clan whether the standard of Charles should be raised or not in 1745. Lochiel was himself too wise a man to be blind to the consequences of so hopeless an enterprise, but his sensibility to the point of honour overruled his wisdom. Charles appealed to his loyalty, and he could not brook the reproaches of his Prince. When Charles landed at Borrodale Lochiel went to meet him, but on his way called at his brother's house (Cameron of Fassafern) and told him on what errand he was going—adding, however, that he meant to dissuade the Prince from his enterprise. Fassafern advised him in that case to communicate his mind by letter to Charles. 'No,' said Lochiel, 'I think it my due to my Prince to give him my reasons in person for refusing to join his standard.' 'Brother,' replied Fassafern, 'I know you better than you know yourself: if the Prince once sets his eyes on you he will make you do what he pleases.' The interview accordingly took place; and Lochiel, with many arguments, but in vain, pressed the Pretender to return to France, and reserve himself and his friends for a more favourable occasion, as he had come, by his own acknowledgement, without arms, or money, or adherents; or, at all events, to remain concealed till his friends should meet and deliberate what was best to be done. Charles, whose mind was wound up to the utmost impatience, paid no regard to this proposal, but answered 'that he was determined to put all to the hazard.' 'In a few days,' said he, 'I will erect the royal standard, and proclaim to the people of great Britain that Charles Stuart is come over to claim the crown of his ancestors, and to win it or perish in the attempt. Lochiel, who my father has often told me was our firmest friend, may stay at home, and learn from

the newspapers the fate of his Prince.' 'No,' said Locniel, 'I will share the fate of my Prince, and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune hath given me any power.'

The other chieftains who followed Charles embraced his cause with no better hopes. It engages our sympathy most strongly in their behalf that no motive but their fear to be reproached with cowardice or disloyalty impelled them to the hopeless adventure. Of this we have an example in the interview of Prince Charles with Clanronald, another leading chieftain in the rebel army.

'Charles,' says Home, 'almost reduced to despair in his discourse with Boisdale, addressed the two Highlanders with great emotion, and, summing up his arguments for taking arms, conjured them to assist their Prince, their countryman, in his utmost need. Clanronald and his friend, though well inclined to the cause, positively refused, and told him that to take up arms without concert or support was to pull down certain ruin on their own heads. Charles persisted, argued, and implored. During this conversation (they were on shipboard) the parties walked backward and forward on the deck; a Highlander stood near them, armed at all points, as was then the fashion of his country. He was a younger brother of Kinlock Moidart, and had come off to the ship to inquire for news, not knowing who was aboard. When he gathered from their discourse that the stranger was the Prince of Wales, when he heard his chief and his brother refuse to take arms with their Prince, his colour went and came, his eyes sparkled, he shifted his place, and grasped his sword. Charles observed his demeanour, and turning briskly to him called out "Will you assist me?" "I will, I will," said Ronald: "though no other man in the Highlands should draw a sword, I am ready to die for you!" Charles, with a profusion of thanks to his champion, said he wished all the Highlanders were like him. Without farther deliberation the two Macdonalds declared that they would also join and use their utmost endeavours to engage their countrymen to take arms.'—Home's *History of the Rebellion of* 1745, p. 40.

Note to Line 15.

Weep, Albin! The Gaelic appellation of Scotland, more particularly the Highlands.

Note to Lines 59, 60.

Lo! anointed by Heaven, &c. The lines allude to the many hardships of the royal sufferer.

An account of the second sight, in Irish called 'Taish,' is thus given in Martin's *Description of the Western Isles of Scotland*, pp. 3–11 :—

'The second sight is a singular faculty of seeing an otherwise invisible object without any previous means used by the person who sees it for that end. The vision makes such a lively impression upon the seers that they neither see nor think of anything else except the vision as long as it continues; and then they appear pensive or jovial according to the object which was represented to them.

'At the sight of a vision the eyelids of the person are erected, and the eyes continue staring until the object vanish. This is obvious to others who are standing by when the persons happen to see a vision; and occurred more than once to my own observation, and to others that were with me.

'There is one in Skie, of whom his acquaintance observed that when he sees a vision the inner parts of his eyelids turn so far upwards that, after the object disappears, he must draw them down with his fingers, and sometimes employs others to draw them down, which he finds to be much the easier way.

'This faculty of the second sight does not lineally descend in a family, as some have imagined; for I know several parents who are endowed with it, and their children are not; and vice versa. Neither is it acquired by any previous compact. And after strict inquiry I could never learn from any among them that this faculty was communicable to any whatsoever. The seer knows neither the object, time, nor place of a vision before it appears; and the same object is often seen by different persons living at a considerable distance from one another. The true way of judging as to the time and circumstances is by observation; for several persons of judgement who are without this faculty are more capable to judge of the design of a vision than a novice that is a seer. If an object appears in the day or night it will come to pass sooner or later accordingly.

'If an object is seen early in a morning, which is not frequent, it will be accomplished in a few hours afterwards; if at noon, it will probably be accomplished that very day; if in the evening, perhaps that night; if after candles be lighted, it will be accomplished that night,—the latter always an accomplishment by weeks, months, and sometimes years, according to the time of the night the vision is seen.

'When a shroud is seen about one it is a sure prognostic of death. The time is judged according to the height of it about the person; for if it is not seen above the middle, death is not to be

expected for the space of a year, and perhaps some months longer : and as it is frequently seen to ascend higher towards the head, death is concluded to be at hand within a few days, if not hours, as daily experience confirms. Examples of this kind were shown me, when the person of whom the observations were then made was in perfect health.

'It is ordinary with them to see houses, gardens, and trees in places void of all these, and this in process of time is wont to be accomplished ; as at Mogslot, in the Isle of Skie, where there were but a few sorry low houses thatched with straw ; yet in a few years the vision, which appeared often, was accomplished by the building of several good houses in the very spot represented to the seers, and by the planting of orchards there.

'To see a spark of fire is a forerunner of a dead child, to be seen in the arms of those persons ; of which there are several instances. To see a seat empty at the time of sitting in it, is a presage of that person's death quickly after it.

'When a novice, or one that has lately obtained the second sight, sees a vision in the night-time without doors and comes near a fire he presently falls into a swoon.

'Some find themselves as it were in a crowd of people having a corpse which they carry along with them ; and after such visions the seers come in sweating, and describe the vision that appeared. If there be any of their acquaintance among them, they give an account of their names, as also of the bearers ; but they know nothing concerning the corpse.'

Horses and cows (according to the same credulous author) have certainly sometimes the same faculty ; and he endeavours to prove it by the signs of fear which the animals exhibit when second-sighted persons see visions in the same place.

'The seers' (he continues) 'are generally illiterate and well-meaning people, and altogether void of design : nor could I ever learn that any of them ever made the least gain by it ; neither is it reputable among them to have that faculty. Besides, the people of the Isles are not so credulous as to believe implicitly before the thing predicted is accomplished ; but when it is actually accomplished afterwards, it is not in their power to deny it without offering violence to their own sense and reason. Besides, if the seers were deceivers, can it be reasonable to imagine that all the islanders who have not the second sight should combine together and offer violence to their understandings and senses to enforce themselves to believe a lie from age to age ? There are several persons among them whose title and education raise them above the suspicion of concurring with an impostor merely to gratify an

illiterate, contemptible set of persons; nor can reasonable persons believe that children, horses, and cows should be pre-engaged in a combination in favour of second sight.'

General Note.

['Even when he (Campbell) has done a thing well, he has often misgivings about it. He left out several fine passages of *Lochiel*, but I got him to restore some of them,' says Scott, as reported by Washington Irving in the latter's *Recollections of Abbotsford, &c.* At least one passage that was not restored is to be found in the poet's handwriting in a copy of *Lochiel* presented to Miss A— :—

'I tell thee, yon death-loving raven shall hold
His feast on the field ere the quarry be cold;
And the fall of his wing o'er Culloden shall wave,
Exulting to cover the blood of the brave.'

Cf. ll. 17, 18, and ll. 57, 58 of the published text.]

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

(Finished 1804)

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound
Cries 'Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry.'

'Now who be ye would cross Lochgyle
This dark and stormy water?'
'O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

'And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For, should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

'His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?'

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,
'I'll go, my chief! I'm ready;
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady.

'And, by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So, though the waves are raging white
I'll row you o'er the ferry.'

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith[1] was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still, as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armèd men—
Their trampling sounded nearer.

'O haste thee, haste!' the lady cries,
'Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father.'

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,—
His wrath was changed to wailing.

[1] The evil spirit of the waters.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover :
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

'Come back ! come back !' he cried in grief
Across the stormy water :
'And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter ! oh my daughter !'

'Twas vain : the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing ;
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

GENERAL NOTE.

[This fine ballad was first sketched in Mull, in 1795, and afterwards (in 1804) elaborated at Sydenham. It was published with the first edition of *Gertrude of Wyoming* in 1809.]

GLENARA

O HEARD ye yon pibroch sound sad in the gale,
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail ?
'Tis the chief of Glenara laments for his dear ;
And her sire and the people are called to her bier.

Glenara came first, with the mourners and shroud ;
Her kinsmen they followed, but mourned not aloud :
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around :
They marched all in silence,—they looked on the ground.

In silence they reached, over mountain and moor,
To a heath where the oak-tree grew lonely and hoar ;
'Now here let us place the gray stone of her cairn :
Why speak ye no word !'—said Glenara the stern.

'And tell me, I charge you! ye clan of my spouse,
Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your brows?'
So spake the rude chieftain:—no answer is made,
But each mantle unfolding a dagger displayed.

'I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud,'
Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and loud:
'And empty that shroud and that coffin did seem;
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!'

Oh! pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,
When the shroud was unclosed and no lady was seen;
When a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn—
'Twas the youth who had loved the fair Ellen of Lorn—

'I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief,
I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief:
On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem;
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!'

In dust low the traitor has knelt to the ground
And the desert revealed where his lady was found;
From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne—
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn!

GENERAL NOTE TO GLENARA

'The poem was suggested to Campbell by the following tradition:—Maclean of Duart, having determined to get rid of his wife, 'Ellen of Lorn,' had her treacherously conveyed to a rock in the sea, where she was left to perish with the rising tide. He then announced to her kinsmen his sudden bereavement, and invited them to join in his grief. In the meantime the lady was accidentally rescued from the certain death that awaited her, and restored

to her father. Her husband, little suspecting what had happened, was suffered to go through the solemn mockery of a funeral. At last, when the bier rested at the 'gray stone of her cairn'—

'I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud,'
Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and loud;
'And empty that shroud and that coffin did seem;
Glenara, Glenara, now read me my dream!'
O pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,
When the shroud was unclosed and no lady was seen.

The inquest was brief. Maclean, it is added, was instantly sacrificed by the Clan Dougal and thrown into the ready-made grave.—Dr. Beattie: *Life of Campbell.*

Campbell learnt the tradition during his residence at Downie, Argyleshire, in 1797.]

DIRGE OF WALLACE

(Written in 1795)

. . . . . .

They lighted the tapers at dead of night,
And chanted their holiest hymn;
But her brow and her bosom were damp with affright,
Her eye was all sleepless and dim.

And the lady of Elderslie wept for her lord
When a deathwatch beat in her lonely room,
When her curtain had shook of its own accord
And the raven had flapped at her window board,
To tell of her warrior's doom.

'Now sing ye the death-song, and loudly pray
For the soul of my knight so dear;
And call me a widow this wretched day
Since the warning of God is here.

'For a nightmare rides on my strangled sleep—
The lord of my bosom is doomed to die:
His valorous heart they have wounded deep;
And blood-red tears shall his country weep
For Wallace of Elderslie.'

Yet knew not his country that ominous hour,
Ere the loud matin bell was rung,
That a trumpet of death on an English tower
Had the dirge of her champion sung.

When his dungeon light looked dim and red
On the high-born blood of a martyr slain,
No anthem was sung at his lowly death-bed:
No weeping was there when his bosom bled
And his heart was rent in twain.

Oh! it was not thus when his ashen spear
Was true to that knight forlorn,
And hosts of a thousand were scattered like deer
At the blast of the hunter's horn!

When he strode o'er the wreck of each well-fought field
With the yellow-haired chiefs of his native land:
For his lance was not shivered on helmet or shield,
And the sword that was fit for archangel to wield
Was light in his terrible hand.

Yet, bleeding and bound though the Wallace wight
For his long-loved country die,
The bugle ne'er sung to a braver knight
Than William of Elderslie!

But the day of his glory shall never depart:
His head unentombed shall with glory be palmed;
From its blood-streaming altar his spirit shall start;
Though the raven has fed on his mouldering heart
A nobler was never embalmed!

GENERAL NOTE

[This is one of Campbell's juvenile efforts, of which he never quite approved, and which he persisted in excluding from all the London editions of his poems on the ground that it was 'too rhapsodical.' Written before he was twenty,[1] he slightly retouched it at that age, and never again revised it; it contains, however, as Dr. Beattie says, 'a few passages not unworthy of the author of *Lochiel*.'

The version of this Dirge which Dr. Beattie has produced on pp. 202, 203 of the first volume of his *Life and Letters of Campbell* is prefaced by twelve introductory lines (commencing 'When Scotland's great Regent, our warrior most dear'), which are not given here, as being unworthy of Campbell, and forming, besides, no necessary part of the poem.]

[1] The unrevised original bears date 'January, 1795.'

SONG

Earl March looked on his dying child,
And, smit with grief to view her—
'The youth,' he cried, 'whom I exiled
Shall be restored to woo her.'

She 's at the window many an hour
His coming to discover;
And her love looked up to Ellen's bower,
And she looked on her lover—

But ah! so pale, he knew her not,
Though her smile on him was dwelling.
'And am I then forgot—forgot?'—
It broke the heart of Ellen.

In vain he weeps, in vain he sighs;
Her cheek is cold as ashes;
Nor love's own kiss shall wake those eyes
To lift their silken lashes.

[Sir Walter Scott's poem, *The Maid of Neidpath*, deals with the same theme. Scott's poem bears date 1806; Campbell's was printed in *The New Monthly* in 1822.]

GILDEROY

(First published, with *The Pleasures of Hope*, in 1799)

The last, the fatal, hour is come
That bears my love from me :
I hear the dead note of the drum,
I mark the gallows-tree !

The bell has tolled : it shakes my heart ;
The trumpet speaks thy name ;
And must my Gilderoy depart
To bear a death of shame ?

No bosom trembles for thy doom ;
No mourner wipes a tear ;
The gallow's foot is all thy tomb,
The sledge is all thy bier.

Oh, Gilderoy ! bethought we then
So soon, so sad, to part,
When first in Roslin's lovely glen
You triumphed o'er my heart ?

Your locks they glittered to the sheen,
Your hunter garb was trim ;
And graceful was the ribbon green
That bound your manly limb.

Ah ! little thought I to deplore
Those limbs in fetters bound ;
Or hear, upon thy scaffold floor,
The midnight hammer sound.

Ye cruel, cruel, that combined
The guiltless to pursue—
My Gilderoy was ever kind,
He could not injure you !

A long adieu ! but where shall fly
  Thy widow all forlorn
When every mean and cruel eye
  Regards my woe with scorn ?
Yes ! they will mock thy widow's tears
  And hate thine orphan boy ;
Alas ! his infant beauty wears
  The form of Gilderoy.
Then will I seek the dreary mound
  That wrapt thy mouldering clay,
And weep and linger on the ground,
  And sigh my heart away.

LINES

ON THE CAMP HILL NEAR HASTINGS

(Written for *The Metropolitan* in 1831)

In the deep blue of eve,
Ere the twinkling of stars had begun,
  Or the lark took his leave
Of the skies and the sweet setting sun,
  I climbed to yon heights
Where the Norman encamped him of old
  With his bowmen and knights
And his banner all burnished with gold.
  At the Conqueror's side
There his minstrelsy sat harp in hand
  In pavilion wide ;
And they chanted the deeds of Roland.
  Still the ramparted ground
With a vision my fancy inspires,
  And I hear the trump sound
As it marshalled our chivalry's sires.

On each turf of that mead
Stood the captors of England's domains
That ennobled her breed
And high-mettled the blood of her veins.
Over hauberk and helm
As the sun's setting splendour was thrown,
Thence they looked o'er a realm—
And to-morrow beheld it their own.

NOTE.

LINE 6. What is called the East Hill at Hastings is crowned with the works of an ancient camp; and it is more than probable it was the spot which William I occupied between his landing and the battle which gave him England's crown. It is a strong position: the works are easily traced.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE STATUE OF ARNOLD VON WINKELRIED STANZ-UNTERWALDEN

(Written 1840)

INSPIRING and romantic Switzers' land,
Though mark'd with majesty by Nature's hand,
What charm ennobles most thy landscape's face?
Th' heroic memory of thy native race,
Who forced tyrannic hosts to bleed or flee,
And made their rocks the ramparts of the free!
Their fastnesses roll'd back th' invading tide
Of conquest, and their mountains taught them pride.
Hence they have patriot names,—in fancy's eye
Bright as their glaciers glittering in the sky;

Patriots who make the pageantries of kings
Like shadows seem, and unsubstantial things.
Their guiltless glory mocks oblivion's rust,—
Imperishable, for their cause was just.

Heroes of old ! to whom the Nine have strung
Their lyres, and spirit-stirring anthems sung ;
Heroes of chivalry ! whose banners grace
The aisles of many a consecrated place,—
Confess how few of you can match in fame
The martyr Winkelried's immortal name !

GENERAL NOTE.

For an account of this patriotic Swiss and his heroic death at the battle of Sempach see Dr. Beattie's *Switzerland Illustrated*, vol. ii. pp. 111–15.

The advocates of classical learning tell us that without classic historians we should never become acquainted with the most splendid traits of human character ; but one of those traits, patriotic self-devotion, may surely be heard of elsewhere without learning Greek and Latin. There are few who have read modern history unacquainted with the noble voluntary death of the Switzer Winkelried. Whether he was a peasant or man of superior birth is a point not quite settled in history, though I am inclined to suspect that he was simply a peasant. But this is certain, that in the battle of Sempach, perceiving that there was no other means of breaking the heavy-armed lines of the Austrians than by gathering as many of their spears as he could grasp together, he opened a passage for his fellow-combatants, who with hammers and hatchets hewed down the mailed men-at-arms, and won the victory.

THE BRAVE ROLAND

(Written 1820)

The brave Roland !—the brave Roland !—
False tidings reached the Rhenish strand
That he had fallen in fight ;
And thy faithful bosom swooned with pain,
O loveliest maiden of Allémayne !
For the loss of thine own true knight.

But why so rash has she ta'en the veil
In yon Nonnenwerder's cloisters pale ?
For her vow had scarce been sworn
And the fatal mantle o'er her flung
When the Drachenfels to a trumpet rung—
'Twas her own dear warrior's horn !

Woe ! woe ! each heart shall bleed—shall break !
She would have hung upon his neck
Had he come but yester-even ;
And he had clasped those peerless charms
That shall never, never fill his arms,
Or meet him but in heaven.

Yet Roland the brave—Roland the true—
He could not bid that spot adieu ;
It was dear still 'midst his woes ;
For he loved to breathe the neighbouring air,
And to think she blessed him in her prayer
When the Hallelujah rose.

There 's yet one window of that pile
Which he built above the Nun's green isle ;
Thence sad and oft looked he
(When the chant and organ sounded slow)
On the mansion of his love below ;
For herself he might not see.

She died !—He sought the battle-plain ;
Her image filled his dying brain
When he fell, and wished to fall :
And her name was in his latest sigh,
When Roland, the flower of chivalry,
Expired at Roncevall.

GENERAL NOTE.

The tradition which forms the substance of these stanzas is still preserved in Germany. An ancient tower on a height, called the Rolandseck, a few miles above Bonn on the Rhine, is shown as the habitation which Roland built in sight of a nunnery, into which his mistress had retired on having heard an unfounded account of his death. Whatever may be thought of the credibility of the legend, its scenery must be recollected with pleasure by every one who has visited the romantic landscape of the Drachenfels, the Rolandseck, and the beautiful adjacent islet of the Rhine, where a nunnery still stands.

[Campbell was here in July, 1800.]

ADELGITHA

(Written for *The New Monthly*, 1822)

THE ordeal's fatal trumpet sounded,
And sad pale Adelgitha came,
When forth a valiant champion bounded
And slew the slanderer of her fame.

She wept, delivered from her danger;
But when he knelt to claim her glove—
'Seek not,' she cried, 'oh! gallant stranger,
For hapless Adelgitha's love.

'For he is in a foreign far land
Whose arm should now have set me free;
And I must wear the willow garland
For him that 's dead, or false to me.'

'Nay! say not that his faith is tainted!'
He raised his vizor: at the sight
She fell into his arms and fainted;
It was indeed her own true knight!

THE SPECTRE BOAT

A BALLAD

(First appeared in *The New Monthly*, 1822)

Light rued false Ferdinand to leave a lovely maid forlorn,
Who broke her heart and died to hide her blushing cheek from scorn.
One night he dreamt he wooed her in their wonted bower of love,
Where the flowers sprang thick around them and the birds sang sweet above.

But the scene was swiftly changed into a churchyard's dismal view,
And her lips grew black beneath his kiss, from love's delicious hue.
What more he dreamt he told to none; but, shuddering, pale, and dumb,
Looked out upon the waves, like one that knew his hour was come.

'Twas now the dead watch of the night—the helm was lashed a-lee,
And the ship rode where Mount Etna lights the deep Levantine sea;
When beneath its glare a boat came, rowed by a woman in her shroud,
Who, with eyes that made our blood run cold, stood up and spoke aloud:—

'Come, traitor, down, for whom my ghost still wanders unforgiven!
Come down, false Ferdinand, for whom I broke my peace with heaven!'—

It was vain to hold the victim, for he plunged to meet
her call
Like the bird that shrieks and flutters in the gazing
serpent's thrall.

You may guess the boldest mariner shrunk daunted
from the sight,
For the spectre and her winding-sheet shone blue with
hideous light ;
Like a fiery wheel the boat spun with the waving of her
hand,
And round they went, and down they went, as the
cock crew from the land.

THE RITTER BANN

(First published in *The New Monthly* in 1824)

The Ritter Bann from Hungary
Came back renowned in arms,
But scorning jousts of chivalry
And love and ladies' charms.

While other knights held revel, he
Was wrapped in thoughts of gloom,
And in Vienna's hostelrie
Slow paced his lonely room.

There entered one whose face he knew,—
Whose voice, he was aware,
He oft at mass had listened to
In the holy house of prayer.

'Twas the Abbot of St. James's monks,
A fresh and fair old man :
His reverend air arrested even
The gloomy Ritter Bann.

But, seeing with him an ancient dame
Come clad in Scotch attire,
The Ritter's colour went and came,
And loud he spoke in ire :

'Ha ! nurse of her that was my bane,
Name not her name to me ;
I wish it blotted from my brain :
Art poor ?—take alms, and flee.'

'Sir Knight,' the Abbot interposed,
'This case your ear demands ;'
And the crone cried, with a cross enclosed
In both her trembling hands—

'Remember, each his sentence waits ;
And he that shall rebut
Sweet mercy's suit,—on him the gates
Of mercy shall be shut.

'You wedded, undispensed by Church,
Your cousin Jane in spring ;
In autumn, when you went to search
For churchmen's pardoning,

'Her house denounced your marriage-band,
Betrothed her to De Grey,
And the ring you put upon her hand
Was wrenched by force away.

'Then wept your Jane upon my neck,
Crying, "Help me, nurse, to flee
To my Howel Bann's Glamorgan hills :"
But word arrived—ah me !—

'You were not there : and 'twas their threat,
By foul means or by fair,
To-morrow morning was to set
The seal on her despair.

'I had a son, a sea-boy, in
A ship at Hartland Bay;
By his aid from her cruel kin
I bore my bird away.

'To Scotland from the Devon's
Green myrtle shores we fled;
And the Hand that sent the ravens
To Elijah gave us bread.

'She wrote you by my son, but he
From England sent us word
You had gone into some far countrie,
In grief and gloom, he heard.

'For they that wronged you, to elude
Your wrath defamed my child;
And you—ay, blush, Sir, as you should—
Believed, and were beguiled.

'To die but at your feet she vowed
To roam the world; and we
Would both have sped, and begged our bread—
But so it might not be.

'For, when the snowstorm beat our roof,
She bore a boy, Sir Bann,
Who grew as fair your likeness proof
As child e'er grew like man.

''Twas smiling on that babe one morn,
While heath bloomed on the moor,
Her beauty struck young Lord Kinghorn
As he hunted past our door.

'She shunned him, but he raved of Jane,
And roused his mother's pride;
Who came to us in high disdain,—
"And where 's the face," she cried,

' " Has witched my boy to wish for one
So wretched for his wife ?—
Dost love thy husband ? Know, my son
Has sworn to seek his life."

' Her anger sore dismayed us,
For our mite was wearing scant,
And, unless that dame would aid us,
There was none to aid our want.

' So I told her, weeping bitterly,
What all our woes had been ;
And, though she was a stern ladie,
The tears stood in her een.

' And she housed us both, when cheerfully
My child to her had sworn
That, even if made a widow, she
Would never wed Kinghorn.'

Here paused the nurse, and then began
The Abbot, standing by :—
' Three months ago a wounded man
To our abbey came to die.

' He heard me long, with ghastly eyes
And hand obdurate clenched,
Speak of the worm that never dies,
And the fire that is not quenched.

' At last by what this scroll attests
He left atonement brief
For years of anguish to the breasts
His guilt had wrung with grief.

' " There lived," he said, " a fair young dame
Beneath my mother's roof ;
I loved her, but against my flame
Her purity was proof.

‘ “ I feigned repentance, friendship pure :
That mood she did not check,
But let her husband’s miniature
Be copied from her neck,

‘ “ As means to search him. My deceit
Took care to him was borne
Nought but his picture’s counterfeit,
And Jane’s reported scorn.

‘ “ The treachery took : she waited wild ;
My slave came back and lied
Whate’er I wished ; she clasped her child,
And swooned, and all but died.

‘ “ I felt her tears for years and years
Quench not my flame, but stir ;
The very hate I bore her mate
Increased my love for her.

‘ “ Fame told us of his glory, while
Joy flushed the face of Jane ;
And while she blessed his name, her smile
Struck fire into my brain.

‘ “ No fears could damp ; I reached the camp.
Sought out its champion ;
And, if my broad-sword failed at last,
’Twas long and well laid on.

‘ “ This wound’s my meed ; my name’s Kinghorn.
My foe’s the Ritter Bann.”
The wafer to his lips was borne,
And we shrived the dying man.

‘ He died not till you went to fight
The Turks at Warradein ;
But I see my tale has changed you pale.’
The Abbot went for wine ;

And brought a little page who poured
It out, and knelt and smiled :—
The stunned knight saw himself restored
To childhood in his child;

And stooped and caught him to his breast,
Laughed loud and wept anon,
And with a shower of kisses pressed
The darling little one.

'And where went Jane?' 'To a nunnery, Sir—
Look not again so pale;
Kinghorn's old dame grew harsh to her.'
'And has she ta'en the veil?'

'Sit down, Sir,' said the priest; 'I bar
Rash words.' They sat all three,
And the boy played with the knight's broad star
As he kept him on his knee.

'Think ere you ask her dwelling-place,'
The Abbot further said;
'Time draws a veil o'er beauty's face
More deep than cloister's shade.

'Grief may have made her what you can
Scarce love perhaps for life.'
'Hush, Abbot,' cried the Ritter Bann,
'Or tell me where 's my wife.'

The priest undid two doors that hid
The inn's adjacent room,
And there a lovely woman stood—
Tears bathed her beauty's bloom.

One moment may with bliss repay
Unnumbered hours of pain;
Such was the throb and mutual sob
Of the knight embracing Jane.

NOTE.

LINE 9. *There entered one whose face he knew.*

[The original of this portrait was Dr. Arbuthnot, the President of the Scots Benedictine College, or Monastery, of St. James at Ratisbon, with whom the poet was on intimate terms of friendship during his residence in that city of Bavaria during August and September, 1800. See Beattie's *Life and Letters of Campbell*, vol. i. p. 288.]

THE TURKISH LADY

(Finished 1804)

'TWAS the hour when rites unholy
Called each Paynim voice to prayer,
And the star that faded slowly
Left to dews the freshened air.

Day her sultry fires had wasted;
Calm and sweet the moonlight rose;
Even a captive spirit tasted
Half oblivion of his woes.

Then 'twas from an Emir's palace
Came an Eastern lady bright:
She, in spite of tyrants jealous,
Saw and loved an English knight.

'Tell me, captive, why in anguish
Foes have dragged thee here to dwell,
Where poor Christians as they languish
Hear no sound of Sabbath bell?'

'"Twas on Transylvania's Bannat,
When the Cresent shone afar
Like a pale disastrous planet
O'er the purple tide of war—

'In that day of desolation,
Lady, I was captive made,—
Bleeding for my Christian nation
By the walls of high Belgrade.'

'Captive! could the brightest jewel
From my turban set thee free?'
'Lady no!—the gift were cruel,
Ransomed, yet if reft of thee.

'Say, fair princess! would it grieve thee
Christian climes should we behold?'
'Nay, bold knight! I would not leave thee
Were thy ransom paid in gold!'

Now in heaven's blue expansion
Rose the midnight star to view,
When to quit her father's mansion
Thrice she wept, and bade adieu!

'Fly we then, while none discover!
Tyrant barks, in vain ye ride!'
Soon at Rhodes the British lover
Clasped his blooming Eastern bride.

[This poem, sketched originally in Bavaria, was finished at Sydenham in 1804.]

SONGS OF BATTLE

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

A NAVAL ODE

(First published in *The Morning Chronicle* in 1801)

I

Ye Mariners of England
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years.
The battle and the breeze—
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow,—
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

II

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave.
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep.
While the stormy winds do blow,—
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

1 8 winds do] tempests *first edition.*

III

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore
When the stormy winds do blow,—
When the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

IV

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow,—
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

[*Ye Mariners* was first printed in *The Morning Chronicle* under the title of 'Alteration of the Old Ballad, *Ye Gentlemen of England*, composed on the prospect of a Russian War'; and it was signed AMATOR PATRIAE. It was originally 'sketched' in Edinburgh in 1799, 'finished' at Ratisbon (or Altona) in 1800, and sent to Mr. Perry of *The Morning Chronicle* (see Dr. Beattie's *Life of Campbell*, i. 264).]

NOTES.

NOTE TO STANZA II, LINE 5.

[This line originally ran—

'Where Granvill, boast of freedom, fell;'

The alteration was made after the battle of Trafalgar, 1805. Granvill is Sir Richard Grenville in Tennyson's ballad of the Fleet.]

Note to Stanza III, Line 2.

[Every available point along the Straits of Dover, westward, was at this time being fortified by Martello towers.]

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

(Composed in the winter of 1804-5)

I

Of Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone,—
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold determined hand;
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

II

Like leviathans afloat
Lay their bulwarks on the brine,
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

II 1 afloat] probably a mistake for 'in view'—to rhyme with 'flew' two lines below. See the fifth stanza of the original draft, p. 193 *infra*.]

III

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene ;
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
' Hearts of oak ! ' our captain cried ; when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

IV

Again ! again ! again !
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back :
Their shots along the deep slowly boom ;
Then ceased—and all is wail
As they strike the shattered sail,
Or in conflagration pale
Light the gloom.

V

Out spoke the victor then
As he hailed them o'er the wave,
' Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
And we conquer but to save ;
So peace instead of death let us bring :
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet
With the crews at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King.'

VI

Then Denmark blessed our chief
That he gave her wounds repose ;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day ;
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

VII

Now joy, Old England, raise
For the tidings of thy might
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine-cup shines in light ;
And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore !

VIII

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died
With the gallant good Riou—
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave !
While the billow mournful rolls
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave !

NOTES.

Note to Stanza VIII, Line 4.

Captain Riou, justly entitled the gallant and the good by Lord Nelson when he wrote home his dispatches.

[The first draft of this poem, entitled 'The Battle of Copenhagen,' was submitted to Walter Scott by Campbell, in a letter from Sydenham of date March 27, 1805. But the measure was modified, and the number of stanzas reduced before publication from twenty-seven to eight. The original draft will be found below.]

The Battle of Copenhagen

First Draft

(As sent to Scott, March 27, 1805)

Of Nelson and the North
Sing the day,
When their haughty powers to vex
He engaged the Danish decks,
And with twenty floating wrecks
Crowned the fray.

All bright in April's sun
Shone the day,
When a British fleet came down
Through the islands of the crown,
And by Copenhagen town
Took their stay.

In arms the Danish shore
Proudly shone,—
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold determined hand;
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

For Denmark here had drawn
All her might:
From her battleships so rash
She had hewn away the mast,
And at anchor to the last
Bade them fight.

Another noble fleet
Of their line
Rode out, but these were naught
To the batteries which they brought
Like leviathans afloat
In the brine.

It was ten of Thursday morn
By the chime;
As they drifted on their path
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

Ere a first and fatal round
Shook the flood,
Every Dane looked out that day
Like the red wolf on his prey,
And he swore his flag to sway
O'er our blood.

Not such a mind possessed
England's tar;
'Twas the love of noble game
Set his oaken heart on flame,
For to him 'twas all the same—
Sport and war.

All hands and eyes on watch
As they keep,
By their motion, light as wings,
By each step that haughty springs,
You might know them for the kings
Of the deep!

'Twas the Edgar first that smote
Denmark's line;
As her flag the foremost soared
Murray stamped his foot on board,
And a hundred cannons roared
At the sign!

Three cheers of all the fleet
Sung huzza!
Thus from centre, rear, and van,
Every captain, every man,
With a lion's heart began
To the fray.

Oh, dark grew soon the heavens,
For each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships
Like a hurricane eclipse
Of the sun!

Three hours the raging fire
Did not slack;
But the fourth their signals drear
Of distress and wreck appear,
And the Dane a feeble cheer
Sent us back.

The voice decayed: their shots
Slowly boom:
They ceased,—and all is wail
As they strike the shattered sail,
Or in conflagration pale
Light the gloom.

Oh, death! it was a sight
Filled our eyes!
But we rescued many a crew
From the waves of scarlet hue,
Ere the cross of England flew
O'er her prize.

Why ceased not here the strife,
O ye brave?
Why bleeds Old England's band
By the fire of Danish land
That smites the very hand
Stretched to save?

But the Britons sent to warn
Denmark's town—
Proud foes, let vengeance sleep!
If another chain-shot sweep
All your navy in the deep
Shall go down!

Then Peace instead of Death
Let us bring!
If you'll yield your conquered fleet
With the crews at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King!

Then death withdrew his pall
From the day,
And the sun looked smiling bright
On a wide and woeful sight.
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Yet all amidst her wrecks
And her gore,
Proud Denmark blessed our Chief
That he gave her wounds relief;
And the sounds of joy and grief
Filled her shore.

All round outlandish cries
Loudly broke;
But a nobler note was rung
When the British, old and young,
To their bands of music sung
'Hearts of oak!'

Cheer! cheer from park and tower,
London town!
When the King shall ride in state
From St. James's royal gate,
And to all his Peers relate
Our renown!

The bells shall ring! the day
Shall not close
But a blaze of cities bright
Shall illuminate the night,
And the wine-cup shine in light
As it flows!

Yet, yet amid the joy
And uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep
Full many a fathom deep
All beside thy rocky steep,
Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's need
Once so true!
Tho' death has quenched your flame,
Yet immortal be your name,
For ye died the death of fame
With Riou!

Soft sigh the winds of heaven
O'er your grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!

HOHENLINDEN

(Written in London 1801)

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stainèd snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

GENERAL NOTE.

[First published along with *Lochiel*, anonymously, in 1802. It is a mistake to say that Campbell witnessed the battle of Hohenlinden when he was in Germany in 1800. He saw the battle-fields near Ratisbon and at Ingolstadt—'one during the action, and the other very soon afterwards;' but at the date of the battle of Hohenlinden 'the poet was on the Elbe.']

THE WOUNDED HUSSAR

(Written in 1797)

Alone to the banks of the dark-rolling Danube
Fair Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er:
'Oh, whither,' she cried, 'hast thou wandered, my lover?
Or here dost thou welter and bleed on the shore?'

'What voice did I hear? 'twas my Henry that sighed!'
All mournful she hastened; nor wandered she far,
When, bleeding and low, on the heath she descried
By the light of the moon her poor wounded Hussar!

From his bosom that heaved the last torrent was streaming,
And pale was his visage, deep marked with a scar!
And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming,
That melted in love and that kindled in war!

How smit was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight!
How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war!
'Hast thou come, my fond Love, this last sorrowful night,
To cheer the lone heart of your wounded Hussar?'

'Thou shalt live,' she replied; 'Heaven's mercy relieving
Each anguishing wound, shall forbid me to mourn!'
'Ah, no! the last pang of my bosom is heaving!
No light of the morn shall to Henry return!

'Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true!
Ye babes of my love, that await me afar—'
His faltering tongue scarce could murmur adieu,
When he sunk in her arms—the poor wounded Hussar!

GENERAL NOTE.

[This piece was published, with the first edition of *The Pleasures of Hope*, in 1799. It was no sooner published than its popularity was assured; 'it was sung in the streets of Glasgow, and soon found its way over the whole kingdom.'—Beattie.]

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

(Finished 1804)

Our bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track :
'Twas autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft
In life's morning march when my bosom was young ;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part ;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

' Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and worn ! '
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay ;
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

NOTE.

[Line 11 stood originally—' Till nature and sunshine disclosed the sweet way.' This piece was sketched in Bavaria in 1800, and afterwards (in 1804) elaborated at Sydenham.]

STANZAS

ON THE THREATENED INVASION, 1803

Our bosoms we'll bare for the glorious strife,
And our oath is recorded on high
To prevail in the cause that is dearer than life,
Or crushed in its ruins to die !
Then rise, fellow freemen, and stretch the right hand,
And swear to prevail in your dear native land !

'Tis the home we hold sacred is laid to our trust—
God bless the green Isle of the brave!
Should a conqueror tread on our forefathers' dust,
It would rouse the old dead from their grave!
Then rise, fellow freemen, and stretch the right hand,
And swear to prevail in your dear native land!

In a Briton's sweet home shall a spoiler abide,
Profaning its loves and its charms?
Shall a Frenchman insult the loved fair at our side?
To arms! oh my Country, to arms!
Then rise, fellow freemen, and stretch the right hand,
And swear to prevail in your dear native land!

Shall a tyrant enslave us, my countrymen?—No!
His head to the sword shall be given—
A death-bed repentance be taught the proud foe,
And his blood be an offering to Heaven!
Then rise, fellow freemen, and stretch the right hand,
And swear to prevail in your dear native land!

LINES

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY IN LONDON, WHEN MET TO COMMEMORATE THE 21ST OF MARCH, THE DAY OF VICTORY IN EGYPT, 1809.

Pledge to the much-loved land that gave us birth!
Invincible romantic Scotia's shore!
Pledge to the memory of her parted worth!
And first, amidst the brave, remember Moore!

And be it deemed not wrong that name to give
In festive hours which prompts the patriot's sigh!
Who would not envy such as Moore to live?
And died he not as heroes wish to die?

Yes! though, too soon attaining glory's goal,
To us his bright career too short was given,
Yet in a mighty cause his phoenix soul
Rose on the flames of victory to Heaven!

How oft, if beats in subjugated Spain
One patriot heart, in secret shall it mourn
For him! how oft on far Corunna's plain
Shall British exiles weep upon his urn!

Peace to the mighty dead! Our bosom thanks
In sprightlier strains the living may inspire!
Joy to the chiefs that lead old Scotia's ranks,
Of Roman garb and more than Roman fire!

Triumphant be the thistle still unfurled,
Dear symbol wild! On Freedom's hills it grows,
Where Fingal stemmed the tyrants of the world,
And Roman eagles found unconquered foes.

Joy to the band—this day on Egypt's coast
Whose valour tamed proud France's tricolor,
And wrenched the banner from her bravest host,
Baptized invincible in Austria's gore!

Joy for the day on red Vimeira's strand
When, bayonet to bayonet opposed,
First of Britannia's host her Highland band
Gave but the death-shot once, and foremost closed!

Is there a son of generous England here
Or fervid Erin?—he with us shall join
To pray that in eternal union dear
The rose, the shamrock, and the thistle twine!

Types of a race who shall the invader scorn,
As rocks resist the billows round their shore;
Types of a race who shall to time unborn
Their country leave unconquered as of yore!

NOTE.

[The 'band' referred to in line 25 was the 42nd Highland Regiment, popularly known as the Black Watch.]

TROUBADOUR SONG

ON THE MORNING OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO

(Written for June 18, 1815)

I HAVE buckled the sword to my side,
I have woke at the sound of the drum;
For the banners of France are descried,
And the day of the battle is come!
Thick as dew-drops bespangling the grass
Shine our arms o'er the field of renown,
And the sun looks on thousands, alas!
That will never behold him go down!

Oh, my saint! oh, my mistress! this morn
On thy name how I rest like a charm,
Every dastard sensation to scorn
In the moment of death and alarm!
For what are those foemen to fear,
Or the death-shot descending to crush,
Like the thought that the cheek of my dear
For a stain on my honour should blush?

Fallen chiefs, when the battle is o'er,
Shall to glory their ashes entrust,
While the heart that loves thee to its core
May be namelessly laid in the dust.
Yet content to the combat I go—
Let my love in thy memory rest;
Nor my name shall be lost, for I know
That it lives in the shrine of thy breast!

SONG

(Written 1822 ?)

When Napoleon was flying
From the field of Waterloo
A British soldier dying
To his brother bade adieu !

'And take,' he said, 'this token
To the maid that owns my faith,
With the words that I have spoken
In affection's latest breath.'

Sore mourned the brother's heart
When the youth beside him fell ;
But the trumpet warned to part,
And they took a sad farewell.

There was many a friend to lose him,
For that gallant soldier sighed ;
But the maiden of his bosom
Wept when all their tears were dried.

SONG

'MEN OF ENGLAND'

(First published in *The New Monthly Magazine* in 1822)

Men of England ! who inherit
Rights that cost your sires their blood !
Men whose undegenerate spirit
Has been proved on land and flood

By the foes ye've fought, uncounted,
By the glorious deeds ye've done.
Trophies captured—breaches mounted,
Navies conquered—kingdoms won !

4 land] field *in later editions.*

Yet, remember, England gathers
Hence but fruitless wreaths of fame,
If the freedom of your fathers
Glow not in your hearts the same.

What are monuments of bravery,
Where no public virtues bloom ?
What avail in lands of slavery
Trophied temples, arch, and tomb ?

Pageants !—Let the world revere us
For our people's rights and laws,
And the breasts of civic heroes
Bared in Freedom's holy cause.

Yours are Hampden's, Russell's glory,
Sydney's matchless shade is yours,—
Martyrs in heroic story
Worth a hundred Agincourts !

We're the sons of sires that baffled
Crowned and mitred tyranny :—
They defied the field and scaffold
For their birthrights—so will we !

11 freedom] patriotism *in some editions.*

SONG OF THE GREEKS

(Written 1822)

Again to the battle, Achaians !
Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance ;
Our land, the first garden of Liberty's tree—
It has been, and shall yet be, the land of the free !
For the cross of our faith is replanted,
The pale dying crescent is daunted,
And we march that the footprints of Mahomet's slaves
May be washed out in blood from our forefathers' graves !

8 : More correctly—' May in blood be washed out.'

Their spirits are hovering o'er us,
And the sword shall to glory restore us.

Ah! what though no succour advances,
Nor Christendom's chivalrous lances
Are stretched in our aid? Be the combat our own!
And we'll perish or conquer more proudly alone;
For we've sworn by our Country's assaulters,
By the virgins they've dragged from our altars,
By our massacred patriots, our children in chains,
By our heroes of old and their blood in our veins,
That, living, we shall be victorious,
Or that, dying, our deaths shall be glorious.

A breath of submission we breathe not;
The sword that we've drawn we will sheathe not!
Its scabbard is left where our martyrs are laid,
And the vengeance of ages has whetted its blade.
Earth may hide—waves engulf—fire consume us,
But they shall not to slavery doom us:
If they rule, it shall be o'er our ashes and graves;
But we've smote them already with fire on the waves,
And new triumphs on land are before us;
To the charge! Heaven's banner is o'er us.

This day shall ye blush for its story,
Or brighten your lives with its glory.
Our women, oh, say! shall they shriek in despair,
Or embrace us from conquest with wreaths in their hair?
Accursed may his memory blacken,
If a coward there be that would slacken
Till we've trampled the turban, and shown ourselves worth
Being sprung from the named for the godlike of earth.
Strike home! and the world shall revere us
As heroes descended from heroes.

Old Greece lightens up with emotion
Her inlands, her isles of the Ocean ;
Fanes rebuilt and fair towns shall with jubilee ring,
And the Nine shall new-hallow their Helicon's spring :
Our hearths shall be kindled in gladness,
That were cold and extinguished in sadness ;
Whilst our maidens shall dance with their white-waving arms,
Singing joy to the brave that delivered their charms,
When the blood of yon Mussulman cravens
Shall have purpled the beaks of our ravens.

THE DEATH-BOAT OF HELIGOLAND

(Written 1828)

Can restlessness reach the cold sepulchred head ?—
Ay, the quick have their sleep-walkers, so have the dead.
There are brains, though they moulder, that dream in the tomb,
And that maddening forehear the last trumpet of doom,
Till their corses start sheeted to revel on earth,
Making horror more deep by the semblance of mirth :
By the glare of new-lighted volcanoes they dance,
Or at mid-sea appal the chilled mariner's glance.
Such, I wot, was the band of cadaverous smile
Seen ploughing the night-surge of Heligo's isle.
The foam of the Baltic had sparkled like fire,
And the red moon looked down with an aspect of ire ;
But her beams on a sudden grew sick-like and gray,
And the mews that had slept clanged and shrieked far away,

And the buoys and the beacons extinguished their light
As the boat of the stony-eyed dead came in sight,
High bounding from billow to billow ; each form
Had its shroud like a plaid flying loose to the storm ;
With an oar in each pulseless and icy-cold hand
Fast they ploughed by the lee-shore of Heligoland
Such breakers as boat of the living ne'er crossed ;
Now surf-sunk for minutes, again they uptossed,
And with livid lips shouted reply o'er the flood
To the challenging watchman that curdled his blood—
' We are dead—we are bound from our graves in the west,
First to Hecla, and then to——' Unmeet was the rest
For man's ear. The old abbey bell thundered its clang,
And their eyes gleamed with phosphorous light as it rang :
Ere they vanished they stopped, and gazed silently grim,
Till the eye could define them, garb, feature and limb.
Now who were those roamers ?—of gallows or wheel
Bore they marks, or the mangling anatomist's steel ?
No, by magistrates' chains 'mid their grave-clothes you saw
They were felons too proud to have perished by law ;
But a ribbon that hung where a rope should have been—
'Twas the badge of their faction, its hue was not green—
Showed them men who had trampled and tortured and driven
To rebellion the fairest isle breathed on by Heaven,—

Men whose heirs would yet finish the tyrannous task,
If the Truth and the Time had not dragged off their mask.
They parted—but not till the sight might discern
A scutcheon distinct at their pinnace's stern,
Where letters, emblazoned in blood-coloured flame,
Named their faction—I blot not my page with its name.

STANZAS

ON THE BATTLE OF NAVARINO

(Written 1828)

Hearts of oak that have bravely delivered the brave,
And uplifted old Greece from the brink of the grave,
'Twas the helpless to help and the hopeless to save
That your thunderbolts swept o'er the brine;
And as long as yon sun shall look down on the wave
The light of your glory shall shine.

For the guerdon ye sought with your bloodshed and toil,
Was it slaves, or dominion, or rapine, or spoil?
No! your lofty emprise was to fetter and foil
The uprooter of Greece's domain!
When he tore the last remnant of food from her soil,
Till her famished sank pale as the slain!

Yet, Navarin's heroes! does Christendom breed
The base hearts that will question the fame of your deed?
Are they men?—let ineffable scorn be their meed,
And oblivion shadow their graves!
Are they women?—to Turkish serails let them speed,
And be mothers of Mussulman slaves!

Abettors of massacre ! dare ye deplore
That the death-shriek is silenced on Hellas's shore ?
That the mother aghast sees her offspring no more
By the hand of Infanticide grasped ?
And that stretched on yon billows, distained by their gore,
Missolonghi's assassins have gasped ?

Prouder scene never hallowed war's pomp to the mind
Than when Christendom's pennons wooed social the wind,
And the flower of her brave for the combat combined,
Their watchword humanity's vow ;
Not a sea-boy that fought in that cause, but mankind
Owes a garland to honour his brow !

Nor grudge by our side that to conquer or fall
Came the hardy rude Russ and the high-mettled Gaul ;
For whose was the genius that planned at its call
Where the whirlwind of battle should roll ?
All were brave ! but the star of success over all
Was the light of our Codrington's soul.

That star of the day-spring, regenerate Greek !
Dimmed the Saracen's moon and struck pallid his cheek :
In its first flushing morning thy Muses shall speak
When their lore and their lutes they reclaim ;
And the first of their songs from Parnassus's peak
Shall be Glory to Codrington's name !

GENERAL NOTE.

[By this victory the Turkish and Egyptian navies were annihilated. The allied fleets (British, French, and Russian) were led by Sir Edward Codrington. The battle was fought on October 20, 1827.]

NAPOLEON AND THE BRITISH SAILOR

(Written 1840 ?)

I LOVE contemplating, apart
From all his homicidal glory,
The traits that soften to our heart
Napoleon's story.

'Twas when his banners at Boulogne
Arm'd in our island every freeman
His navy chanced to capture one
Poor British seaman.

They suffer'd him, I know not how,
Unprisoned on the shore to roam;
And aye was bent his longing brow
On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
Of birds to Britain half-way over
With envy; they could reach the white
Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
If but the storm his vessel brought
To England nearer.

At last, when care had banished sleep,
He saw one morning, dreaming, doting,
An empty hogshead from the deep
Come shoreward floating.

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
The live-long day laborious, lurking,
Until he launched a tiny boat
By mighty working.

Heaven help us! 'twas a thing beyond
  Description wretched: such a wherry
Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond,
  Or crossed a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt-sea field
  It would have made the boldest shudder—
Untarr'd, uncompass'd, and unkeel'd,
  No sail, no rudder.

From neighbouring woods he interlaced
  His sorry skiff with wattled willows;
And thus equipp'd he would have passed
  The foaming billows.

But Frenchmen caught him on the beach,—
  His little Argo sorely jeering
Till tidings of him chanced to reach
  Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
  Serene alike in peace and danger;
And, in his wonted attitude,
  Address'd the stranger:

'Rash man, that wouldst yon Channel pass
  On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned!
Thy heart with some sweet British lass
  Must be impassioned.'

'I have no sweetheart,' said the lad;
  'But, absent long from one another,
Great was the longing that I had
  To see my mother.'

'And so thou shalt,' Napoleon said,
  'Ye've both my favour fairly won;
A noble mother must have bred
  So brave a son.'

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
And, with a flag of truce, commanded
He should be shipp'd to England Old,
And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantly shift
To find a dinner, plain and hearty ;
But never changed the coin and gift
Of Bonaparté.

NOTE.

This anecdote has been published in several public journals, both French and British. My belief in its authenticity was confirmed by an Englishman, long resident at Boulogne, lately telling me that he remembered the circumstance to have been generally talked of in the place.—T. C.

THE LAUNCH OF A FIRST-RATE

(WRITTEN ON WITNESSING THE SPECTACLE, 1840)

England hails thee with emotion,
Mightiest child of naval art !
Heaven resounds thy welcome ; Ocean
Takes thee smiling to his heart.

Giant oaks of bold expansion
O'er seven hundred acres fell,
All to build thy noble mansion
Where our hearts of oak shall dwell.

'Midst those trees the wild deer bounded
Ages long ere we were born ;
And our great-grandfathers sounded
Many a jovial hunting-horn.

Oaks that living did inherit
Grandeur from our earth and sky,
Still robust, the native spirit
In your timbers shall not die.

Ship ! to shine in martial story,
Thou shalt cleave the ocean's path
Freighted with Britannia's glory
And the thunders of her wrath.

Foes shall crowd their sails and fly thee
Threatening havoc to their deck,
When afar they first descry thee
Like the coming whirlwind's speck.

Gallant bark ! thy pomp and beauty
Storm or battle ne'er shall blast
While our tars in pride and duty
Nail thy colours to the mast.

GENERAL NOTE.

[The launch of *The London*, a ship of the line, a two-decker of ninety-two guns, took place at Chatham on September 29, 1840. The poet was present and fêted on the occasion. Shortly afterwards he wrote this poem.]

THE SPANISH PATRIOT'S SONG

(Written 1823)

How rings each sparkling Spanish brand !
There 's music in its rattle ;
And gay, as for a saraband,
We gird us for the battle.
Follow, follow !
To the glorious revelry
When the sabres bristle
And the death-shots whistle.

Of rights for which our swords outspring
Shall Angoulême bereave us ?
We've plucked a bird of nobler wing—
The eagle could not brave us.
Follow, follow !
Shake the Spanish blade, and sing—
France shall ne'er enslave us :
Tyrants shall not brave us.

Shall yonder rag, the Bourbon's flag,
White emblem of his liver,
For Spain the proud be Freedom's shroud ?
Oh, never, never, never.
Follow, follow !
Follow to the fight, and sing—
Liberty for ever—
Ever, ever, ever.

Thrice welcome hero of the hilt,
We laugh to see his standard ;
Here let his miscreant blood be spilt
Where braver men's was squandered.
Follow, follow !
If the laurelled tricolor
Durst not over-flaunt us,
Shall yon lily daunt us ?

No ! ere they quell our valour's veins
They'll upward to their fountains
Turn back the rivers on our plains
And trample flat our mountains.
Follow, follow !
Shake the Spanish blade, and sing—
France shall ne'er enslave us :
Tyrants shall not brave us.

STANZAS

TO THE MEMORY OF THE SPANISH PATRIOTS LATEST KILLED IN RESISTING THE REGENCY AND THE DUKE OF ANGOULÊME.

(First printed in *The New Monthly*, 1823)

Brave men who at the Trocadero fell
Beside your cannons, conquered not though slain,
There is a victory in dying well
For Freedom,—and ye have not died in vain;
For, come what may, there shall be hearts in Spain
To honour, ay, embrace your martyred lot,
Cursing the Bigot's and the Bourbon's chain,
And looking on your graves, though trophied not,
As holier, hallowed, ground than priests could make
the spot!

What though your cause be baffled—freemen cast
In dungeons—dragged to death, or forced to flee?
Hope is not withered in affliction's blast—
The patriot's blood 's the seed of Freedom's tree;
And short your orgies of revenge shall be,
Cowled Demons of the Inquisitorial cell!
Earth shudders at your victory,—for ye
Are worse than common fiends from Heaven that fell,
The baser, ranker sprung *Autochthones* of Hell!

Go to your bloody rites again! bring back
The hall of horrors, and the assessor's pen
Recording answers shrieked upon the rack;
Smile o'er the gaspings of spine-broken men;
Preach, perpetrate damnation in your den;
Then let your altars, ye blasphemers! peal
With thanks to Heaven, that let you loose again
To practise deeds with torturing fire and steel
No eye may search—no tongue may challenge or reveal!

Yet laugh not in your carnival of crime
Too proudly, ye oppressors !—Spain was free—
Her soil has felt the foot-prints, and her clime
Been winnowed by the wings of Liberty ;
And these, even parting, scatter as they flee
Thoughts—influences, to live in hearts unborn,
Opinions that shall wrench the prison-key
From Persecution—show her mask off-torn,
And tramp her bloated head beneath the foot of Scorn.

Glory to them that die in this great cause !
Kings, Bigots, can inflict no brand of shame
Or shape of death to shroud them from applause.
No !—manglers of the martyr's earthly frame !
Your hangman fingers cannot touch his fame.
Still in your prostrate land there shall be some
Proud hearts, the shrines of Freedom's vestal flame;
Long trains of ill may pass unheeded, dumb,
But vengeance is behind, and justice is to come.

ODE TO THE GERMANS

(Written for *The Metropolitan*, 1832)

The Spirit of Britannia
  Invokes across the main
Her sister Allemannia
  To burst the tyrant's chain :
By our kindred blood she cries,
Rise, Allemannians, rise,
  And hallowed thrice the band
Of our kindred hearts shall be,
  When your land shall be the land
    Of the free—of the free !

With Freedom's lion-banner
Britannia rules the waves;
Whilst your broad stone of honour
Is still the camp of slaves.
For shame, for glory's sake,
Wake, Allemannians, wake,
And the tyrants now that whelm
Half the world shall quail and flee
When your realm shall be the realm
Of the free—of the free!

Mars owes to you his thunder
That shakes the battle-field,
Yet to break your bonds asunder
No martial bolt has pealed.
Shall the laurelled land of art
Wear shackles on her heart?
No! the clock ye framed to tell
By its sound the march of time—
Let it clang oppression's knell
O'er your clime—o'er your clime!

The press's magic letters—
That blessing ye brought forth;
Behold! it lies in fetters
On the soil that gave it birth!
But the trumpet must be heard,
And the charger must be spurred;
For you father Armin's Sprite
Calls down from heaven that ye
Shall gird you for the fight,
And be free!—and be free!

NOTES.

Line 13. *Ehrenbreitstein* signifies in German 'the broad stone of honour.'

Line 21. Gunpowder.

LINES ON POLAND

(Written 1831)

And have I lived to see thee, sword in hand,
Uprise again, immortal Polish Land ?
Whose flag brings more than chivalry to mind,
And leaves the tricolor in shade behind—
A theme for uninspirèd lips too strong,
That swells my heart beyond the power of song.
Majestic men, whose deeds have dazzled faith,
Ah ! yet your fate's suspense arrests my breath ;
Whilst, envying bosoms bared to shot and steel,
I feel the more that fruitlessly I feel.

Poles ! with what indignation I endure
The half-pitying servile mouths that call you poor !
Poor ! is it England mocks you with her grief,
That hates, but dares not chide, the Imperial Thief ?
France with her soul beneath a Bourbon's thrall ?
And Germany that has no soul at all ?
States, quailing at the giant overgrown,
Whom dauntless Poland grapples with alone !
No, ye are rich in fame even whilst ye bleed !
We cannot aid you—*we* are poor indeed !

In fate's defiance—in the world's great eye,
Poland has won her immortality !
The butcher, should he reach her bosom now,
Could tear not glory's garland from her brow ;
Wreathed, filleted, the victim falls renowned,
And all her ashes will be holy ground !

But turn, my soul, from presages so dark :
Great Poland's spirit is a deathless spark
That 's fanned by Heaven to mock the tyrant's rage :
She, like the eagle, will renew her age,

And fresh historic plumes of Fame put on,—
Another Athens after Marathon,
Where eloquence shall fulmine, arts refine,
Bright as her arms that now in battle shine.
Come—should the heavenly shock my life destroy
And shut its flood-gates with excess of joy—
Come but the day when Poland's fight is won—
And on my gravestone shine the morrow's sun!
The day that sees Warsaw's cathedral glow
With endless ensigns ravished from the foe,
Her women lifting their fair hands with thanks,
Her pious warriors kneeling in their ranks,
The scutcheoned walls of high heraldic boast,
The odorous altar's elevated host,
The organ sounding through the aisle's long glooms,
The mighty dead seen sculptured o'er their tombs
(John, Europe's saviour—Poniatowski's fair
Resemblance—Kosciusko's shall be there),
The tapered pomp, the hallelujah's swell—
Shall o'er the soul's devotion cast a spell
Till visions cross the rapt enthusiast's glance,
And all the scene becomes a waking trance.

Should Fate put far, far off that glorious scene,
And gulfs of havoc interpose between,
Imagine not, ye men of every clime,
Who act, or by your sufferance share, the crime—
Your brother Abel's blood shall vainly plead
Against the 'deep damnation of the deed.'
Germans, ye view its horror and disgrace
With cold phosphoric eyes and phlegm of face.
Is Allemagne profound in science, lore,
And minstrel art?—her shame is but the more
To doze and dream by Governments oppressed,
The spirit of a book-worm in each breast.

Well can ye mouth fair Freedom's classic line,
And talk of Constitutions o'er your wine;
But all your vows to break the tyrant's yoke
Expire in Bacchanalian song and smoke.
Heavens! can no ray of foresight pierce the leads
And mystic metaphysics of your heads,
To show the self-same grave Oppression delves
For Poland's rights is yawning for yourselves?

See, whilst the Pole, the vanguard aid of France,
Has vaulted on his barb and couched the lance,
France turns from her abandoned friends afresh,
And soothes the Bear that prowls for patriot flesh,
Buys, ignominious purchase! short repose
With dying curses and the groans of those
That served, and loved, and put in her their trust.
Frenchmen! the dead accuse you from the dust!
Brows laurelled, bosoms marked with many a scar
For France, that wore her Legion's noblest star,
Cast dumb reproaches from the field of death
On Gallic honour; and this broken faith
Has robbed you more of Fame, the life of life,
Than twenty battles lost in glorious strife!

And what of England? Is she steeped so low
In poverty, crest-fallen, and palsied so,
That we must sit, much wroth, but timorous more,
With murder knocking at our neighbour's door?
Nor murder masked and cloaked with hidden knife
Whose owner owes the gallows life for life
But Public Murder!—that with pomp and gaud,
And royal scorn of justice, walks abroad
To wring more tears and blood than e'er were wrung
By all the culprits justice ever hung!
We read the diademed assassin's vaunt,
And wince, and wish we had not hearts to pant

With useless indignation—sigh, and frown,
But have not hearts to throw the gauntlet down.

If but a doubt hung o'er the grounds of fray,
Or trivial rapine stopped the world's highway,—
Were this some common strife of States embroiled;
Britannia on the spoiler and the spoiled
Might calmly look, and, asking time to breathe,
Still honourably wear her olive wreath.
But this is darkness combating with light:
Earth's adverse principles for empire fight:
Oppression, that has belted half the globe,
Far as his knout could reach or dagger probe,
Holds reeking o'er our brother-freemen slain
That dagger—shakes it at us in disdain,
Talks big to Freedom's States of Poland's thrall,
And, trampling one, contemns them one and all.

My country! colours not thy once proud brow
At this affront? Hast thou not fleets enow
With glory's streamer, lofty as the lark,
Gay fluttering o'er each thunder-bearing bark,
To warm the insulter's seas with barbarous blood
And interdict his flag from ocean's flood?
Even now far off the sea-cliff, where I sing,
I see, my country and my patriot king!
Your ensign glad the deep. Becalmed and slow
A war-ship rides; while heaven's prismatic bow,
Uprisen behind her on the horizon's base,
Shines flushing through the tackle, shrouds, and stays,
And wraps her giant form in one majestic blaze.
My soul accepts the omen; fancy's eye
Has sometimes a veracious augury:
The rainbow types Heaven's promise to my sight;
The ship, Britannia's interposing might!

But, if there should be none to aid you, Poles,
Ye'll but to prouder pitch wind up your souls,
Above example, pity, praise or blame,
To sow and reap a boundless field of fame.
Ask aid no more from nations that forget
Your championship—old Europe's mighty debt.
Though Poland (Lazarus-like) has burst the gloom,
She rises not a beggar from the tomb:
In fortune's frown, on danger's giddiest brink,
Despair and Poland's name must never link.

All ills have bounds—plague, whirlwind, fire, and flood:
E'en power can spill but bounded sums of blood.
States caring not what Freedom's price may be
May late or soon, but must at last, be free;
For body-killing tyrants cannot kill
The public soul—the hereditary will
That, downward as from sire to son it goes,
By shifting bosoms more intensely glows:
Its heirloom is the heart, and slaughtered men
Fight fiercer in their orphans o'er again.
Poland recasts—though rich in heroes old—
Her men in more and more heroic mould:
Her eagle ensign best among mankind
Becomes, and types her eagle-strength of mind:
Her praise upon my faltering lips expires—
Resume it, younger bards, and nobler lyres!

NOTE ON THE REFERENCE TO FRANCE, ll. 73-86.

The fact ought to be universally known that France was indebted to Poland for not being invaded by Russia. When the Duke Constantine fled from Warsaw he left papers behind him proving that the Russians, after the Parisian events in July, meant to have marched towards Paris, if the Polish insurrection had not prevented them.

NOTE TO LINE 121.

[Campbell was recruiting at St. Leonards-on-Sea in the summer of 1831 when he wrote these lines.]

THE POWER OF RUSSIA

(Written for *The Metropolitan*, 1831)

So all this gallant blood has gushed in vain!
And Poland, by the Northern Condor's beak
And talons torn, lies prostrated again.
O British patriots, that were wont to speak
Once loudly on this theme, now hushed or meek!
O heartless men of Europe, Goth and Gaul!
Cold, adder-deaf to Poland's dying shriek!
That saw the world's last land of heroes fall!
The brand of burning shame is on you all—all—all!

But this is not the drama's closing act!
Its tragic curtain must uprise anew.
Nations, mute accessories to the fact!
That Upas-tree of power, whose fostering dew
Was Polish blood, has yet to cast o'er you
The lengthening shadow of its head elate—
A deadly shadow, darkening nature's hue!
To all that 's hallowed, righteous, pure, and great,
Wo! wo! when they are reached by Russia's withering hate.

Russia that on his throne of adamant
Consults what nation's breast shall next be gored,
He on Polonia's Golgotha will plant
His standard fresh; and, horde succeeding horde,
On patriot tombstones he will whet the sword
For more stupendous slaughters of the free.
Then Europe's realms, when their best blood is poured,
Shall miss thee, Poland! as they bend the knee,
All—all in grief, but none in glory, likening thee.

Why smote ye not the giant whilst he reeled ?
O fair occasion, gone for ever by !
To have locked his lances in their northern field,
Innocuous as the phantom chivalry
That flames and hurtles from yon boreal sky !
Now wave thy pennon, Russia, o'er the land
Once Poland ; build thy bristling castles high ;
Dig dungeon's deep ; for Poland's wrested brand
Is now a weapon new to widen thy command—

An awful width ! Norwegian woods shall build
His fleets—the Swede his vassal, and the Dane :
The glebe of fifty kingdoms shall be tilled
To feed his dazzling, desolating train,
Camped sumless 'twixt the Black and Baltic main :
Brute hosts, I own ; but Sparta could not write,
And Rome, half-barbarous, bound Achaia's chain :
So Russia's spirit, 'midst Sclavonic night,
Burns with a fire more dread than all your polished light.

But Russia's limbs (so blinded statesmen say)
Are crude, and too colossal to cohere.
O lamentable weakness ! reckoning weak
The stripling Titan, strengthening year by year.
What implement lacks he for war's career
That grows on earth, or in its floods and mines ?
Eighth sharer of the inhabitable sphere,
Whom Persia bows to, China ill confines,
And India's homage waits, when Albion's star declines !

But time will teach the Russ even conquering war
Has handmaid arts : aye, aye, the Russ will woo
All sciences that speed Bellona's car,
All murder's tactic arts, and win them too ;

But never holier Muses shall imbue
His breast, that 's made of nature's basest clay:
The sabre, knout, and dungeon's vapour blue
His laws and ethics—far from him away
Are all the lovely Nine that breathe but freedom's day.

Say even his serfs, half humanized, should learn
Their human rights,—will Mars put out his flame
In Russian bosoms? no, he'll bid them burn
A thousand years for nought but martial fame
Like Romans:—yet forgive me, Roman name!
Rome could impart what Russia never can—
Proud civic right to salve submission's shame.
Our strife is coming; but in freedom's van
The Polish Eagle's fall is big with fate to man.

Proud bird of old! Mohammed's moon recoiled
Before thy swoop: had we been timely bold,
That swoop, still free, had stunned the Russ, and foiled
Earth's new oppressors as it foiled her old.
Now thy majestic eyes are shut and cold.
And colder still Polonia's children find
The sympathetic hands that we outhold.
But, Poles, when we are gone, the world will mind
Ye bore the brunt of fate, and bled for humankind.

So hallowedly have ye fulfilled your part
My pride repudiates even the sigh that blends
With Poland's name—name written on my heart.
My heroes, my grief-consecrated friends!
Your sorrow in nobility transcends
Your conqueror's joy: his cheek may blush; but shame
Can tinge not yours, though exile's tear descends;
Nor would ye change your conscience, cause, and name
For his with all his wealth and all his felon fame.

Thee, Niemciewitz, whose song of stirring power
The Czar forbids to sound in Polish lands,—
Thee, Czartoryski, in thy banished bower
The patricide, who in thy palace stands,
May envy! Proudly may Polonia's bands
Throw down their swords at Europe's feet in scorn,
Saying—'Russia from the metal of these brands
Shall forge the fetters of your sons unborn.
Our setting star is your misfortune's rising morn.'

NOTE ON 'NIEMCIEWITZ' IN THE LAST STANZA.

This venerable man, the most popular and influential of Polish poets, and President of the Academy of Warsaw, was in London when this poem was written; he was seventy-four years old, but his noble spirit was rather mellowed than decayed by age. He was the friend of Fox, Kosciusko, and Washington. Rich in anecdote like Franklin, he bore also a striking resemblance to him in countenance.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

LINES

ON LEAVING A SCENE IN BAVARIA

(Written 1800)

Adieu the woods and waters' side,
  Imperial Danube's rich domain!
Adieu the grotto, wild and wide,
  The rocks abrupt and grassy plain!
  For pallid Autumn once again
Hath swelled each torrent of the hill;
  Her clouds collect, her shadows sail,
  And watery winds that sweep the vale
Grow loud and louder still.

But not the storm dethroning fast
  Yon monarch oak of massy pile,
Nor river roaring to the blast
  Around its dark and desert isle,
  Nor church-bell tolling to beguile
The cloud-born thunder passing by—
  Can sound in discord to my soul:
  Roll on, ye mighty waters, roll!
And rage, thou darkened sky!

Thy blossoms now no longer bright,
  Thy withered woods no longer green,
Yet, Eldurn shore, with dark delight
  I visit thy unlovely scene!
  For many a sunset hour serene

My steps have trod thy mellow dew,
When his green light the glow-worm gave,
When Cynthia from the distant wave
Her twilight anchor drew,

And ploughed, as with a swelling sail,
The billowy clouds and starry sea :
Then—while thy hermit nightingale
Sang on his fragrant apple-tree—
Romantic, solitary, free,
The visitant of Eldurn's shore
On such a moonlight mountain strayed
As echoed to the music made
By Druid harps of yore.

Around thy savage hills of oak,
Around thy waters bright and blue,
No hunter's horn the silence broke,
No dying shriek thine echo knew ;
But safe, sweet Eldurn woods, to you
The wounded wild deer ever ran,
Whose myrtle bound their grassy cave,
Whose very rocks a shelter gave
From blood-pursuing man.

Oh, heart effusions that arose
From nightly wanderings cherished here !
To him who flies from many woes
Even homeless deserts can be dear !
The last and solitary cheer
Of those that own no earthly home,
Say—is it not, ye banished race,
In such a loved and lonely place
Companionless to roam ?

Yes, I have loved thy wild abode,
Unknown, unploughed, untrodden shore!
Where scarce the woodman finds a road,
And scarce the fisher plies an oar
For man's neglect I love thee more,—
That art nor avarice intrude
To tame thy torrent's thunder-shock,
Or prune thy vintage of the rock,
Magnificently rude.

Unheeded spreads thy blossomed bud
Its milky bosom to the bee;
Unheeded falls along the flood
Thy desolate and agèd tree.
Forsaken scene, how like to thee
The fate of unbefriended Worth!
Like thine her fruit dishonoured falls;
Like thee in solitude she calls
A thousand treasures forth.

O silent spirit of the place,
If, lingering with the ruined year,
Thy hoary form and awful face
I yet might watch and worship here—
Thy storm were music to mine ear,
Thy wildest walk a shelter given
Sublimer thoughts on earth to find,
And share with no unhallowed mind
The majesty of heaven.

What though the bosom friends of Fate,
Prosperity's unweanèd brood,
Thy consolations cannot rate,
O self-dependent solitude!
Yet with a spirit unsubdued,

Though darkened by the clouds of care,
To worship thy congenial gloom
A pilgrim to the Prophet's tomb
The Friendless [1] shall repair.

On him the world hath never smiled,
Or looked but with accusing eye ;
All-silent goddess of the wild,
To thee that misanthrope shall fly !
I hear his deep soliloquy,
I mark his proud but ravaged form,
As stern he wraps his mantle round,
And bids on winter's bleakest ground
Defiance to the storm.

Peace to his banished heart, at last,
In thy dominions shall descend,
And, strong as beechwood in the blast,
His spirit shall refuse to bend ;
Enduring life without a friend,
The world and falsehood left behind,
Thy votary shall bear elate
(Triumphant o'er opposing Fate)
His dark inspirèd mind.

But dost thou, Folly, mock the muse
A wanderer's mountain walk to sing,
Who shuns a warring world, nor woos
The vulture cover of its wing ?
Then fly, thou cowering, shivering thing,
Back to the fostering world beguiled
To waste in self-consuming strife
The loveless brotherhood of life,
Reviling and reviled !

[1] [In the first edition 'Misfortune': followed in the next two stanzas by feminine pronouns, 'On *her* the world,' &c.]

Away, thou lover of the race
That hither chased yon weeping deer!
If Nature's all-majestic face
More pitiless than man's appear,
Or if the wild winds seem more drear
Than man's cold charities below,
Behold around his peopled plains,
Where'er the social savage reigns,
Exuberance of woe!

His art and honours wouldst thou seek,
Embossed on grandeur's giant walls?
Or hear his moral thunders speak
Where senates light their airy halls,
Where man his brother man enthralls,
Or sends his whirlwind warrant forth
To rouse the slumbering fiends of war,
To dye the blood-warm waves afar,
And desolate the earth?

From clime to clime pursue the scene,
And mark in all thy spacious way
Where'er the tyrant man has been,
There Peace, the cherub, cannot stay.
In wilds and woodlands far away
She builds her solitary bower,
Where only anchorites have trod,
Or friendless men to worship God
Have wandered for an hour.

In such a far forsaken vale—
And such, sweet Eldurn vale, is thine—
Afflicted nature shall inhale
Heaven-borrowed thoughts and joys divine:
No longer wish, no more repine

For man's neglect or woman's scorn ;
  Then wed thee to an exile's lot,
  For, if the world hath loved thee not,
Its absence may be borne.

NOTE TO LINE 14.

In Catholic countries you often hear the church bells rung to propitiate Heaven during thunder-storms.

THE LAST MAN

(First published in the *New Monthly Magazine* in 1823)

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
  The Sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
  Its Immortality !
I saw a vision in my sleep
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
  Adown the gulf of Time !
I saw the last of human mould
That shall Creation's death behold.
  As Adam saw her prime !

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
  The Earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
  Around that lonely man !
Some had expired in fight,—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands ;
  In plague and famine some !
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread ;
And ships were drifting with the dead
  To shores where all was dumb !

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood
As if a storm passed by,
Saying, ' We are twins in death, proud Sun !
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis Mercy bids thee go ;
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

' What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill,
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth
The vassals of his will ?
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim discrownèd king of day :
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang
Healed not a passion or a pang
Entailed on human hearts.

' Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again.
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe—
Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred,
Or mown in battle by the sword
Like grass beneath the scythe.

' Even I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire ;
Test of all sumless agonies,
Behold not me expire !

My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded gasp and gargling breath
To see thou shalt not boast;
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,—
The majesty of Darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost!

'This spirit shall return to Him
That gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself are dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recalled to breath
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of Victory,
And took the sting from Death!

'Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
On Nature's awful waste
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste—
Go, tell the night that hides thy face
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race
On Earth's sepulchral clod
The darkening universe defy
To quench his immortality
Or shake his trust in God!'

Note to Line 19.

['Many years ago I had the idea of this Last Man in my head and distinctly remember speaking of the subject to Lord B(yron). I recognized, when I read his poem "Darkness", some traits of the picture which I meant to draw, namely, the ships floating without living hands to guide them—the earth being blank—and one or two more circumstances . . . I am entirely disposed to acquit Lord Byron of having intentionally taken the thoughts.'—*Letter of Campbell*, September 5, 1823.]

TO THE RAINBOW

(Written in 1819)

Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud Philosophy
To teach me what thou art.

Still seem as to my childhood's sight—
A midway station given
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach unfold
Thy form to please me so
As when I dreamt of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow ?

When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws !

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's gray fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign !

And, when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep
  The first-made anthem rang
On earth delivered from the deep,
  And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
  Unraptured greet thy beam :
Theme of primeval prophecy,
  Be still the poet's theme !

The earth to thee her incense yields,
  The lark thy welcome sings,
When glittering in the freshened fields
  The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast
  O'er mountain, tower, and town,
Or mirrored in the ocean vast
  A thousand fathoms down !

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
  As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
  First sported in thy beam ;

For, faithful to its sacred page,
  Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
  That first spoke peace to man.

[This poem was first published in *The New Monthly Magazine*, 1821.]

A DREAM

(First published in 1824)

Well may sleep present us fictions,
  Since our waking moments teem
With such fanciful convictions
  As make life itself a dream.
Half our daylight faith 's a fable ;
  Sleep disports with shadows too,
Seeming in their turn as stable
  As the world we wake to view.
Ne'er by day did reason's mint
Give my thoughts a clearer print
Of assured reality
Than was left by phantasy,
Stamped and coloured on my sprite,
In a dream of yesternight.

In a bark, methought, lone steering,
  I was cast on ocean's strife ;
This, 'twas whispered in my hearing,
  Meant the sea of life.
Sad regrets from past existence
  Came, like gales of chilling breath ;
Shadowed in the forward distance
  Lay the land of death.
Now seeming more, now less remote,
On that dim-seen shore, methought,
I beheld two hands a space
Slow unshroud a spectre's face ;
And my flesh's hair upstood,—
'Twas mine own similitude.

But my soul revived at seeing
Ocean, like an emerald spark,
Kindle, while an air-dropt being
Smiling steered my bark.
Heaven-like, yet he looked as human
As supernal beauty can,
More compassionate than woman,
Lordly more than man.
And, as some sweet clarion's breath
Stirs the soldier's scorn of death,
So his accents bade me brook
The spectre's eyes of icy look,
Till it shut them, turned its head
Like a beaten foe, and fled.

'Types not this,' I said, 'fair spirit!
That my death-hour is not come?
Say, what days shall I inherit?
Tell my soul their sum.'
'No,' he said, 'yon phantom's aspect,
Trust me, would appal thee worse,
Held in clearly measured prospect:
Ask not for a curse!
Make not, for I overhear
Thine unspoken thoughts as clear
As thy mortal ear could catch
The close-brought tickings of a watch—
Make not the untold request
That 's now revolving in thy breast.

''Tis to live again, remeasuring
Youth's years like a scene rehearsed,
In thy second life-time treasuring
Knowledge from the first.

Hast thou felt, poor self-deceiver!
  Life's career so void of pain
As to wish its fitful fever
  New begun again?
Could experience, ten times thine,
Pain from being disentwine—
Threads by fate together spun?
Could thy flight heaven's lightning shun?
No, nor could thy foresight's glance
'Scape the myriad shafts of chance.

'Would'st thou bear again love's trouble?
  Friendship's death-dissevered ties?
Toil to grasp or miss the bubble
  Of ambition's prize?
Say thy life's new guided action
  Flowed from virtue's fairest springs—
Still would envy and detraction
  Double not their stings?
Worth itself is but a charter
To be mankind's distinguished martyr.'
I caught the moral, and cried, 'Hail!
Spirit! let us onward sail,
Envying, fearing, hating none—
Guardian Spirit, steer me on!'

GENERAL NOTE.

[Dr. Beattie, the intimate friend and biographer of Campbell, thought there was throughout this poem 'a marked allusion to the poet's own private fortunes in the race of life.' He saw in it a great resemblance to 'The Last Man.']

EXILE OF ERIN

(Written in 1800)

THERE came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin—
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill :
For his country he sighed when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of ' Erin go bragh ! '

' Sad is my fate ! ' said the heart-broken stranger ;
' The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,
But I have no refuge from famine and danger ;
A home and a country remain not to me.
Never again in the green sunny bowers
Where my forefathers lived shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of "Erin go bragh ! "

' Erin, my country ! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore ;
But, alas ! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more !
Oh cruel fate ! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace—where no perils can chase me ?
Never again shall my brothers embrace me ?
They die to defend me, or live to deplore !

'Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild-wood?
Sisters and sire! did ye weep for its fall?
Where is the mother that looked on my childhood?
And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all?
Oh! my sad heart long abandoned by pleasure!
Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure?
Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

'Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw—
Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!
Land of my forefathers! "Erin go bragh!"
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean!
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion—
"Erin mavournin—Erin go bragh!"'

NOTES

The person referred to in this poem was a poor and delicate youth, Anthony McCann, exiled for being implicated in the Irish Rebellion of 1798. Campbell met him at Hamburg in 1800. 'It was in consequence of meeting him one evening on the banks of the Elbe, lonely and pensive at the thoughts of his situation, that I wrote "The Exile of Erin."'

Erin go bragh. Ireland for ever.

Erin mavournin. Ireland my darling.

[This poem was published January 28, 1801.]

LINES

WRITTEN ON VISITING A SCENE IN ARGYLESHIRE

(Sketched in 1798, finished at Hamburg in 1800, and printed in *The Morning Chronicle*)

At the silence of twilight's contemplative hour
I have mused in a sorrowful mood
On the wind-shaken weeds that embosom the bower
Where the home of my forefathers stood.
All ruined and wild is their roofless abode;
And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree;
And travelled by few is the grass-covered road,
Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode
To his hills that encircle the sea.

Yet, wandering, I found on my ruinous walk,
By the dial-stone agèd and green,
One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk
To mark where a garden had been.
Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,
All wild in the silence of nature it drew
From each wandering sunbeam a lonely embrace,
For the night-weed and thorn overshadowed the place
Where the flower of my forefathers grew.

Sweet bud of the wilderness! emblem of all
That remains in this desolate heart!
The fabric of bliss to its centre may fall,
But patience shall never depart
Though the wilds of enchantment, all vernal and bright
In the days of delusion, by fancy combined
With the vanishing phantoms of love and delight,
Abandon my soul like a dream of the night
And leave but a desert behind.

Be hushed, my dark spirit! for wisdom condemns
When the faint and the feeble deplore;
Be strong as the rock of the ocean, that stems
A thousand wild waves on the shore!
Through the perils of chance and the scowl of disdain
May thy front be unaltered, thy courage elate!
Yea! even the name I have worshipped in vain
Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again:
To bear is to conquer our fate.

NOTE TO LINE 4.

['The home of my forefathers.' Kirnan, house and garden, in the vale of Glassary, Argyleshire. The last of his race who resided on the family estate of Kirnan was Archibald Campbell, the poet's grandfather.—See Dr. Beattie's *Life of Campbell*, vol. i, p. 4.]

NOTE TO LINE 34

['Caroline,' married January 29, 1799.]

ODE TO WINTER

(Written in 1800)

WHEN first the fiery-mantled sun
His heavenly race began to run,
Round the earth and ocean blue
His children four the Seasons flew.
First, in green apparel dancing,
The young Spring smiled with angel grace;
Rosy Summer, next advancing,
Rushed into her sire's embrace—
Her bright-haired sire, who bade her keep
For ever nearest to his smiles,
On Calpe's olive-shaded steep,
On India's citron-covered isles.
More remote and buxom-brown,
The Queen of vintage bowed before his throne;
A rich pomegranate gemmed her crown,
A ripe sheaf bound her zone.

But howling Winter fled afar
To hills that prop the polar star ;
And loves on deer-borne car to ride,
With barren darkness by his side,
Round the shore where loud Lofoden
Whirls to death the roaring whale,
Round the hall where Runic Odin
Howls his war-song to the gale,—
Save when adown the ravaged globe
He travels on his native storm,
Deflowering Nature's grassy robe,
And trampling on her faded form,
Till light's returning lord assume
The shaft that drives him to his polar field,
Of power to pierce his raven plume
And crystal-covered shield.

Oh, sire of storms ! whose savage ear
The Lapland drum delights to hear,
When Frenzy with her blood-shot eye
Implores thy dreadful deity,
Archangel ! power of desolation !
Fast descending as thou art,
Say, hath mortal invocation
Spells to touch thy stony heart ?
Then, sullen Winter, hear my prayer,
And gently rule the ruined year ;
Nor chill the wanderer's bosom bare,
Nor freeze the wretch's falling tear ;
To shuddering Want's unmantled bed
Thy horror-breathing agues cease to lend,
And gently on the orphan head
Of innocence descend.

But chiefly spare, O king of clouds !
The sailor on his airy shrouds

When wrecks and beacons strew the steep,
And spectres walk along the deep.
Milder yet thy snowy breezes
Pour on yonder tented shores,
Where the Rhine's broad billow freezes,
Or the dark-brown Danube roars.
Oh, winds of Winter! list ye there
To many a deep and dying groan?
Or start ye, demons of the midnight air,
At shrieks and thunders louder than your own?
Alas! even your unhallowed breath
May spare the victim fallen low;
But man will ask no truce to death,
No bounds to human woe.

NOTE

[This ode was written in Germany, at the close of 1800, before the conclusion of hostilities. It was sent to Mr. Perry of *The Morning Chronicle*, and published January 30, 1801.]

THE BEECH-TREE'S PETITION

(Written in Germany, in 1800, and first published in *The Morning Chronicle*)

O LEAVE this barren spot to me!
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree.
Though bush or floweret never grow
My dark unwarming shade below;
Nor summer bud perfume the dew,
Of rosy blush or yellow hue;
Nor fruits of autumn, blossom-born,
My green and glossy leaves adorn;
Nor murmuring tribes from me derive
The ambrosial amber of the hive—
Yet leave this barren spot to me:
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!

Thrice twenty summers I have seen
The sky grow bright, the forest green :
And many a wintry wind have stood
In bloomless, fruitless solitude,
Since childhood in my pleasant bower
First spent its sweet and sportive hour,
Since youthful lovers in my shade
Their vows of truth and rapture made
And on my trunk's surviving frame
Carved many a long-forgotten name.
Oh ! by the sighs of gentle sound
First breathed upon this sacred ground,
By all that Love has whispered here,
Or Beauty heard with ravished ear—
As Love's own altar honour me :
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree !

NOTES

[The Beech-tree stood in a kitchen garden at Ardwell in Dumfriesshire, and had been condemned on a complaint by the gardener that no garden crop could grow near it. Intercession was made for it through the poet's sister. See Dr. Beattie's *Life of Campbell*, vol. i, p. 333.

LINES 5 and 6 do not appear in the earlier editions.

LINE 10. For ' amber,' ' nectar ' in 1803.

LINE 11. For ' barren,' ' little ' in 1803.

LINES 13 to 16 were enlarged from the original couplet—

' Thrice twenty summers I have stood
In bloomless, fruitless solitude.'

LINE 20. For ' made,' ' paid ' in 1803.

LINE 23. For ' sighs,' ' vows ' in 1803.]

HYMN

'WHEN JORDAN HUSHED'

WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion hill,
When Salem's shepherds, thro' the night,
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light—

Hark! from the midnight hills around
A voice of more than mortal sound
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murmuring, on the raptured soul.

Then swift to every startled eye
New streams of glory gild the sky;
Heaven bursts her azure gates to pour
Her spirits to the midnight hour.

On wheels of light and wings of flame
The glorious hosts to Zion came.
High Heaven with sounds of triumph rung,
And thus they smote their harps and sung—

'Oh Zion, lift thy raptured eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh—
The joys of Nature rise again—
The Prince of Salem comes to reign!

'See, Mercy from her golden urn
Pours a glad stream to them that mourn;
Behold, she binds with tender care
The bleeding bosom of despair.—

'He comes! He cheers the trembling heart—
Night and her spectres pale depart;
Again the day-star gilds the gloom—
Again the bowers of Eden bloom!

'Oh, Zion, lift thy raptured eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh—
The joys of Nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign!'

NOTE

[This hymn on the Advent was composed when the author was only sixteen years of age. Some of its phrases reappear in *The Pleasures of Hope.*]

HALLOWED GROUND

(Written in 1825)

What 's hallowed ground? Has earth a clod
Its Maker meant not should be trod
By man, the image of his God,
Erect and free,
Unscourged by superstition's rod
To bow the knee?

That 's hallowed ground—where, mourned and missed,
The lips repose our love has kissed;
But where 's their memory's mansion? Is't
Yon churchyard's bowers?
No! in ourselves their souls exist,
A part of ours.

A kiss can consecrate the ground
Where mated hearts are mutual bound:
The spot where love's first links were wound,
That ne'er are riven,
Is hallowed down to earth's profound,
And up to heaven!

For time makes all but true love old;
The burning thoughts that then were told
Run molten still in memory's mould,
And will not cool
Until the heart itself be cold
In Lethe's pool.

What hallows ground where heroes sleep?
'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap.
In dews that heavens far distant weep
Their turf may bloom;
Or Genii twine beneath the deep
Their coral tomb.

But strew his ashes to the wind
Whose sword or voice has served mankind—
And is he dead whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high?
To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.

Is't death to fall for freedom's right?
He 's dead alone that lacks her light!
And murder sullies in heaven's sight
The sword he draws:
What can alone ennoble fight?
A noble cause!

Give that! and welcome war to brace
Her drums and rend heaven's reeking space!
The colours planted face to face,
The charging cheer,
Though death's pale horse lead on the chase,
Shall still be dear.

And place our trophies where men kneel
To heaven !—but heaven rebukes my zeal !
The cause of truth and human weal,
O God above !
Transfer it from the sword's appeal
To peace and love.

Peace, Love—the cherubim that join
Their spread wings o'er devotion's shrine—
Prayers sound in vain and temples shine
Where they are not :
The heart alone can make divine
Religion's spot.

To incantations dost thou trust
And pompous rites in domes august ?
See ! mouldering stones and metal's rust
Belie the vaunt
That man can bless one pile of dust
With chime or chant.

The ticking wood-worm mocks thee, man !
Thy temples—creeds themselves grow wan !
But there 's a dome of nobler span,
A temple given
Thy faith, that bigots dare not ban—
Its space is heaven !

Its roof—star-pictured nature's ceiling !
Where, trancing the rapt spirit's feeling,
And God Himself to man revealing,
The harmonious spheres
Make music, though unheard their pealing
By mortal ears.

Fair stars! are not your beings pure?
Can sin, can death your worlds obscure?
Else why so swell the thoughts at your
Aspect above?
Ye must be heaven's that make us sure
Of heavenly love!

And in your harmony sublime
I read the doom of distant time—
That man's regenerate soul from crime
Shall yet be drawn,
And reason on his mortal clime
Immortal dawn.

What 's hallowed ground? 'Tis what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!—
Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth
Earth's compass round,
And your high priesthood shall make earth
All hallowed ground.

FIELD FLOWERS

(Written in 1826)

Ye field flowers! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true;
Yet, wildings of nature! I dote upon you,
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teemed around me with fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight
Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams
Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing streams,
And of birchen glades breathing their balm,
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote,
And the deep mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note
Made music that sweetened the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of June!
Of old ruinous castles ye tell,
Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find,
When the magic of Nature first breathed on my mind,
And your blossoms were part of her spell.

Even now what affections the violet awakes!
What loved little islands, twice seen in their lakes,
Can the wild water-lily restore!
What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,
And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks
In the vetches that tangled their shore!

Earth's cultureless buds! to my heart ye were dear
Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear,
Had scathed my existence's bloom;
Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,
With the visions of youth to revisit my age;
And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

NOTE TO LAST LINE

[Campbell was buried with a bunch of wild flowers in his hand.]

CORA LINN, OR THE FALLS OF CLYDE

WRITTEN ON REVISITING IT IN 1837

THE time I saw thee, Cora, last,
'Twas with congenial friends;
And calmer hours of pleasure past
My memory seldom sends.

It was as sweet an Autumn day
As ever shone on Clyde,
And Lanark's orchards all the way
Put forth their golden pride;

Even hedges, busked in bravery,
Looked rich that sunny morn ;
The scarlet hip and blackberry
So pranked September's thorn.

In Cora's glen the calm how deep !
That trees on loftiest hill
Like statues stood, or things asleep
All motionless and still.

The torrent spoke, as if his noise
Bade earth be quiet round
And give his loud and lonely voice
A more commanding sound.

His foam, beneath the yellow light
Of noon, came down like one
Continuous sheet of jaspers bright,
Broad rolling in the sun.

Dear Linn ! let loftier falling floods
Have prouder names than thine ;
And king of all, enthroned in woods,
Let Niagara shine.

Barbarian ! let him shake his coasts
With reeking thunders far
Extended like the array of hosts
In broad embattled war !

His voice appals the wilderness :
Approaching thine, we feel
A solemn, deep, melodiousness
That needs no louder peal.

More fury would but disenchant
Thy dream-inspiring din ;
Be thou the Scottish Muse's haunt
Romantic Cora Linn !

[These lines were written for *The Scenic Annual* of December, 1837.]

THE PARROT

(Written in 1840)

The following incident, so strongly illustrating the power of memory and association in the lower animals, is not a fiction. I heard it many years ago in the Island of Mull, from the family to whom the bird belonged.—T. C.

The deep affections of the breast
That Heaven to living things imparts
Are not exclusively possess'd
By human hearts.

A parrot from the Spanish Main,
Full young and early caged, came o'er
With bright wings to the bleak domain
Of Mulla's shore.

To spicy groves where he had won
His plumage of resplendent hue,
His native fruits and skies and sun,
He bade adieu.

For these he changed the smoke of turf,
A heathery land and misty sky,
And turn'd on rocks and raging surf
His golden eye.

But, petted, in our climate cold
He lived and chatter'd many a day;
Until with age from green and gold
His wings grew gray.

At last, when blind and seeming dumb,
He scolded, laughed, and spoke no more,
A Spanish stranger chanced to come
To Mulla's shore;

He hailed the bird in Spanish speech;
The bird in Spanish speech replied,
Flapped round his cage with joyous screech,
Dropt down, and died.

THE HARPER

On the green banks of Shannon, when Sheelah was nigh,
No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I;
No harp like my own could so cheerily play,
And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray.

When at last I was forced from my Sheelah to part,
She said (while the sorrow was big at her heart),
'Oh! remember your Sheelah when far, far away;
And be kind, my dear Pat, to our poor dog Tray.'

Poor dog! he was faithful and kind, to be sure,
And he constantly loved me, although I was poor;
When the sour-looking folk sent me heartless away,
I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.

When the road was so dark, and the night was so cold,
And Pat and his dog were grown weary and old,
How snugly we slept in my old coat of gray,
And he licked me for kindness—my poor dog Tray.

Though my wallet was scant I remembered his case,
Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face;
But he died at my feet on a cold winter day,
And I played a sad lament for my poor dog Tray.

Where now shall I go, forsaken and blind?
Can I find one to guide me so faithful and kind?
To my sweet native village, so far, far away,
I can never more return with my poor dog Tray.

[Published along with *The Pleasures of Hope*, first edition, in 1799.]

LOVE AND MADNESS

AN ELEGY

(Written in 1795)

Hark! from the battlements of yonder tower
The solemn bell has tolled the midnight hour!
Roused from drear visions of distempered sleep,
Poor Broderick wakes—in solitude to weep!

'Cease, Memory, cease,' the friendless mourner cried,
'To probe the bosom too severely tried!
Oh! ever cease, my pensive thoughts, to stray
Through the bright fields of Fortune's better day,
When youthful Hope, the music of the mind,
Tuned all its charms, and Errington was kind!

'Yet can I cease, while glows this trembling frame,
In sighs to speak thy melancholy name?
I hear thy spirit wail in every storm!
In midnight shades I view thy passing form!
Pale as in that sad hour when doomed to feel,
Deep in thy perjured heart, the bloody steel!

'Demons of Vengeance! ye at whose command
I grasped the sword with more than woman's hand—
Say ye, did pity's trembling voice control,
Or horror damp, the purpose of my soul?
No! my wild heart sat smiling o'er the plan,
Till hate fulfilled what baffled love began!

'Yes; let the clay-cold breast that never knew
One tender pang to generous Nature true,
Half-mingling pity with the gall of scorn,
Condemn this heart that bled in love forlorn!

'And ye, proud fair, whose souls no gladness warms,
Save rapture's homage to your conscious charms!
Delighted idols of a gaudy train,
Ill can your blunter feelings guess the pain,
When the fond faithful heart, inspired to prove
Friendship refined, the calm delight of love,
Feels all its tender strings with anguish torn,
And bleeds at perjured pride's inhuman scorn!

'Say, then, did pitying Heaven condemn the deed,
When vengeance bade thee, faithless lover! bleed?
Long had I watched thy dark foreboding brow,
What time thy bosom scorned its dearest vow!
Sad though I wept the friend, the lover changed,
Still thy cold look was scornful and estranged,
Till, from thy pity, love, and shelter thrown,
I wandered hopeless, friendless, and alone!

'Oh! righteous Heaven! 'twas then my tortured soul
First gave to wrath unlimited control!
Adieu the silent look! the streaming eye!
The murmured plaint! the deep heart-heaving sigh!
Long-slumbering vengeance wakes to better deeds;
He shrieks, he falls, the perjured lover bleeds!
Now the last laugh of agony is o'er,
And pale in blood he sleeps to wake no more!

''Tis done! the flame of hate no longer burns;
Nature relents, but, ah! too late returns!
Why does my soul this gush of fondness feel?
Trembling and faint, I drop the guilty steel!
Cold on my heart the hand of terror lies,
And shades of horror close my languid eyes!

'Oh! 'twas a deed of murder's deepest grain!
Could Broderick's soul so true to wrath remain?
A friend long true, a once fond lover fell!—
Where love was fostered could not pity dwell?

'Unhappy youth! while yon pale crescent glows
To watch on silent nature's deep repose,
Thy sleepless spirit, breathing from the tomb,
Foretells my fate, and summons me to come!
Once more I see thy sheeted spectre stand,
Roll the dim eye, and wave the paly hand!

'Soon may this fluttering spark of vital flame
Forsake its languid melancholy frame!
Soon may these eyes their trembling lustre close!
Welcome the dreamless night of long repose!
Soon may this woe-worn spirit seek the bourne
Where, lulled to slumber, grief forgets to mourn!'

NOTES

NOTE TO LINE 1. [The tower is Warwick Castle.]

NOTE TO LINE 4. [Miss Broderick had murdered her lover, Errington.—'From the moment I heard Broderick's story I could not refrain from admiring her, even amid the horror of the rash deed she committed. Errington was an inhuman villain to forsake her! (CAMPBELL, writing from Downie to his friend James Thomson, on September 15, 1796).—The poem was first published along with a few other short pieces in the volume which contained the first edition of 'The Pleasures of Hope' (1799); and a note informed the public that it had been written in 1795. It is here printed as it first appeared. Dr. Beattie, who professes to have seen the original MS., gives some variations; e.g. at line 2 he gives 'hollow' for 'solemn,' at line 3 'waked' for 'roused,' at line 8 'scenes' for 'fields,' at line 18 'the gleaming steel with nervous hand' for 'the sword with more than woman's hand,' at line 27 'rapture' for 'gladness,' at line 28 'beauty's' for 'rapture's,' &c. —See his *Life of Campbell*, vol. i, pp. 166–8.]

THE 'NAME UNKNOWN'

IN IMITATION OF KLOPSTOCK

(Written in 1800)

Prophetic pencil! wilt thou trace
A faithful image of the face,
  Or wilt thou write the 'Name Unknown'
Ordained to bless my charmèd soul,
And all my future fate control,
  Unrivalled and alone?

Delicious idol of my thought!
Though sylph or spirit hath not taught
  My boding heart thy precious name,
Yet, musing on my distant fate,
To charms unseen I consecrate
  A visionary flame.

Thy rosy blush, thy meaning eye,
Thy virgin voice of melody
  Are ever present to my heart;
Thy murmured vows shall yet be mine,
My thrilling hand shall meet with thine
  And never, never part!

Then fly, my days, on rapid wing
Till Love the viewless treasure bring;
  While I, like conscious Athens, own
A power in mystic silence sealed,
A guardian angel unrevealed
  And bless the 'Name Unknown!'

LINES

ON THE GRAVE OF A SUICIDE

(Written in 1800)

By strangers left upon a lonely shore,
  Unknown, unhonoured, was the friendless dead ;
For child to weep, or widow to deplore,
  There never came to his unburied head :
  All from his dreary habitation fled.
Nor will the lanterned fisherman at eve
  Launch on that water by the witches' tower
Where hellebore and hemlock seem to weave
  Round its dark vaults a melancholy bower
  For spirits of the dead at night's enchanted hour.

They dread to meet thee, poor unfortunate !
  Whose crime it was, on life's unfinished road
To feel the stepdame buffetings of fate,
  And render back thy being's heavy load.
  Ah ! once, perhaps, the social passions glowed
In thy devoted bosom—and the hand
  That smote its kindred heart might yet be prone
To deeds of mercy. Who may understand
  Thy many woes, poor suicide, unknown ?
  He who thy being gave shall judge of thee alone.

[The original title was ' Lines written on seeing the unclaimed corpse of a suicide exposed on the banks of a river.']

THE QUEEN OF THE NORTH

A FRAGMENT

(Written in 1800)

YET, ere oblivion shade each fairy scene,
Ere capes and cliffs and waters intervene,
Ere distant walks my pilgrim feet explore
By Elbe's slow wanderings and the Danish shore,
Still to my country turns my partial view,
That seems the dearest at the last adieu.

Ye lawns and grottos of the clustered plain,
Ye mountain-walks, Edina's green domain,
Haunts of my youth! where, oft, by fancy drawn
At vermeil eve, still noon, or shady dawn,
My soul, secluded from the deafening throng,
Has wooed the bosom-prompted power of song;
And thou, my loved abode, romantic ground!
With ancient towers and spiry summits crown'd,
Home of the polished art and liberal mind,
By truth and taste enlightened and refined,
Thou scene of Scotland's glory! now decayed,
Where once her senate and her sceptre swayed—
As round thy mouldered monuments of fame
Tradition points an emblem and a name
Lo! what a group imagination brings
Of starrèd barons and of thronèd kings!
Departed days in bright succession start
And all the patriot kindles in my heart.

. . . . . .

Even musing here, beside the Druid-stone,
Where British Arthur built his airy throne,
Far as my sight can travel o'er the scene
From Lomond's height to Roslin's lovely green,

On every moor, wild wood, and mountain side,
From Forth's fair windings to the ocean tide,
On each the legendary loves to tell
Where chiefs encountered and the mighty fell;
Each war-worn turret on the distant shore
Speaks like a herald of the feats of yore;
And, though the shades of dark oblivion frown
On sacred scenes and deeds of high renown,
Yet still some oral tale, some chanted rhyme,
Shall mark the spot, and teach succeeding time
How oft our fathers, to their country true,
The glorious sword of independence drew;
How well their plaided clans, in battle tried,
Impenetrably stood, or greatly died;
How long the genius of their rights delayed,
How sternly guarded, and how late betrayed.

. . . . . .

Fair fields of Roslin—memorable name!
Attest my words, and speak my country's fame!
Soft, as yon mantling haze of distance broods
Around thy waterfalls and agèd woods,
The south sun chequers all thy birchen glade
With glimmering lights and deep-retiring shade—
Fresh coverts of the dale, so dear to tread
When morn's wild blackbird carols overhead,
Or when the sunflower shuts her bosom fair,
And scented berries breathe delicious air.
Dear is thy pastoral haunt to him that woos
Romantic nature, silence, and the Muse;
But dearer still when that returning time
Of fruits and flowers, the year's Elysian prime,
Invites—one simple festival to crown—
Young social wanderers from the sultry town.
Ah me! no sumptuous revelry to share
The cheerful bosom asks or envies there;

Nor sighs for gorgeous splendours, such as wait
On feasts of wealth and riots of the great.
Far sweeter seems the livelong summer-day
With loved companions on these walks to stray,
And lost in joys of more enchanting flow
Than tasteless art or luxury bestow.
Here in auspicious moments to impart
The first fond breathings of a proffered heart
Shall favoured love repair ; and smiling youth
To gentle beauty vow the vows of truth.

. . . . . .

Fair morn ascends, and sunny June has shed
Ambrosial odours o'er the garden-bed,
And wild bees seek the cherry's sweet perfume
Or cluster round the full-blown apple-bloom.

. . . . . .

GENERAL NOTE.

[Campbell abandoned the idea of an epic poem on Edinburgh on his return from Germany in 1801. The fragments given above were intended to have been part of the poem. It is interesting to compare Scott's description of Roslin Glen, in the ballad of 'The Gray Brother,' with that of Campbell in the third fragment. The reference in the third fragment, beginning

'But dearer still,' &c.

is to the King's birthday, held June 4, and fully described by the Scottish poet Fergusson, q.v.]

STANZAS TO PAINTING

(Published in the seventh edition 4to of *The Pleasures of Hope*, in 1803)

O THOU by whose expressive art
Her perfect image nature sees
In union with the graces start,
And sweeter by reflection please,—

In whose creative hand the hues
Fresh from yon orient rainbow shine,—
I bless thee, Promethéan muse!
And call thee brightest of the Nine.

Possessing more than vocal power,
Persuasive more than poet's tongue,
Whose lineage in a raptured hour
From love, the sire of nature, sprung.

Does hope her high possession meet?
Is joy triumphant, sorrow flown?
Sweet is the trance, the tremor sweet,
When all we love is all our own.

But oh! thou pulse of pleasure dear,
Slow throbbing, cold, I feel thee part;
Lone absence plants a pang severe,
Or death inflicts a keener dart.

Then for a beam of joy! to light
In memory's sad and wakeful eye,
Or banish from the noon of night
Her dreams of deeper agony.

Shall song its witching cadence roll?
Yea, even the tenderest air repeat
That breathed when soul was knit to soul,
And heart to heart responsive beat?

What visions rise[1] to charm, to melt!
The lost, the loved, the dead are near!
Oh, hush that strain too deeply felt!
And cease that solace too severe!

But thou, serenely silent art!
By heaven and love wast taught to lend
A milder solace to the heart,
The sacred image of a friend.

[1] 'Wake' (1803).

All is not lost if, yet possessed,
To me that sweet memorial shine;
If close and closer to my breast
I hold that idol all divine;

Or, gazing through luxurious tears,
Melt o'er the loved departed form,
Till death's cold bosom half appears
With life, and speech, and spirit warm.

She looks! she lives! this trancèd hour
Her bright eye seems a purer gem
Than sparkles on the throne of power
Or glory's wealthy diadem.

Yes, Genius, yes! thy mimic aid
A treasure to my soul has given,
Where beauty's canonizèd shade
Smiles in the sainted hues of heaven.

No spectre forms of pleasure fled
Thy softening, sweetening tints restore;
For thou canst give us back the dead
E'en in the loveliest looks they wore.

Then blest be nature's guardian muse!
Whose hand her perished grace redeems,
Whose tablet of a thousand hues
The mirror of creation seems.

From love began thy high descent;
And lovers, charmed by gifts of thine,
Shall bless thee mutely eloquent,
And call thee brightest of the Nine!

NOTE

The allusion in the third stanza is to the well-known tradition respecting the origin of painting—that it arose from a young Corinthian female tracing the shadow of her lover's profile on the wall, as he lay asleep.

IMPROMPTU

TO MRS. ALLSOP, ON HER EXQUISITE SINGING

(Written in 1813)

A MONTH in summer we rejoice
To hear the nightingale's sweet song,
But thou, a more enchanting voice,
Shalt dwell with us the live year long.
Angel of Song! still with us stay!
Nor, when succeeding years have shone,
Let us thy mansion pass and say—
'The voice of melody is gone!'

ODE

TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS

(Written in 1815)

SOUL of the poet! wheresoe'er,
Reclaimed from earth, thy genius plume
Her wings of immortality,—
Suspend thy harp in happier sphere,
And with thine influence illume
The gladness of our jubilee.

And fly like fiends from secret spell,
Discord and strife, at Burns's name,
Exorcized by his memory;
For he was chief of bards that swell
The heart with songs of social flame
And high delicious revelry.

And love's own strain to him was given,
To warble all its ecstasies
With Pythian words unsought, unwilled—
Love! the surviving gift of Heaven,
The choicest sweet of Paradise,
In life's else bitter cup distilled.

Who that has melted o'er his lay
To Mary's soul, in Heaven above,
But pictured sees in fancy strong
The landscape and the livelong day
That smiled upon their mutual love?
Who that has felt forgets the song?

Nor skilled one flame alone to fan:
His country's high-souled peasantry
What patriot-pride he taught! how much
To weigh the inborn worth of man!
And rustic life and poverty
Grew beautiful beneath his touch.

Him in his clay-built cot the muse
Entranced, and showed him all the forms
Of fairy-light and wizard gloom
(That only gifted Poet views),
The Genii of the floods and storms,
And martial shades from glory's tomb.

On Bannock-field what thoughts arouse
The swain whom Burns's song inspires?
Beat not his Caledonian veins,
As o'er the heroic turf he ploughs,
With all the spirit of his sires,
And all their scorn of death and chains?

And see the Scottish exile, tanned
By many a far and foreign clime,
Bend o'er his home-born verse, and weep
In memory of his native land,
With love that scorns the lapse of time,
And ties that stretch beyond the deep.

Encamped by Indian rivers wild,
The soldier, resting on his arms,
In Burns's carol sweet recalls
The scenes that blessed him when a child,
And glows and gladdens at the charms
Of Scotia's woods and waterfalls.

O deem not,'midst this worldly strife,
An idle art the Poet brings:
Let high philosophy control
And sages calm the stream of life,—
'Tis he refines its fountain-springs,
The nobler passions of the soul.

It is the muse that consecrates
The native banner of the brave,
Unfurling at the trumpet's breath
Rose, thistle, harp; 'tis she elates
To sweep the field or ride the wave,
A sunburst in the storm of death!

And thou, young hero, when thy pall
Is crossed with mournful sword and plume,
When public grief begins to fade
And only tears of kindred fall,—
Who but the bard shall dress thy tomb,
And greet with fame thy gallant shade?

Such was the soldier : Burns, forgive
That sorrows of mine own intrude
In strains to thy great memory due.
In verse like thine, oh ! could he live,
The friend I mourned—the brave, the good—
Edward that died at Waterloo !

Farewell, high chief of Scottish song !
That couldst alternately impart
Wisdom and rapture in thy page,
And brand each vice with satire strong—
Whose lines are mottoes of the heart,
Whose truths electrify the sage.

Farewell ! and ne'er may envy dare
To wring one baleful poison drop
From the crushed laurels of thy bust !
But, while the lark sings sweet in air,
Still may the grateful pilgrim stop
To bless the spot that holds thy dust.

NOTE

The young hero of the twelfth stanza was Major Edward Hodge, of the 7th Hussars, who fell at the head of his squadron in the attack of the Polish Lancers.

LINES TO A LADY

ON BEING PRESENTED WITH A SPRIG OF ALEXANDRIAN LAUREL

(Written in 1816)

THIS classic laurel! at the sight
What teeming thoughts suggested rise!
The patriot's and the poet's right,
The meed of semi-deities!—
Men who to death have tyrants hurled,
Or bards who may have swayed at will
And soothed that little troubled world,
The human heart, with sweeter skill.

Ah, lady! little it beseems
My brow to wear these sacred leaves;
Yet, like a treasure found in dreams,
Thy gift most pleasantly deceives.
And where is poet on this earth
Whose self-love could the meed withstand,
Even though it far outstript his worth,
Given by so beautiful a hand?

NOTE

[The lady was Miss Eleanor Wigram, afterwards Mrs. Unwin Heathcote.]

TO THE MEMORY OF FRANCIS HORNER

A FRAGMENT

(Written in 1817)

Ye who have wept, and felt, and summed the whole
Of virtue's loss in Horner's parted soul,
I speak to you,—though words can ill portray
The extinguished light, the blessings swept away,
The soul high-graced to plead, high-skilled to plan,
For human welfare gone, and lost to man!

This weight of truth subdues my power of song,
And gives a faltering voice to feelings strong.
But I should ill acquit the debt I feel
To private friendship and to public zeal
Were my heart's tribute not with theirs to blend
Who loved most intimate their country's friend,
Or if the muse to whom his living breath
Gave pride and comfort mourned him not in death.

. . . . . .

NOTE

[Horner was one of the founders of the *Edinburgh Review*. Born at Edinburgh in 1778, he was called to the Scottish bar at the age of twenty-one, joined the English bar a few years later, became M.P. for St. Ives in 1806, and—after good service to the Whig party—died at Pisa (February 8, 1817), and was buried in the English Cemetery at Leghorn close to the tomb of Smollett. He was Campbell's active friend when the poet settled in London.]

VALEDICTORY STANZAS

TO JOHN P. KEMBLE, ESQ., COMPOSED FOR A PUBLIC MEETING, HELD JUNE 27, 1817

Pride of the British stage,
A long and last adieu!
Whose image brought the heroic age
Revived to Fancy's view.
Like fields refreshed with dewy light
When the sun smiles his last,
Thy parting presence makes more bright
Our memory of the past;
And memory conjures feelings up
That wine or music need not swell,
As high we lift the festal cup
To Kemble—fare thee well!

His was the spell o'er hearts
Which only Acting lends,—
The youngest of the sister Arts,
Where all their beauty blends:
For ill can Poetry express
Full many a tone of thought sublime,
And Painting, mute and motionless,
Steals but a glance of time.
But, by the mighty actor brought,
Illusion's perfect triumphs come,—
Verse ceases to be airy thought,
And Sculpture to be dumb.

Time may again revive
But ne'er eclipse the charm
When Cato spoke in him alive,
Or Hotspur kindled warm.

What soul was not resigned entire
To the deep sorrows of the Moor ?
What English heart was not on fire
With him at Agincourt ?
And yet a majesty possessed
His transport's most impetuous tone,
And to each passion of his breast
The Graces gave their zone.

High were the task—too high,
Ye conscious bosoms here !
In words to paint your memory
Of Kemble and of Lear ;
But who forgets that white discrownèd head,
Those bursts of reason's half-extinguished glare,
Those tears upon Cordelia's bosom shed,
In doubt, more touching than despair,
If 'twas reality he felt ?
Had Shakespeare's self amidst you been,
Friends, he had seen you melt,
And triumphed to have seen !

And there was many an hour
Of blended kindred fame,
When Siddons's auxiliar power
And sister magic came.
Together at the Muse's side
The tragic paragons had grown—
They were the children of her pride,
The columns of her throne ;
And undivided favour ran
From heart to heart in their applause,
Save for the gallantry of man
In lovelier woman's cause.

Fair as some classic dome,
Robust and richly graced,
Your Kemble's spirit was the home
Of genius and of taste—
Taste like the silent dial's power,
That, when supernal light is given,
Can measure inspiration's hour
And tell its height in heaven.
At once ennobled and correct,
His mind surveyed the tragic page,
And what the actor could effect
The scholar could presage.

These were his traits of worth :
And must we lose them now ?
And shall the scene no more show forth
His sternly pleasing brow ?
Alas, the moral brings a tear !
'Tis all a transient hour below ;
And we that would detain thee here
Ourselves as fleetly go !
Yet shall our latest age
This parting scene review :
Pride of the British stage,
A long and last adieu !

NOTE

[When Campbell wrote these stanzas he had already enjoyed the friendship of Kemble and ' the Siddons ' for fifteen years.]

LINES

SPOKEN BY MRS. BARTLEY, AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE, ON THE FIRST OPENING OF THE HOUSE AFTER THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE, NOVEMBER, 1817

Britons! although our task is but to show
The scenes and passions of fictitious woe,
Think not we come this night without a part
In that deep sorrow of the public heart
Which like a shade hath darkened every place,
And moistened with a tear the manliest face!
The bell is scarcely hushed in Windsor's piles
That tolled a requiem from the solemn aisles
For her, the royal flower, low laid in dust,
That was your fairest hope, your fondest trust.
Unconscious of the doom, we dreamt, alas!
That even these walls, ere many months should pass,
Which but return sad accents for her now,
Perhaps had witnessed her benignant brow
Cheered by the voice you would have raised on high
In bursts of British love and loyalty.
But, Britain! now thy chief, thy people mourn,
And Claremont's home of love is left forlorn:—
There, where the happiest of the happy dwelt,
The 'scutcheon glooms, and royalty hath felt
A wound that every bosom feels its own,—
The blessing of a father's heart o'erthrown—
The most beloved and most devoted bride
Torn from an agonizèd husband's side,
Who 'long as Memory holds her seat' shall view
That speechless, more than spoken, last adieu,

When the fixed eye long looked connubial faith,
And beamed affection in the trance of death.
Sad was the pomp that yesternight beheld,
As with the mourner's heart the anthem swelled ;
While torch succeeding torch illumed each high
And bannered arch of England's chivalry.
The rich plumed canopy, the gorgeous pall,
The sacred march, and sable-vested wall,—
These were not rites of inexpressive show,
But hallowed as the types of real woe !
Daughter of England ! for a nation's sighs
A nation's heart went with thine obsequies !—
And oft shall time revert a look of grief
On thine existence, beautiful and brief.
Fair spirit ! send thy blessing from above
On realms where thou art canonized by love !
Give to a father's, husband's bleeding mind,
The peace that angels lend to human kind ;
To us who in thy loved remembrance feel
A sorrowing, but a soul-ennobling, zeal—
A loyalty that touches all the best
And loftiest principles of England's breast !
Still may thy name speak concord from the tomb,
Still in the Muse's breath thy memory bloom !
They shall describe thy life—thy form portray ;
But all the love that mourns thee, swept away,
'Tis not in language or expressive arts
To paint : ye feel it, Britons, in your hearts !

NOTE

[These lines were composed at short notice. 'I hardly think them worth mentioning for their poetry,' wrote the poet; 'but they sincerely express what a whole kingdom has felt.']

LINES

ON RECEIVING A SEAL WITH THE CAMPBELL CREST, FROM K.M—, BEFORE HER MARRIAGE

(Written in 1817)

This wax returns not back more fair
The impression of the gift you send,
Than, stamped upon my thoughts, I bear
The image of your worth, my friend!

We are not friends of yesterday;
But poet's fancies are a little
Disposed to heat and cool (they say),
By turns impressible and brittle.

Well! should its frailty e'er condemn
My heart to prize or please you less,
Your type is still the sealing gem,
And mine the waxen brittleness.

What transcripts of my weal and woe
This little signet yet may lock,—
What utterances to friend or foe,
In reason's calm or passion's shock!

What scenes of life's yet curtained page
May own its confidential die,
Whose stamp awaits the unwritten page
And feelings of futurity!

Yet, wheresoe'er my pen I lift
To date the epistolary sheet,
The blest occasion of the gift
Shall make its recollection sweet,—

Sent when the star that rules your fates
Hath reached its influence most benign,
When every heart congratulates,
And none more cordially than mine.

So speed my song—marked with the crest
That erst the adventurous Norman wore
Who won the Lady of the West,
The daughter of Macaillain Mor.

Crest of my sires! whose blood it sealed
With glory in the strife of swords,
Ne'er may the scroll that bears it yield
Degenerate thoughts or faithless words!

Yet little might I prize the stone
If it but typed the feudal tree
From whence, a scattered leaf, I'm blown
In Fortune's mutability.

No!—but it tells me of a heart
Allied by friendship's living tie;
A prize beyond the herald's art—
Our soul-sprung consanguinity!

Katherine! to many an hour of mine
Light wings and sunshine you have lent;
And so adieu, and still be thine
The all-in-all of life—Content!

NOTE TO LINE 30

A Norman leader, Gilliespie le Camile, in the service of the King of Scotland, married the heiress of Lochaw in the twelfth century, and from him the Campbells are sprung.

LINES

INSCRIBED ON THE MONUMENT LATELY FINISHED BY MR. CHANTREY, WHICH HAS BEEN ERECTED BY THE WIDOW OF ADMIRAL SIR G. CAMPBELL, K.C.B., TO THE MEMORY OF HER HUSBAND

(First printed in *The New Monthly*, 1823)

To him, whose loyal, brave, and gentle heart
Fulfilled the hero's and the patriot's part,
Whose charity, like that which Paul enjoined,
Was warm, beneficent, and unconfined,
This stone is reared. To public duty true,
The seaman's friend, the father of his crew,
Mild in reproof, sagacious in command,
He spread fraternal zeal throughout his band,
And led each arm to act, each heart to feel
What British valour owes to Britain's weal.
These were his public virtues: but to trace
His private life's fair purity and grace,
To paint the traits that drew affection strong
From friends, an ample and an ardent throng,
And, more, to speak his memory's grateful claim
On her who mourns him most, and bears his name—
O'ercomes the trembling hand of widowed grief,
O'ercomes the heart, unconscious of relief
Save in religion's high and holy trust,
Whilst placing their memorial o'er his dust.

LINES

ON REVISITING A SCOTTISH RIVER

(Written in 1826)

And call they this improvement ?—to have changed,
My native Clyde, thy once romantic shore,
Where nature's face is banished and estranged,
And heaven reflected in thy wave no more ;
Whose banks, that sweetened May-day's breath before,
Lie sere and leafless now in summer's beam,
With sooty exhalations covered o'er ;
And for the daisied greensward, down thy stream
Unsightly brick-lanes smoke and clanking engines gleam.

Speak not to me of swarms the scene sustains ;
One heart free tasting nature's breath and bloom
Is worth a thousand slaves to mammon's gains.
But whither goes that wealth, and gladdening whom ?
See, left but life enough and breathing-room
The hunger and the hope of life to feel,
Yon pale mechanic bending o'er his loom,
And childhood's self as at Ixion's wheel,
From morn till midnight tasked to earn its little meal.

Is this improvement ?—where the human breed
Degenerates as they swarm and overflow,
Till toil grows cheaper than the trodden weed,
And man competes with man, like foe with foe,
Till death, that thins them, scarce seems public woe ?
Improvement !—smiles it in the poor man's eyes,
Or blooms it on the cheek of labour ?—No—
To gorge a few with trade's precarious prize
We banish rural life, and breathe unwholesome skies.

Nor call that evil slight ; God has not given
This passion to the heart of man in vain
For earth's green face, the untainted air of heaven,
And all the bliss of Nature's rustic reign.
For not alone our frame imbibes a stain
From foetid skies—the spirit's healthy pride
Fades in their gloom. And therefore I complain
That thou no more through pastoral scenes shouldst glide,
My Wallace's own stream, and once romantic Clyde !

LINES

ON THE DEPARTURE OF EMIGRANTS FOR NEW SOUTH WALES

(Written in 1828)

On England's shore I saw a pensive band,
With sails unfurled for earth's remotest strand,
Like children parting from a mother, shed
Tears for the home that could not yield them bread.
Grief marked each face receding from the view,
'Twas grief to nature honourably true.
And long, poor wanderers o'er the ecliptic deep,
The song that names but home shall bid you weep ;
Oft shall ye fold your flocks by stars above
In that far world, and miss the stars ye love ;
Oft, when its tuneless birds scream round forlorn
Regret the lark that gladdens England's morn,
And, giving England's names to distant scenes,
Lament that earth's extension intervenes.

But cloud not yet too long, industrious train,
Your solid good with sorrow nursed in vain :
For has the heart no interest yet as bland
As that which binds us to our native land ?
The deep-drawn wish, when children crown our hearth,
To hear the cherub-chorus of their mirth,
Undamped by dread that want may e'er unhouse,
Or servile misery knit those smiling brows ;
The pride to rear an independent shed,
And give the lips we love unborrowed bread ;
To see a world, from shadowy forests won,
In youthful beauty wedded to the sun ;
To skirt our home with harvests widely sown,
And call the blooming landscape all our own,
Our children's heritage, in prospect long—
These are the hopes, high-minded hopes and strong,
That beckon England's wanderers o'er the brine
To realms where foreign constellations shine,
Where streams from undiscovered fountains roll,
And winds shall fan them from th' Antarctic pole.
And what though doomed to shores so far apart
From England's home, that e'en the home-sick heart
Quails, thinking, ere that gulf can be recrossed,
How large a space of fleeting life is lost ?
Yet there, by time, their bosoms shall be changed,
And strangers once shall cease to sigh estranged,
But jocund in the year's long sunshine roam
That yields their sickle twice its harvest-home.

There, marking o'er his farm's expanding ring
New fleeces whiten and new fruits upspring,
The grey-haired swain, his grandchild sporting round,
Shall walk at eve his little empire's bound,

Emblazed with ruby vintage, ripening corn,
And verdant rampart of acacian thorn,
While, mingling with the scent his pipe exhales,
The orange-grove's and fig-tree's breath prevails ;
Survey with pride beyond a monarch's spoil,
His honest arm's own subjugated soil ;
And, summing all the blessings God has given,
Put up his patriarchal prayer to Heaven
That, when his bones shall here repose in peace,
The scions of his love may still increase,
And o'er a land where life has ample room
In health and plenty innocently bloom.

Delightful land ! in wildness even benign,
The glorious past is ours, the future thine.
As in a cradled Hercules, we trace
The lines of empire in thine infant face.
What nations in thy wide horizon's span
Shall teem on tracts untrodden yet by man !
What spacious cities with their spires shall gleam,
Where now the panther laps a lonely stream,
And all but brute or reptile life is dumb !
Land of the free ! thy kingdom is to come—
Of states, with laws from Gothic bondage burst,
And creeds by chartered priesthoods unaccurst ;
Of navies, hoisting their emblazoned flags
Where shipless seas now wash unbeaconed crags ;
Of hosts, reviewed in dazzling files and squares,
Their pennoned trumpets breathing native airs,—
For minstrels thou shalt have of native fire,
And maids to sing the songs themselves inspire :
Our very speech, methinks, in after time,
Shall catch th' Ionian blandness of thy clime ;
And, whilst the light and luxury of thy skies
Give brighter smiles to beauteous woman's eyes,
The arts, whose soul is love, shall all spontaneous rise.

Untracked in deserts lies the marble mine,
Undug the ore that 'midst thy roofs shall shine ;
Unborn the hands—but born they are to be—
Fair Australasia, that shall give to thee
Proud temple-domes, with galleries winding high,
So vast in space, so just in symmetry,
They widen to the contemplating eye,
With colonnaded aisles in long array,
And windows that enrich the flood of day
O'er tesselated pavements, pictures fair,
And nichèd statues breathing golden air.
Nor there, whilst all that 's seen bids fancy swell,
Shall music's voice refuse to seal the spell ;
But choral hymns shall wake enchantment round,
And organs yield their tempests of sweet sound.

Meanwhile, ere arts triumphant reach their goal.
How blest the years of pastoral life shall roll !
Even should, some wayward hour, the settler's mind
Brood sad on scenes for ever left behind,
Yet not a pang that England's name imparts
Shall touch a fibre of his children's hearts ;
Bound to that native land by nature's bond,
Full little shall their wishes rove beyond
Its mountains blue and melon-skirted streams,
Since childhood loved, and dreamt of in their dreams.

How many a name, to us uncouthly wild,
Shall thrill that region's patriotic child,
And bring as sweet thoughts o'er his bosom's chords
As aught that 's named in song to us affords !
Dear shall that river's margin be to him
Where sportive first he bathed his boyish limb,
Or petted birds still brighter than their bowers,
Or twined his tame young kangaroo with flowers.

But more magnetic yet to memory
Shall be the sacred spot, still blooming nigh,
The bower of love where first his bosom burned
And smiling passion saw its smile returned.

Go forth and prosper, then, emprising band:
May He, who in the hollow of His hand
The ocean holds, and rules the whirlwind's sweep,
Assuage its wrath, and guide you on the deep!

SONG OF THE COLONISTS DEPARTING FOR NEW ZEALAND

STEER, helmsman, till you steer our way
By stars beyond the line;
We go to found a realm, one day
Like England's self to shine.

CHORUS.

Cheer up! cheer up! our course we'll keep
With dauntless heart and hand;
And when we've ploughed the stormy deep,
We'll plough a smiling land,—

A land where beauties importune
The Briton to its bowers
To sow but plenteous seeds and prune
Luxuriant fruits and flowers.
Chorus.—Cheer up, &c.

There tracts uncheered by human words,
Seclusion's wildest holds,
Shall hear the lowing of our herds
And tinkling of our folds.
Chorus.—Cheer up, &c.

Like rubies set in gold shall blush
Our vineyards girt with corn;
And wine, and oil, and gladness gush
From Amalthéa's horn.
Chorus.—Cheer up, &c.

Britannia's pride is in our hearts,
Her blood is in our veins;
We'll girdle earth with British arts,
Like Ariel's magic chains.
Chorus.—Cheer up, &c.

LINES

ON A PICTURE OF A GIRL IN THE ATTITUDE OF PRAYER, BY THE ARTIST GRUSE, IN THE POSSESSION OF LADY STEPNEY

(Written in 1830)

Was man e'er doomed that beauty made
By mimic art should haunt him?
Like Orpheus I adore a shade
And dote upon a phantom.

Thou maid that in my inmost thought
Art fancifully sainted,
Why liv'st thou not? why art thou nought
But canvas sweetly painted?

Whose looks seem lifted to the skies,
Too pure for love of mortals—
As if they drew angelic eyes
To greet thee at heaven's portals.

Yet loveliness has here no grace,
Abstracted or ideal;
Art ne'er but from a living face
Drew looks so seeming real.

What wert thou, maid ? thy life, thy name
  Oblivion hides in mystery ;
Though from thy face my heart could frame
  A long romantic history.

Transported to thy time I seem,
  Though dust thy coffin covers,
And hear the songs in fancy's dream
  Of thy devoted lovers.

How witching must have been thy breath !
  How sweet the living charmer
Whose very semblance after death
  Can make the heart grow warmer !

Adieu the charms that vainly move
  My soul in their possession—
That prompt my lips to speak of love
  Yet rob them of expression !

Yet thee, dear picture, to have praised
  Was but a poet's duty ;
And shame to him that ever gazed
  Impassive on thy beauty.

TO THE INFANT SON OF MY DEAR FRIENDS

MR. AND MRS. GRAHAME

(Written in 1831)

Sweet bud of life ! thy future doom
  Is present to my eyes,
And joyously I see thee bloom
  In fortune's fairest skies.

One day thy breast, scarce conscious now,
Shall burn with patriot flame;
And, fraught with love, that little brow
Shall wear the wreath of fame.

When I am dead, dear boy, thou'lt take
These lines to thy regard;—
Imprint them on thy heart, and make
A prophet of the bard.

LINES

ON THE VIEW FROM ST. LEONARDS

(Written in 1831)

Hail to thy face and odours, glorious Sea!
'Twere thanklessness in me to bless thee not,
Great beauteous Being! in whose breath and smile
My heart beats calmer, and my very mind
Inhales salubrious thoughts. How welcomer
Thy murmurs than the murmurs of the world!
Though like the world thou fluctuat'st, thy din
To me is peace, thy restlessness repose.
Even gladly I exchange yon spring-green lanes
With all the darling field-flowers in their prime,
And gardens haunted by the nightingale's
Long trills and gushing ecstasies of song,
For these wild headlands and the sea-mew's clang.

With thee beneath my window, pleasant Sea,
I long not to o'erlook earth's fairest glades
And green savannahs. Earth has not a plain
So boundless or so beautiful as thine;
The eagle's vision cannot take it in:
The lightning's wing, too weak to sweep its space,

Sinks half-way o'er it like a wearied bird :
It is the mirror of the stars, where all
Their hosts within the concave firmament,
Gay marching to the music of the spheres,
Can see themselves at once.

Nor on the stage
Of rural landscape are there lights and shades
Of more harmonious dance and play than thine.
How vividly this moment brightens forth,
Between gray parallel and leaden breadths,
A belt of hues that stripes thee many a league,
Flushed like the rainbow, or the ringdove's neck,
And giving to the glancing sea-bird's wing
The semblance of a meteor.

Mighty Sea !
Chameleon-like thou changest, but there 's love
In all thy change, and constant sympathy
With yonder Sky—thy mistress. From her brow
Thou tak'st thy moods and wear'st her colours on
Thy faithful bosom—morning's milky white,
Noon's sapphire, or the saffron glow of eve ;
And all thy balmier hours, fair Element,
Have such divine complexion—crispèd smiles,
Luxuriant heavings, and sweet whisperings,
That little is the wonder Love's own Queen
From thee of old was fabled to have sprung.

Creation's common ! which no human power
Can parcel or enclose ; the lordliest floods
And cataracts that the tiny hands of man
Can tame, conduct, or bound, are drops of dew
To thee that couldst subdue the Earth itself,
And brook'st commandment from the Heavens alone
For marshalling thy waves.

Yet, potent sea!
How placidly thy moist lips speak even now
Along yon sparkling shingles. Who can be
So fanciless as to feel no gratitude
That power and grandeur can be so serene—
Soothing the home-bound navy's peaceful way,
And rocking even the fisher's little bark
As gently as a mother rocks her child?

The inhabitants of the other worlds behold
Our orb more lucid for thy spacious share
On earth's rotundity; and is he not
A blind worm in the dust, great Deep, the man
Who sees not or who, seeing, has no joy
In thy magnificence? What though thou art
Unconscious and material?—thou canst reach
The inmost immaterial mind's recess,
And with thy tints and motion stir its chords
To music, like the light on Memnon's lyre!

The Spirit of the Universe in thee
Is visible; thou hast in thee the life—
The eternal, graceful, and majestic life—
Of nature, and the natural human heart
Is therefore bound to thee with holy love.

Earth has her gorgeous towns; the earth-circling sea
Has spires and mansions more amusive still—
Men's volant homes that measure liquid space
On wheel or wing. The chariot of the land,
With pained and panting steeds, and clouds of dust,
Has no sight-gladdening motion like these fair
Careerers with the foam beneath their bows,
Whose streaming ensigns charm the waves by day,
Whose carols and whose watch-bells cheer the night,

Moored as they cast the shadows of their masts
In long array, or hither flit and yond
Mysteriously with slow and crossing lights,
Like spirits on the darkness of the deep.

There is a magnet-like attraction in
These waters to the imaginative power
That links the viewless with the visible,
And pictures things unseen. To realms beyond
Yon highway of the world my fancy flies
When by her tall and triple mast we know
Some nobler voyager, that has to woo
The trade-winds and to stem the ecliptic surge.
The coral groves, the shores of conch and pearl
Where she will cast her anchor and reflect
Her cabin-window lights on warmer waves
And under planets brighter than our own ;
The nights of palmy isles that she will see
Lit boundless by the fire-fly ; all the smells
Of tropic fruits that will regale her ; all
The pomp of nature and the inspiriting
Varieties of life she has to greet—
Come swarming o'er the meditative mind.

True, to the dream of fancy Ocean has
His darker hints ; but where 's the element
That chequers not its usefulness to man
With casual terror ? Scathes not Earth sometimes
Her children with Tartarean fires, or shakes
Their shrieking cities, and, with one last clang
Of bells for their own ruin, strews them flat
As riddled ashes, silent as the grave ?
Walks not contagion on the air itself ?
I should old Ocean's Saturnalian days
And roaring nights of revelry and sport
With wreck and human woe be loth to sing ;

For they are few and all their ills weigh light
Against his sacred usefulness, that bids
Our pensile globe revolve in purer air.
Here Morn and Eve with blushing thanks receive
Their fresh'ning dews, gay fluttering breezes cool
Their wings to fan the brow of fevered climes,
And here the Spring dips down her emerald urn
For showers to glad the earth.

Old Ocean was
Infinity of ages ere we breathed
Existence ; and he will be beautiful
When all the living world that sees him now
Shall roll unconscious dust around the sun.
Quelling from age to age the vital throb
In human hearts, Death shall not subjugate
The pulse that swells in *his* stupendous breast,
Or interdict his minstrelsy to sound
In thundering concert with the quiring winds ;
But, long as Man to parent Nature owns
Instinctive homage, and in times beyond
The power of thought to reach, bard after bard
Shall sing thy glory, beatific Sea !

NOTE

[The penultimate section, more especially the last five lines of it, was latterly considered by the author as among the best poetry he had written. As for the views at St. Leonards—'Show me,' he exclaims, 'such a sea and such a shore !'—Letter of April 10, 1832.]

LINES

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF LA PEROUSE'S 'VOYAGES'

(in 1831)

Loved Voyager! whose pages had a zest
More sweet than fiction to my wondering breast,
When, rapt in fancy, many a boyish day
I tracked his wanderings o'er the watery way,
Roamed round the Aleutian isles in waking dreams,
Or plucked the fleur-de-lys by Jesso's streams,
Or gladly leaped on that far Tartar strand
Where Europe's anchor ne'er had bit the sand,
Where scarce a roving wild tribe crossed the plain,
Or human voice broke nature's silent reign,—
But vast and grassy deserts feed the bear,
And sweeping deer-herds dread no hunter's snare.
Such young delight his real records brought,
His truth so touched romantic springs of thought,
That, all my after-life, his fate and fame
Entwined romance with La Perouse's name.

Fair were his ships, expert his gallant crews,
And glorious was the emprise of La Perouse—
Humanely glorious! Men will weep for him
When many a guilty martial fame is dim:
He ploughed the deep to bind no captive's chain—
Pursued no rapine—strewed no wreck with slain:
And, save that in the deep themselves lie low,
His heroes plucked no wreath from human woe.
'Twas his the earth's remotest bounds to scan,
Conciliating with gifts barbaric man,

Enrich the world's contemporaneous mind,
And amplify the picture of mankind.
Far on the vast Pacific, 'midst those isles
O'er which the earliest morn of Asia smiles,
He sounded, and gave charts to many a shore
And gulf of ocean new to nautic lore;
Yet he that led discovery o'er the wave
Still finds himself an undiscovered grave.
He came not back! Conjecture's cheek grew pale,
Year after year; in no propitious gale
His lilied banner held its homeward way,
And Science saddened at her martyr's stay.

An age elapsed: no wreck told where or when
The chief went down with all his gallant men,
Or whether by the storm and wild sea flood
He perished, or by wilder men of blood.
The shuddering fancy only guess'd his doom,
And doubt to sorrow gave but deeper gloom.

An age elapsed: when men were dead or gray,
Whose hearts had mourned him in their youthful day,
Fame traced on Mannicolo's shore at last
The boiling surge had mounted o'er his mast.
The islesmen told of some surviving men,
But Christian eyes beheld them ne'er again.
Sad bourne of all his toils—with all his band
To sleep, wrecked, shroudless, on a savage strand!
Yet what is all that fires a hero's scorn
Of death?—the hope to live in hearts unborn.
Life to the brave is not its fleeting breath,
But worth—foretasting fame that follows death.
That worth had La Perouse, that meed he won.
He sleeps—his life's long stormy watch is done.
In the great deep, whose boundaries and space
He measured, fate ordained his resting-place;

But bade his fame, like th' ocean rolling o'er
His relics, visit every earthly shore.
Fair Science on that ocean's azure robe
Still writes his name in picturing the globe,
And paints (what fairer wreath could glory twine?)
His watery course—a world-encircling line.

NOTES

[LINE 38. An echo of Thomson's line—'And Mecca saddens at the long delay.'

LINE 47. An English captain (Dillon) proved in 1826 that La Perouse's ships had been wrecked off Vanikoro, an island lying north of the New Hebrides.

Some echoes of this fine poem may be heard in Andrew Lang's tribute to Gordon, 'The White Pacha.']

TO SIR FRANCIS BURDETT

ON HIS SPEECH DELIVERED IN PARLIAMENT, AUGUST 7, 1832, RESPECTING THE FOREIGN POLICY OF GREAT BRITAIN

BURDETT, enjoy thy justly foremost fame!
Through good and ill report—through calm and storm—
For forty years the pilot of reform.
But that which shall afresh entwine thy name
With patriot laurels never to be sere
Is that thou hast come nobly forth to chide
Our slumbering statesmen for their lack of pride—
Their flattery of Oppressors, and their fear—
When Britain's lifted finger and her frown
Might call the nations up, and cast their tyrants down!

Invoke the scorn—alas! too few inherit
The scorn for despots cherished by our sires,
That baffled Europe's persecuting fires,
And sheltered helpless states! Recall that spirit,
And conjure back Old England's haughty mind:
Convert the men who waver now, and pause
Between their love of self and humankind;
And move, Amphion-like, those hearts of stone—
The hearts that have been deaf to Poland's dying groan!

Tell them we hold the Rights of Man too dear,
To bless ourselves with lonely freedom blest;
But could we hope with sole and selfish breast
To breathe untroubled Freedom's atmosphere—
Suppose we wished it? England could not stand
A lone oasis in the desert ground
Of Europe's slavery; from the waste around
Oppression's fiery blast and whirling sand
Would reach and scathe us! No; it may not be:
Britannia and the world conjointly must be free!

Burdett, demand why Britons send abroad
Soft greetings to the infanticidal Czar,
The Bear on Poland's babes that wages war.
Once, we are told, a mother's shriek o'erawed
A lion, and he dropped her lifted child:
But Nicholas, whom neither God nor law,
Nor Poland's shrieking mothers overawe,
Outholds to us his friendship's gory clutch;
Shrink, Britain! shrink, my king and country, from the touch!

He prays to Heaven for England's king, he says:
And dares he to the God of mercy kneel,
Besmeared with massacres from head to heel?
No; Moloch is his god—to him he prays;

And if his weird-like prayers had power to bring
An influence, their power would be to curse.
His hate is baleful, but his love is worse—
A serpent's slaver deadlier than its sting!
Oh, feeble statesmen—ignominious times,
That lick the tyrant's feet, and smile upon his crimes!

THE CHERUBS

SUGGESTED BY AN APOLOGUE IN THE WORKS OF FRANKLIN

(Written in 1832)

Two spirits reached this world of ours:
The lightning's locomotive powers
Were slow to their agility.
In broad daylight they moved incog.,
Enjoying without mist or fog
Entire invisibility.

The one, a simple cherub lad,
Much interest in our planet had,
Its face was so romantic;
He couldn't persuade himself that man
Was such as heavenly rumours ran,
A being base and frantic.

The older spirit, wise and cool,
Brought down the youth as to a school;
But strictly on condition,
Whatever they should see or hear,
With mortals not to interfere;
'Twas not in their commission.

They reached a sovereign city proud,
Whose emperor prayed to God aloud,
With all his people kneeling,
And priests performed religious rites :
'Come,' said the younger of the sprites,
'This shows a pious feeling.

'Ar'n't these a decent godly race ?'

OLD SPIRIT

'The dirtiest thieves on Nature's face.'

YOUNG SPIRIT

'But hark, what cheers they're giving
Their emperor !—And is he a thief ?'

OLD SPIRIT

'Aye, and a cut-throat too ;—in brief,
The greatest scoundrel living.'

YOUNG SPIRIT

'But say, what were they praying for,
This people and their emperor ?'

OLD SPIRIT

'Why, but for God's assistance
To help their army, late sent out :
And what that army is about
You'll see at no great distance.'

On wings outspeeding mail or post
Our sprites o'ertook the Imperial host,
In massacres it wallowed :
A noble nation met its hordes,
But broken fell their cause and swords,
Unfortunate though hallowed.

They saw a late bombarded town,
Its streets still warm with blood ran down,
  Still smoked each burning rafter;
And hideously, 'midst rape and sack,
The murderer's laughter answered back
  His prey's convulsive laughter.

They saw the captive eye the dead,
With envy of his gory bed,—
  Death's quick reward of bravery:
They heard the clank of chains, and then
Saw thirty thousand bleeding men
  Dragged manacled to slavery.

'Fie! fie!' the younger heavenly spark
Exclaimed:—'we must have missed our mark,
  And entered hell's own portals:
Earth can't be stained with crimes so black;
Nay, sure, we've got among a pack
  Of fiends, and not of mortals.'

'No,' said the elder; 'no such thing:
Fiends are not fools enough to wring
  The necks of one another—
They know their interests too well:
Men fight; but every devil in hell
  Lives friendly with his brother.

'And I could point you out some fellows
On this ill-fated planet Tellus
  In royal power that revel;
Who, at the opening of the book
Of judgement, may have cause to look
  With envy at the devil.'

Name but the devil, and he'll appear.
Old Satan in a trice was near,
With smutty face and figure :
But spotless spirits of the skies,
Unseen to even his saucer eyes,
Could watch the fiendish nigger.

'Halloo!' he cried; 'I smell a trick:
A mortal supersedes Old Nick,
The scourge of earth appointed.
He robs me of my trade, outrants
The blasphemy of Hell, and vaunts
Himself the Lord's anointed!

'Folks make a fuss about my mischief:
Damned fools! they tamely suffer this chief
To play his pranks unbounded.'
The cherubs flew; but saw from high
At human inhumanity
The devil himself astounded.

THE DEAD EAGLE

(Written at Oran, Algiers, 1835)

Fallen as he is, this king of birds still seems
Like royalty in ruins. Though his eyes
Are shut, that look undazzled on the sun,
He was the sultan of the sky, and earth
Paid tribute to his eyry. It was perched
Higher than human conqueror ever built
His bannered fort. Where Atlas' top looks o'er
Zahara's desert to the equator's line—
From thence the winged despot mark'd his prey,
Above the encampments of the Bedouins, ere

Their watchfires were extinct, or camels knelt
To take their loads, or horsemen scoured the plain;
And there he dried his feathers in the dawn,
Whilst yet the unwakened world was dark below.

There 's such a charm in natural strength and power
That human fancy has for ever paid
Poetic homage to the bird of Jove.
Hence 'neath his image Rome arrayed her turms
And cohorts for the conquest of the world.
And, figuring his flight, the mind is fill'd
With thoughts that mock the pride of wingless man.
True the carred aeronaut can mount as high;
But what 's the triumph of his volant art?
A rash intrusion on the realms of air.
His helmless vehicle a silken toy,
A bubble bursting in the thunder-cloud--
His course has no volition, and he drifts
The passive plaything of the winds. Not such
Was this proud bird: he clove the adverse storm,
And cuffed it with his wings. He stopped his flight
As easily as the Arab reins his steed,
And stood at pleasure 'neath heaven's zenith, like
A lamp suspended from its azure dome,
Whilst underneath him the world's mountains lay
Like molehills, and her streams like lucid threads.
Then downward, faster than a falling star,
He neared the earth until his shape distinct
Was blackly shadow'd on the sunny ground,
And deeper terror hushed the wilderness
To hear his nearer whoop. Then up again
He soared and wheeled. There was an air of scorn
In all his movements, whether he threw round
His crested head to look behind him, or

Lay vertical and sportively displayed
The inside whiteness of his wing declined
In gyres and undulations full of grace,
An object beautifying heaven itself.

He—reckless who was victor, and above
The hearing of their guns—saw fleets engaged
In flaming combat. It was nought to him
What carnage, Moor or Christian, strewed their decks.
But, if his intellect had matched his wings,
Methinks he would have scorn'd man's vaunted power
To plough the deep. His pinions bore him down
To Algiers the warlike, or the coral groves
That blush beneath the green of Bona's waves,
And traversed in an hour a wider space
Than yonder gallant ship, with all her sails
Wooing the winds, can cross from morn till eve.
His bright eyes were his compass, earth his chart;
His talons anchored on the stormiest cliff,
And on the very lighthouse rock he perch'd
When winds churned white the waves.
The earthquake's self
Disturbed not him that memorable day
When o'er yon tableland, where Spain had built
Cathedrals, cannoned forts, and palaces,
A palsy-stroke of Nature shook Oran,
Turning her city to a sepulchre,
And strewing into rubbish all her homes;
Amidst whose traceable foundations now,
Of streets and squares, the hyaena hides himself.
That hour beheld him fly as careless o'er
The stifled shrieks of thousands buried quick
As lately when he pounced the speckled snake,
Coil'd in yon mallows and wide nettle-fields
That mantle o'er the dead old Spanish town.

Strange is the imagination's dread delight
In objects linked with danger, death, and pain!
Fresh from the luxuries of polished life,
The echo of these wilds enchanted me;
And my heart beat with joy when first I heard
A lion's roar come down the Libyan wind
Across yon long, wide, lonely inland lake,
Where boat ne'er sails from homeless shore to shore.

And yet Numidia's landscape has its spots
Of pastoral pleasantness—though far between.
The village planted near the Maraboot's
Round roof has aye its feathery palm-trees
Paired, for in solitude they bear no fruits.
Here nature's hues all harmonize—fields white
With alasum or blue with bugloss—banks
Of glossy fennel, blent with tulips wild
And sunflowers like a garment prankt with gold—
Acres and miles of opal asphodel,
Where sports and couches the black-eyed gazelle.
Here, too, the air 's harmonious—deep-toned doves
Coo to the fife-like carol of the lark;
And, when they cease, the holy nightingale
Winds up his long, long shakes of ecstasy,
With notes that seem but the protracted sounds
Of glassy runnels bubbling over rocks.

FRAGMENT OF AN ORATORIO, FROM THE BOOK OF JOB

(Written at Oran, 1835)

Crush'd by misfortune's yoke,
Job lamentably spoke:
'My boundless curse be on
The day that I was born;
Quench'd be the star that shone
Upon my natal morn.
In the grave I long
To shroud my breast;
Where the wicked cease to wrong,
And the weary are at rest.'
Then Eliphaz rebuked his wild despair:
'What Heaven ordains 'tis meet that man should bear.
Lately, at midnight drear,
A vision shook my bones with fear;
A spirit passed before my face,
And yet its form I could not trace;
It stopped—it stood—it chilled my blood
The hair upon my flesh uprose
With freezing dread!
Deep silence reigned, and, at its close
I heard a voice that said—
"Shall mortal be more pure and just
Than God, who made him from the dust?
Hast thou not learnt of old how fleet
Is the triumph of the hypocrite;
How soon the wreath of joy grows wan
On the brow of the ungodly man?

By the fire of his conscience he perisheth
In an unblown flame :
The Earth demands his death,
And the Heavens reveal his shame." '

JOB

Is this your consolation ?
Is it thus that ye condole
With the depth of my desolation
And the anguish of my soul ?
But I will not cease to wail
The bitterness of my bale.
Man that is born of woman,
Short and evil is his hour ;
He fleeth like a shadow,
He fadeth like a flower.
My days are pass'd ; my hope and trust
Is but to moulder in the dust.

CHORUS

Bow, mortal, bow, before thy God,
Nor murmur at His chastening rod ;
Fragile being of earthly clay,
Think on God's eternal sway !
Hark ! from the whirlwind forth
Thy Maker speaks—' Thou child of earth,
Where wert thou when I laid
Creation's corner-stone ?
When the sons of God rejoicing made,
And the morning stars together sang and shone ?
Hadst thou power to bid above
Heaven's constellations glow ?
Or shape the forms that live and move
On Nature's face below ?
Hast thou given the horse his strength and pride ?
He paws the valley with nostril wide,

He smells far off the battle ;
He neighs at the trumpet's sound
And his speed devours the ground
As he sweeps to where the quivers rattle
And the spear and shield shine bright,
'Midst the shouting of the captains
And the thunder of the fight.

Having met my illustrious friend the composer Neukomm, at Algiers, several years ago, I commenced this intended Oratorio at his desire, but he left the place before I proceeded farther in the poem ; and it has been thus left unfinished.—T. C.

BEN LOMOND

(Written in 1836)

Hadst thou a genius on thy peak,
What tales, white-headed Ben,
Couldst thou of ancient ages speak,
That mock th' historian's pen !

Thy long duration makes our lives
Seem but so many hours ;
And likens to the bees' frail hives
Our most stupendous towers.

Temples and towers thou'st seen begun,
New creeds, new conquerors sway ;
And, like their shadows in the sun,
Hast seen them swept away.

Thy stedfast summit, heaven-allied
(Unlike life's little span),
Looks down, a Mentor, on the pride
Of perishable man.

NOTES

Line 1. Originally—' If There 's a Genius haunts thy peak.'
Line 12. Originally—' Thou'st seen them pass away.'
This little poem was first published in *The Scenic Annual*, 1837.

CHAUCER AND WINDSOR

Long shalt thou flourish, Windsor! bodying forth
Chivalric times, and long shall live around
Thy Castle the old oaks of British birth,
Whose gnarled roots, tenacious and profound,
As with a lion's talons grasp the ground.
But, should thy towers in ivied ruin rot,
There 's one, thine inmate once, whose strain renowned
Would interdict thy name to be forgot;
For Chaucer loved thy bowers and trode this very spot.

Chaucer! our Helicon's first fountain-stream,
Our morning star of song—that led the way
To welcome the long-after coming beam
Of Spenser's light and Shakespeare's perfect day.
Old England's fathers live in Chaucer's lay,
As if they ne'er had died. He grouped and drew
Their likeness with a spirit of life so gay,
That still they live and breathe in Fancy's view,
Fresh beings fraught with truth's imperishable hue.

A THOUGHT SUGGESTED BY THE NEW YEAR

The more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages:
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth,
Ere passion yet disorders,
Steals lingering like a river smooth
Along its grassy borders.

But as the care-worn cheek grows wan,
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
Ye stars, that measure life to man,
Why seem your courses quicker ?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath,
And life itself is vapid,
Why, as we reach the Falls of death,
Feel we its tide more rapid ?

It may be strange; yet who would change
Time's course to slower speeding
When one by one our friends have gone,
And left our bosoms bleeding ?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength
Indemnifying fleetness ;
And those of youth a seeming length,
Proportion'd to their sweetness.

MOONLIGHT

(Written in 1840)

The kiss that would make a maid's cheek flush
Wroth, as if kissing were a sin,
Amidst the Argus eyes and din
And tell-tale glare of noon,
Brings but a murmur and a blush
Beneath the modest moon.

Ye days, gone—never to come back,
When love returned entranced me so
That still its pictures move and glow
In the dark chamber of my heart—
Leave not my memory's future track;
I will not let you part.

'Twas moonlight when my earliest love
First on my bosom dropped her head;
A moment then concentrated
The bliss of years, as if the spheres
Their course had faster driven,
And carried, Enoch-like above,
A living man to Heaven.

'Tis by the rolling moon we measure
The date between our nuptial night
And that blest hour which brings to light
The pledge of faith—the fruit of bliss,
When we impress upon the treasure
A father's earliest kiss.

The Moon 's the Earth's enamoured bride;
True to him in her very changes,
To other stars she never ranges:
Though, cross'd by him, sometimes she dips
Her light in short offended pride,
And faints to an eclipse.

The fairies revel by her sheen;
'Tis only when the Moon 's above
The fire-fly kindles into love,
And flashes light to show it:
The nightingale salutes her Queen
Of Heaven, her heavenly poet.

Then, ye that love! by moonlight gloom
Meet at my grave, and plight regard.
Oh! could I be the Orphéan bard
Of whom it is reported
That nightingales sung o'er his tomb,
Whilst lovers came and courted.

ON GETTING HOME THE PORTRAIT OF A FEMALE CHILD, SIX YEARS OLD

PAINTED BY EUGENIO LATILLA

(Written probably in 1840)

Type of the Cherubim above,
Come, live with me, and be my love!
Smile from my wall, dear roguish sprite,
By sunshine and by candlelight;
For both look sweetly on thy traits:
Or, were the Lady Moon to gaze,
She'd welcome thee with lustre bland,
Like some young fay from Fairyland.
Cast in simplicity's own mould,
How canst thou be so manifold
In sportively distracting charms?
Thy lips—thine eyes—thy little arms
That wrap thy shoulders and thy head
In homeliest shawl of netted thread,
Brown woollen net-work; yet it seeks
Accordance with thy lovely cheeks,
And more becomes thy beauty's bloom
Than any shawl from Cashmere's loom.

Thou hast not, to adorn thee, girl,
Flower, link of gold, or gem or pearl—
I would not let a ruby speck
The peeping whiteness of thy neck:
Thou need'st no casket, witching elf,
No gawd—thy toilet is thyself;
Not ev'n a rose-bud from the bower,
Thyself a magnet—gem and flower.

My arch and playful little creature,
Thou hast a mind in every feature;
Thy brow, with its disparted locks,
Speaks language that translation mocks;
Thy lucid eyes so beam with soul,
They on the canvas seem to roll,
Instructing both my head and heart
To idolize the painter's art.

He marshals minds to Beauty's feast—
He is Humanity's high priest
Who proves, by heavenly forms on earth,
How much this world of ours is worth.
Inspire me, child, with visions fair!
For children, in Creation, are
The only things that could be given
Back, and alive—unchanged—to Heaven.

NOTE.

[Campbell had seen the portrait in Colnaghi's window for several mornings on his way from 6 Lincoln's Inn Fields to the Literary Union, and it fascinated him, and seemed to haunt him. At last he bought it—for thirty guineas! But 'the temptation to buy was irresistible.' This was probably in 1840.]

LINES

TO THE COUNTESS AMERIGA VESPUCCI

(Written in 1840)

Descendant of the chief who stamped his name
On Earth's hesperian hemisphere, I greet
Not only thy hereditary fame
But beauty, wit, and spirit, bold and sweet,
That captivate alike, where'er thou art,
The British and the Transatlantic heart.

Ameriga Vespucci, thou art fair
As classic Venus; but the poets gave
Her not thy noble, more than classic, air
Of courage. Homer's Venus was not brave;
She shrieked, and fled the fight. You never fled,
But in the cause of freedom fought and bled.

NOTE.

In the closing lines the allusion is to the part taken by this heroic lady in the previous commotions in Italy.

TO MY NIECE, MARY CAMPBELL

(Written in 1841)

Our friendship 's not a stream to dry,
Or stop with angry jar;
A life-long planet in our sky—
No meteor-shooting star.

Thy playfulness and pleasant ways
Shall cheer my wintry track,
And give my old declining days
A second summer back!

Proud honesty protects our lot.
No dun infests our bowers;
Wealth's golden lamps illumine not
Brows more content than ours.

To think, too, thy remembrance fond
May love me after death,
Gives fancied happiness beyond
My lease of living breath.

Meanwhile thine intellects presage
A lifetime rich in truth,
And make me feel the advance of age
Retarded by thy youth!

Good-night ! propitious dreams betide
Thy sleep !—awaken gay,
And we will make to-morrow glide
As cheerful as to-day !

LINES ON MY NEW CHILD SWEETHEART

(Written in 1841)

I HOLD it a religious duty
To love and worship children's beauty ;
They've least the taint of earthly clod,
They're freshest from the land of God ;
With heavenly looks they make us sure
The heaven that made them must be pure ;
We love them not in earthly fashion,
But with a beatific passion.

I chanced to yesterday behold
A maiden child of beauty's mould ;
'Twas near, more sacred was the scene,
The palace of our patriot Queen.
The little charmer to my view
Was sculpture brought to life anew.
Her eyes had a poetic glow,
Her pouting mouth was Cupid's bow :
And through her frock I could descry
Her neck and shoulders' symmetry.
'Twas obvious from her walk and gait
Her limbs were beautifully straight ;
I stopped th' enchantress, and was told
Though tall she was but four years old.
Her guide so grave an aspect wore
I could not ask a question more ;
But followed her. The little one
Threw backward ever and anon

Her lovely neck, as if to say,
'I know you love me, Mister Gray;'
For by its instinct childhood's eye
Is shrewd in physiognomy;
They well distinguish fawning art
From sterling fondness of the heart.

And so she flirted, like a true
Good woman, till we bade adieu.
'Twas then I with regret grew wild:
Oh, beauteous, interesting child!
Why asked I not thy home and name?
My courage failed me—more 's the shame.
But where abides this jewel rare?
Oh, ye that own her, tell me where!
For sad it makes my heart and sore
To think I ne'er may meet her more.

THE CHILD AND HIND

(Written in 1841)

Come, maids and matrons, to caress
Wiesbaden's gentle hind;
And smiling, deck its glossy neck
With forest flowers entwined.

Your forest flowers are fair to show,
And landscapes to enjoy;
But fairer is your friendly doe
That watched the sleeping boy.

'Twas after church—on Ascension day—
When organs ceased to sound,
Wiesbaden's people crowded gay
The deer-park's pleasant ground.

There, where Elysian meadows smile,
And noble trees upshoot,
The wild thyme and the camomile
Smell sweetly at their root;

The aspen quivers nervously,
The oak stands stilly bold,
And climbing bindweed hangs on high
His bells of beaten gold.

Nor stops the eye till mountains shine
That bound a spacious view
Beyond the lordly, lovely Rhine
In visionary blue.

There monuments of ages dark
Awaken thoughts sublime;
Till, swifter than the steaming bark,
We mount the stream of time.

The ivy there old castles shades
That speak traditions high
Of minstrels, tournaments, crusades
And mail-clad chivalry.

Here came a twelve years' married pair—
And with them wander'd free
Seven sons and daughters, blooming fair.
A gladsome sight to see.

Their Wilhelm, little innocent,
The youngest of the seven,
Was beautiful as painters paint
The cherubim of Heaven.

By turns he gave his hand, so dear,
To parent, sister, brother;
And each, that he was safe and near,
Confided in the other.

But Wilhelm loved the field-flowers bright,
With love beyond all measure ;
And culled them with as keen delight
As misers gather treasure.

Unnoticed, he contrived to glide
Adown a greenwood alley,
By lilies lured that grew beside
A streamlet in the valley ;

And there, where under beech and birch
The rivulet meandered,
He strayed, till neither shout nor search
Could track where he had wandered.

Still louder, with increasing dread,
They called his darling name ;
But 'twas like speaking to the dead—
An echo only came.

Hours passed till evening's beetle roams
And blackbirds' songs begin ;
Then all went back to happy homes,
Save Wilhelm's kith and kin.

The night came on—all others slept
Their cares away till morn ;
But, sleepless, all night watched and wept
That family forlorn.

Betimes the town-crier had been sent
With loud bell up and down ;
And told the afflicting accident
Throughout Wiesbaden's town :

The father, too, ere morning smiled,
Had all his wealth uncoffered ;
And to the wight would bring his child
A thousand crowns had offered.

Dear friends, who would have blushed to take
That guerdon from his hand,
Soon joined in groups—for pity's sake,
The child-exploring band.

The news reached Nassau's Duke: ere earth
Was gladdened by the lark,
He sent a hundred soldiers forth
To ransack all his park.

Their side-arms glittered through the wood,
With bugle-horns to sound;
Would that on errand half so good
The soldier oft were found!

But though they roused up beast and bird
From many a nest and den,
No signal of success was heard
From all the hundred men.

A second morning's light expands,
Unfound the infant fair;
And Wilhelm's household wring their hands
Abandoned to despair.

But happily a poor artisan
Searched ceaselessly till he
Found safe asleep the little one
Beneath a beechen tree.

His hand still grasped a bunch of flowers:
And (true, though wondrous) near,
To sentry his reposing hours,
There stood a female deer—

Who dipped her horns at all that passed
The spot where Wilhelm lay;
Till force was had to hold her fast,
And bear the boy away.

Hail! sacred love of childhood—hail!
How sweet it is to trace
Thine instinct in Creation's scale,
Even 'neath the human race.

To this poor wanderer of the wild
Speech, reason were unknown—
And yet she watched a sleeping child
As if it were her own;

And thou, Wiesbaden's artisan,
Restorer of the boy,
Was ever welcomed mortal man
With such a burst of joy?

The father's ecstasy—the mother's
Hysteric bosom's swell—
The sisters' sobs—the shout of brothers,
I have not power to tell.

The working man, with shoulders broad,
Took blithely to his wife
The thousand crowns—a pleasant load,
That made him rich for life.

And Nassau's Duke the favourite took
Into his deer-park's centre,
To share a field with other pets
Where deer-slayer cannot enter.

There, whilst thou cropp'st thy flowery food,
Each hand shall pat thee kind;
And man shall never spill thy blood—
Wiesbaden's gentle hind.

NOTES.

I wish I had preserved a copy of the Wiesbaden newspaper in which this anecdote of the 'Child and Hind' is recorded; but I

have unfortunately lost it. The story, however, is matter of fact; it took place in 1838: every circumstance mentioned in the preceding ballad literally happened. I was in Wiesbaden eight months ago, and was shown the very tree under which the boy was found sleeping with a bunch of flowers in his little hand. I could not ascertain whether the Hind that watched my hero 'Wilhelm' suckled him or not; but it was generally believed that she had no milk to give him, and that the boy must have been for two days and a half entirely without food, unless it might be grass or leaves.—T. C.

Line 20. There is only one kind of bindweed that is yellow, and that is the flower here mentioned, the Paniculatus Convolvulus.

Line 105. The female deer has no such antlers as the male, and sometimes no horns at all: but I have observed many with short ones suckling their fawns.

EPISTLE, FROM ALGIERS, TO HORACE SMITH

(Written in 1835)

Dear Horace! be melted to tears,
For I'm melting with heat as I rime;
Though the name of the place is Algiers
'Tis no joke to fall in with its clime.

With a shaver from France who came o'er,
To an African inn I ascend;
I am cast on a barbarous shore,
Where a barber alone is my friend.

Do you ask me the sights and the news
Of this wonderful city to sing?
Alas! my hotel has its mews,
But no muse of the Helicon's spring.

My windows afford me the sight
Of a people all diverse in hue;
They are black, yellow, olive, and white,
Whilst I in my sorrow look blue.

Here are groups for the painter to take,
Whose figures jocosely combine,—
The Arab disguised in his haik,
And the Frenchman disguised in his wine.

In his breeches of petticoat size
You may say, as the Mussulman goes,
That his garb is a fair compromise
'Twixt a kilt and a pair of small-clothes.

The Mooresses, shrouded in white,
Save two holes for their eyes to give room,
Seem like corpses in sport or in spite
That have slily whipped out of their tomb.

The old Jewish dames make me sick :
If I were the devil—I declare
Such hags should not mount a broom-stick
In my service to ride through the air.

But hipped and undined as I am,
My hippogriff's course I must rein—
For the pain of my thirst is no sham,
Though I'm bawling aloud for Champagne.

Dinner 's brought ; but their wines have no pith—
They are flat as the statutes at law ;
And for all that they bring me, dear Smith !
Would a glass of brown stout they could draw !

O'er each French trashy dish as I bend,
My heart feels a patriot's grief !
And the round tears, O England ! descend
When I think on a round of thy beef.

Yes, my soul sentimentally craves
British beer.—Hail, Britannia, hail !
To thy flag on the foam of the waves,
And the foam on thy flagons of ale.

Yet I own, in this hour of my drought,
A dessert has most welcomely come;
Here are peaches that melt in the mouth,
And grapes blue and big as a plum.

There are melons too, luscious and great,
But the slices I eat shall be few,
For from melons incautiously eat
Melancholic effects may ensue.

Horrid pun! you'll exclaim; but be calm,
Though my letter bears date, as you view,
From the land of the date-bearing palm,
I will palm no more puns upon you.

NOTES.

LINE 5. On board the vessel from Marseilles to Algiers I met with a fellow passenger whom I supposed to be a physician from his dress and manners, and the attentions which he paid me to alleviate the sufferings of my sea-sickness. He turned out to be a perruquier and barber in Algeria—but his vocation did not lower him in my estimation—for he continued his attentions until he passed my baggage through the customs, and helped me, when half dead with exhaustion, to the best hotel.

LINE 19. A haik is a mantle worn by the natives.

[In a humorous and punning letter to Horace Smith (1837) Campbell refers to these lines as 'a composition which will *remain in the English language until it is forgotten!*

EXTRACTS

FROM THE MOBIADE

AN UNFINISHED MOCK-HEROIC POEM

(Written in Edinburgh, winter of 1801–2)

. . . . . .

Monopoly's Briarean hands
Had dragged her harrow o'er a hundred lands,
But, chief, the terrors of her Gorgon frown
Had scared Edina's faint and famished town.
Then Want, the griffin, champed with iron jaws
Our shuddering hearts and agonizing maws;
Chased from our plundered boards each glad regale
Of vermeil ham, brown beef, and buxom ale.
Ah me! no strepent goose at Christmas-tide
Hissed in the strangler's hand, and kicked and died!
No trembling jellies nor ambrosial pie
Regaled the liquorish mouth and longing eye.
Red sunk December's last dishonoured sun,
And the young Year's-Day passed without a bun!

. . . . . .

Then sprung each patriot from his lowly den;
Even tailors would avenge the rights of men!
Huzzaing barbers swell the marching line,
Whose nice hands trim the human face divine;
Sweeps, in their panoply of soot revealed,
The glorious besom of destruction wield;
Their leathern aprons Crispian heroes stock
With tingling brick, huge tile, and massy rock!

. . . . . .

March on, ye champions of the public weal!
Revenge or ruin! death or cheaper meal!

. . . . . .

Fair salutary spot! where health inhales
Her freshest fountains and her purest gales,
I love thy homely name's familiar sound,
Thou green Parnassus of my native ground!
Haunt of my youth! while yet the poet's head
Peeped from yon high and heaven-aspiring shed,
O'erlooking far Edina's gilded vanes
And all her dusky wilderness of lanes,
What time, sublimely lodged, he mounted higher
Than Attic station with his Scotian lyre,
And, warm in Fancy's castle-building hour
Sung to the shelter of his skylight bower.
'Twas then, sweet hill! imagination drew
Thy winding walk some paradise in view;
Each white-robed nymph that sailed thy terrace round
Seemed like a goddess on Elysian ground.
Then spread Illusion, with her pencil warm,
Unearthly hues on every meaner form;
Wings on the grazing horse appeared to grow,
And Delphian woods to wave, and Helicon to flow!

Nor ceased my day-dream till the waning hours
Had shook fair fancy from her throne of flowers,
And o'er my heart emotions less divine
Imperious warned the esurient bard to dine.
Yet, when my bell its awful summons rung,
And menial Mary heard its iron tongue,
Not in plebeian prose I spoke aloud
When mortal wants the immortal spirit bowed.

. . . . . .

Bring me the beef, the dulcet pudding bring;
Or fry the mudlark's odoriferous wing;
Or simmering greens with soft rotation turn,
Champed in the luscious treasure of the churn!

Then pour the brown ale, rich as ever ran
From Balder's horn or Odin's creamy can!
Blest in that honeyed draught, let none repine
For nectarous noyeau or ambrosial wine!
But, lest my waning wealth refuse to raise
So fair a feast in these degenerate days,
Take from this Splendid Shilling what may find
Some sweet refection for a sober mind—
The earth-born apple, vegetable grace
Of Erin's sons, a blunder-loving race! &c.

NOTES.

[' During the summer (of 1801) the dearth of provisions had so much increased that several riots—particularly at the New Year—took place in Edinburgh which it required military interference to suppress. These riots were called " meal-mobs " . . . Of these turbulent meetings and collisions between the rioters and the police Campbell was no unconcerned spectator.'—Beattie's *Life of Campbell*, vol. i, page 375.

The ' sweet hill ' and ' green Parnassus ' of the text refer to the Calton Hill, near which, on the High-terrace, Leith Walk (now Leith Street), he lodged in 1799. He was a frequenter of the Calton Hill, the view northward from which suggested to him the opening lines of *The Pleasures of Hope*.]

SONGS, CHIEFLY AMATORY

CAROLINE

PART I. TO THE SOUTH WIND

(Written in Mull, 1795)

I'll bid the hyacinth to blow,
  I'll teach my grotto green to be,
And sing my true love all below
  The holly bower and myrtle tree.

There, all his wild-wood sweets to bring,
  The sweet South wind shall wander by,
And with the music of his wing
  Delight my rustling canopy.

Come to my close and clustering bower,
  Thou spirit of a milder clime,
Fresh with the dews of fruit and flower,
  Of mountain heath and moory thyme.

With all thy rural echoes come,
  Sweet comrade of the rosy day,
Wafting the wild bee's gentle hum,
  Or cuckoo's plaintive roundelay.

Where'er thy morning breath has played,
  Whatever isles of ocean fanned,
Come to my blossom-woven shade,
  Thou wandering wind of fairy-land.

For sure from some enchanted isle
  Where Heaven and Love their sabbath hold,
Where pure and happy spirits smile,
  Of beauty's fairest, brightest mould;

From some green Eden of the deep,
  Where Pleasure's sigh alone is heaved,
Where tears of rapture lovers weep,
  Endeared, undoubting, undeceived;

From some sweet paradise afar,
  Thy music wanders, distant, lost—
Where Nature lights her leading star
  And love is never, never crossed.

Oh, gentle gale of Eden bowers,
  If back thy rosy feet should roam
To revel with the cloudless Hours
  In Nature's more propitious home—

Name to thy loved Elysian groves,
  That o'er enchanted spirits twine,
A fairer form than cherub loves,
  And let the name be Caroline.

PART II. TO THE EVENING STAR

(Written at Downie in 1796)

Gem of the crimson-coloured Even,
  Companion of retiring day,
Why at the closing gates of Heaven,
  Belovèd star, dost thou delay?

So fair thy pensile beauty burns
  When soft the tear of twilight flows;
So due thy plighted love returns
  To chambers brighter than the rose;

To Peace, to Pleasure, and to Love,
  So kind a star thou seem'st to be,
Sure some enamoured orb above
  Descends and burns to meet with thee.

Thine is the breathing, blushing hour
When all unheavenly passions fly,
Chased by the soul-subduing power
Of Love's delicious witchery.

Oh! sacred to the fall of day,
Queen of propitious stars, appear,
And early rise and long delay
When Caroline herself is here!

Shine on her chosen green resort
Whose trees the sunward summit crown,
And wanton flowers that well may court
An angel's feet to tread them down.

Shine on her sweetly-scented road,
Thou star of evening's purple dome,
That lead'st the nightingale abroad,
And guid'st the weary pilgrim home.

Shine where my charmer's sweeter breath
Embalms the soft exhaling dew,
Where dying winds a sigh bequeath
To kiss the cheek of rosy hue,

Where, winnowed by the gentle air,
Her silken tresses darkly flow
And fall upon her brow so fair,
Like shadows on the mountain snow.

Thus, ever thus, at day's decline
In converse sweet, to wander far,
Oh, bring with thee my Caroline,
And thou shalt be my ruling star!

NOTES.

[The Caroline of these verses is said to have been the daughter of a 'late Rev. Dr. F—— of Inverary.' She was on a summer visit to her aunt, Mrs. Campbell of Sunipol, in Mull, when the

young poet, then resident at Sunipol as tutor to Mrs. Campbell's boys, made her acquaintance. She was then (1795) in her seventeenth, the poet in his eighteenth, year and both (says Dr. Beattie) were 'remarkable for their personal and intellectual accomplishments.']

NOTE TO LINE 61, PART II. [Inverary is meant, the home of Caroline. Here the poet was a frequent visitor, while resident at Downie in 1796.]

ODE TO CONTENT

(Written in December, 1800)

O CHERUB Content! at thy moss-covered shrine
I would all the gay hopes of my bosom resign;
I would part with ambition thy votary to be,
And would breathe not a sigh but to friendship and thee.

But thy presence appears from my homage to fly
Like the gold-coloured cloud on the verge of the sky;
No dewdrop that hangs on the green willow-tree
Is so short as the smile of thy favour to me.

In the pulse of my heart I have nourished a care
Which forbids me thy sweet inspiration to share;
The noon of my youth slow departing I see,
But its years, as they roll, bring no tidings of thee.

O cherub Content! at thy moss-covered shrine
I would pay all my vows if Matilda were mine;
If Matilda were mine, whom enraptured I see,
I would breathe not a vow but to friendship and thee!

NOTE.

[The Matilda of this lyric was Matilda Sinclair, his cousin, who a few years later became his wife.]

TO JUDITH

(Written at Altona, 1800)

Oh, Judith ! had our lot been cast
  In that remote and simple time
When, shepherd-swains, thy fathers past
From dreary wilds and deserts vast
  To Judah's happy clime,—

My song upon the mountain rocks
  Had echoed of thy rural charms ;
And I had fed thy father's flocks,
O Judith of the raven locks !
  To win thee to my arms.

Our tent beside the murmur calm
  Of Jordan's grassy-vested shore
Had sought the shadow of the palm,
And blessed with Gilead's holy balm
  Our hospitable door.

But oh, my love ! thy father's land
  Presents no more a spicy bloom,
Nor fills with fruit the reaper's hand,—
But wide its silent wilds expand,
  A desert and a tomb !

DRINKING-SONG OF MUNICH

(Written in 1800)

Sweet Iser ! were thy sunny realm
  And flowery gardens mine,
Thy waters I would shade with elm
  To prop the tender vine ;

My golden flagons I would fill
With rosy draughts from every hill;
And under every myrtle bower
My gay companions should prolong
The laugh, the revel, and the song,
To many an idle hour.

Like rivers crimsoned with the beam
Of yonder planet bright
Our balmy cups should ever stream
Profusion of delight;
No care should touch the mellow heart,
And sad or sober none depart;
For wine can triumph over woe,
And Love and Bacchus, brother powers,
Could build in Iser's sunny bowers
A paradise below.

NOTE.

[The original title was—'A Song translated from the German.']

ABSENCE

(Printed in *The New Monthly*, 1821)

'Tis not the loss of love's assurance,
It is not doubting what thou art,
But 'tis the too, too long endurance
Of absence that afflicts my heart.

The fondest thoughts two hearts can cherish,
When each is lonely doomed to weep,
Are fruits on desert isles that perish,
Or riches buried in the deep.

What though, untouched by jealous madness,
Our bosom's peace may fall to wreck ?
The undoubting heart, that breaks with sadness,
Is but more slowly doomed to break.

Absence ! is not the soul torn by it
From more than light, or life, or breath ?
'Tis Lethe's gloom, but not its quiet,—
The pain without the peace of death !

THE LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS

ON HER BIRTHDAY

(First appeared in *The New Monthly*, in 1821)

If any white-winged power above
My joys and griefs survey,
The day when thou wert born, my love—
He surely blessed that day.

I laughed (till taught by thee) when told
Of Beauty's magic powers,
That ripened life's dull ore to gold,
And changed its weeds to flowers.

My mind had lovely shapes portrayed ;
But thought I earth had one
Could make even Fancy's visions fade
Like stars before the sun ?

I gazed, and felt upon my lips
The unfinished accents hang :
One moment's bliss, one burning kiss,
To rapture changed each pang.

And, though as swift as lightning's flash
Those trancèd moments flew,
Not all the waves of time shall wash
Their memory from my view.

But duly shall my raptured song,
And gladly shall my eyes,
Still bless this day's return as long
As thou shalt see it rise.

NOTE.

[This lyric appeared along with the 'Lines to the Rainbow' in the magazine of which Campbell had just assumed the Editorship. He gave it there as a translation from the Bohemian.]

SONG

[Printed in *The New Monthly* in 1822]

Drink ye to her that each loves best,
And, if you nurse a flame
That 's told but to her mutual breast,
We will not ask her name.

Enough, while memory tranced and glad
Paints silently the fair,
That each should dream of joys he 's had,
Or yet may hope to share.

Yet far, far hence be jest or boast
From hallowed thoughts so dear;
But drink to her that each loves most
As she would love to hear.

THE MAID'S REMONSTRANCE

(Printed in *The New Monthly*, 1822)

NEVER wedding, ever wooing,
Still a love-lorn heart pursuing,
Read you not the wrong you're doing
In my cheek's pale hue ?
All my life with sorrow strewing—
Wed, or cease to woo.

Rivals banished, bosoms plighted,
Still our days are disunited ;
Now the lamp of hope is lighted,
Now half quenched appears,
Damped, and wavering, and benighted,
'Midst my sighs and tears.

Charms you call your dearest blessing,
Lips that thrill at your caressing,
Eyes a mutual soul confessing,—
Soon you'll make them grow
Dim, and worthless your possessing,
Not with age, but woe !

SONG

TO THE EVENING STAR

(Printed in *The New Monthly*, 1822)

STAR that bringest home the bee,
And sett'st the weary labourer free !
If any star shed peace, 'tis thou,
That send'st it from above,
Appearing when Heaven's breath and brow
Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies
Whilst the landscape's odours rise,
Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard,
And songs, when toil is done,
From cottages whose smoke unstirred
Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews,
Parted lovers on thee muse;
Their remembrancer in heaven
Of thrilling vows thou art,
Too delicious to be riven
By absence from the heart.

SONG

(Appeared first in *The New Monthly*, 1823)

Oh, how hard it is to find
The one just suited to our mind!
And if that one should be
False, unkind, or found too late,
What can we do but sigh at fate,
And sing 'Woe's me—Woe's me!'

Love's a boundless burning waste,
Where bliss's stream we seldom taste,
And still more seldom flee
Suspense's thorns, suspicion's stings;
Yet somehow love a something brings
That 's sweet—even when we sigh 'Woe 's me!'

NOTE.

[This song has only a 'C.' under it for identification in the magazine. It may not be Campbell's.]

SONG

(Written in 1809)

All mortal joys I could forsake,
  Bid home and friends adieu,
Of life itself a parting take,
  But never of you, my love,
    Never of you !

For sure of all that know thy worth
  This bosom beats most true ;
And where could I behold on earth
  Another form like you, my love,
    Another like you ?

SONG

(First published in *The New Monthly*, 1823)

Withdraw not yet those lips and fingers,
  Whose touch to mine is rapture's spell ;
Life's joy for us a moment lingers,
  And death seems in the word—farewell.
The hour that bids us part and go,
It sounds not yet,—oh ! no, no, no !

Time, whilst I gaze upon thy sweetness,
  Flies like a courser nigh the goal ;
To-morrow where shall be his fleetness,
  When thou art parted from my soul ?
Our hearts shall beat, our tears shall flow,
But not together,—no, no, no !

LINES TO JULIA M——

SENT WITH A COPY OF THE AUTHOR'S POEMS

(Written in 1829)

Since there is magic in your look,
And in your voice a witching charm,
As all our hearts consenting tell,
Enchantress, smile upon my book,
And guard its lays from hate and harm
By beauty's most resistless spell.

The sunny dewdrop of thy praise,
Young day-star of the rising time,
Shall with its odoriferous morn
Refresh my sere and withered bays.
Smile, and I will believe my rime
Shall please the beautiful unborn.

Go forth, my pictured thoughts, and rise
In traits and tints of sweeter tone,
When Julia's glance is o'er ye flung;
Glow, gladden, linger in her eyes,
And catch a magic not your own,
Read by the music of her tongue.

SONG

'WHEN LOVE CAME FIRST'

(Written in 1829)

When Love came first to Earth, the Spring
Spread rosebeds to receive him;
And back he vowed his flight he'd wing
To Heaven, if she should leave him.

But Spring departing saw his faith
Pledged to the next new comer—
He revelled in the warmer breath
And richer bowers of Summer.

Then sportive Autumn claimed by rights
An Archer for her lover ;
And even in Winter's dark, cold nights
A charm he could discover.

Her routs and balls and fireside joy
For this time were his reasons :
In short, Young Love 's a gallant boy
That likes all times and seasons.

FAREWELL TO LOVE

(Written in 1830)

I HAD a heart that doted once in passion's boundless pain,
And though the tyrant I abjured I could not break his chain ;
But now that Fancy's fire is quenched, and ne'er can burn anew,
I've bid to Love for all my life adieu ! adieu ! adieu !

I've known, if ever mortal knew, the spells of Beauty's thrall,
And, if my song has told them not, my soul has felt them all ;
But Passion robs my peace no more, and Beauty's witching sway
Is now to me a star that 's fallen—a dream that 's passed away.

Hail! welcome tide of life, when no tumultuous billows roll;
How wondrous to myself appears this halcyon calm of soul!
The wearied bird blown o'er the deep would sooner quit its shore
Than I would cross the gulf again that time has brought me o'er.

Why say the Angels feel the flame? O spirits of the skies!
Can love like ours, that dotes on dust, in heavenly bosoms rise?
Ah, no; the hearts that best have felt its power the best can tell
That peace on earth itself begins when Love has bid farewell.

FLORINE

(Written in 1830)

Could I bring back lost youth again
And be what I have been,
I'd court you in a gallant strain,
My young and fair Florine.

But mine's the chilling age that chides
Devoted rapture's glow,
And Love—that conquers all besides—
Finds Time a conquering foe.

Farewell! we're severed by our fate
As far as night from noon;
You came into the world too late,
And I depart so soon.

NOTE

[Florine, who was seventeen when this was written, was the beautiful Miss O'Bryen. She married the poet's attached friend, Mr. George Huntly Gordon, who had been, till 1826, Scott's amanuensis for the MSS. of the Waverley Novels; and died in Paris soon after her wedding, in her twenty-second year.]

MARGARET AND DORA

(Written in 1836)

MARGARET's beauteous. Grecian arts
Ne'er drew form completer;
Yet why, in my heart of hearts,
Hold I Dora's sweeter?

Dora's eyes of heavenly blue
Pass all painting's reach;
Ringdoves' notes are discord to
The music of her speech.

Artists! Margaret's smile receive,
And on canvas show it;
But for perfect worship leave
Dora to her poet.

NOTE

[The 'beauteous' Margaret was a table-maid in the house of the poet's cousin, Mr. Gray, of Blairbeth, near Glasgow. 'When Nature turns out beauty in Scotland she takes pride and pains in making that beauty a paragon—even in the lowest classes:' it is in these words that Campbell introduces a long and interesting account of Margaret, the servant-maid, in a letter of date June 22, 1836. See Beattie's *Life and Letters of Campbell*, vol. iii, pp. 202-17.

TO A YOUNG LADY

WHO ASKED ME TO WRITE SOMETHING ORIGINAL FOR HER ALBUM (1840)

An original something, fair maid, you would win me
To write—but how shall I begin ?
For I fear I have nothing original in me—
Excepting Original Sin.

EPIGRAM

TO THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA

(Written in 1838)

United States, your banner wears
Two emblems—one of fame ;
Alas ! the other that it bears
Reminds us of your shame.

Your banner's constellation types
White freedom with its stars ;
But what 's the meaning of the stripes ?
They mean your negroes' scars.

VERSES ON THE QUEEN

(Written in 1838)

Victoria's sceptre o'er the deep
Has touch'd and broken slavery's chain ;
Yet, strange magician ! she enslaves
Our hearts within her own domain.

Her spirit is devout, and burns
With thoughts adverse to bigotry ;
Yet she herself, the idol, turns
Our thoughts into idolatry.

SONG

IN PRAISE OF MISS ISABELLA JOHNSTON, AFTERWARDS MRS. LAWS OF SPRINGWELL, THE POET'S COUSIN.

(Written in 1839)

I GAVE my love a chain of gold
  Around her neck to bind ;
She keeps me in a faster hold,
  And captivates my mind.

Methinks that mine's the harder part :
  Whilst, 'neath her lovely chin,
She carries links outside her heart,
  My fetters are within.

SONG

To Love in my heart, I exclaim'd t'other morning,
Thou hast dwelt here too long, little lodger, take warning ;
Thou shalt tempt me no more from my life's sober duty
To go gadding, bewitch'd by the young eyes of beauty.
  For weary 's the wooing, ah ! weary,
When an old man will have a young dearie !

The god left my heart at its surly reflections,
But came back on pretext of some sweet recollections,
And he made me forget, what I ought to remember,
That the rosebud of June cannot bloom in November.
  Ah ! Tom, 'tis all o'er with thy gay days— 11
Write psalms, and not songs for the ladies.

But time 's been so far from my wisdom enriching
That, the longer I live, beauty seems more bewitching;
And the only new lore my experience traces
Is to find fresh enchantment in magical faces.
How weary is wisdom, how weary,
When one sits by a smiling young dearie!

And, should she be wroth that my homage pursues her,
I will turn and retort on my lovely accuser—
Who 's to blame that my heart by your image is haunted?
It is you, the enchantress—not I, the enchanted.
Would you have me behave more discreetly,
Beauty, look not so killingly sweetly.

SENEX'S SOLILOQUY ON HIS YOUTHFUL IDOL

Platonic friendship, at your years,
Says Conscience, should content ye:
Nay, name not fondness to her ears—
The darling 's scarcely twenty.

Yes; and she'll loathe me, unforgiven,
To dote thus out of season;
But beauty is a beam from heaven
That dazzles blind our reason.

I'll challenge Plato from the skies,
Yes, from his spheres harmonic,
To look in Mary Campbell's eyes
And try to be Platonic.

SONG

How delicious is the winning
Of a kiss at Love's beginning,
When two mutual hearts are sighing
For the knot there 's no untying !

Yet remember, 'midst your wooing,
Love has bliss, but Love has ruing ;
Other smiles may make you fickle,
Tears for other charms may trickle.

Love he comes, and Love he tarries,
Just as fate or fancy carries ;
Longest stays when sorest chidden,
Laughs and flies when press'd and bidden.

Bind the sea to slumber stilly,
Bind its odour to the lily,
Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver,
Then bind Love to last for ever !

Love 's a fire that needs renewal
Of fresh beauty for its fuel :
Love's wing moults when caged and captured,
Only free he soars enraptured.

Can you keep the bee from ranging,
Or the ringdove's neck from changing ?
No ! nor fettered Love from dying
In the knot there 's no untying.

THE JILTED NYMPH

A SONG, TO THE SCOTCH TUNE OF 'WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'

I'm jilted, forsaken, outwitted;
  Yet think not I'll whimper or brawl—
The lass is alone to be pitied
  Who ne'er has been courted at all;
Never by great or small
Wooed or jilted at all;
  Oh, how unhappy 's the lass
Who has never been courted at all!

My brother called out the dear faithless;
  In fits I was ready to fall
Till I found a policeman who, scatheless,
  Swore them both to the peace at Guildhall:
Seized them, seconds and all—
Pistols, powder, and ball;
  I wished him to die my devoted,
But not in a duel to sprawl.

What though at my heart he has tilted,
  What though I have met with a fall?
Better be courted and jilted
  Than never be courted at all.
Wooed and jilted and all,
Still I will dance at the ball;
  And waltz and quadrille
  With light heart and heel
With proper young men and tall.

But lately I've met with a suitor
Whose heart I have gotten in thrall,
And I hope soon to tell you in future
That I'm wooed and married and all.
Wooed and married and all,
What greater bliss can befall ?
And you all shall partake
Of my bridal cake,
When I'm wooed and married, and all.

JEMIMA, ROSE, AND ELEANORE

THREE CELEBRATED SCOTTISH BEAUTIES

Adieu ! Romance's heroines—
Give me the nymphs who this good hour
May charm me, not in Fiction's scenes,
But teach me Beauty's living power.
My harp that has been mute too long
Shall sleep at Beauty's name no more
So but your smiles reward my song,
Jemima, Rose, and Eleanore,—

In whose benignant eyes are beaming
The rays of purity and truth,
Such as we fancy woman's seeming
In creation's golden youth.
The more I look upon thy grace,
Rosina, I could look the more ;
But for Jemima's witching face,
And the sweet smile of Eleanore.

Had I been Lawrence, kings had wanted
Their portraits till I painted yours;
And these had future hearts enchanted
When this poor verse no more endures.
I would have left the Congress faces,
A dull-eyed diplomatic corps,
Till I had grouped you as the Graces—
Jemima, Rose, and Eleanore.

The Catholic bids fair saints befriend him:
Your poet's heart is Catholic too—
His rosary shall be flowers ye send him,
His saints' days when he visits you.
And my sere laurels for my duty
Miraculous at your touch would rise,
Could I give verse one trait of beauty
Like that which glads me from your eyes.

Unsealed by you these lips have spoken,
Disused to song for many a day;
Ye've tuned a harp whose strings were broken,
And warmed a heart of callous clay;
So, when my fancy next refuses
To twine for you a garland more,
Come back again and be my Muses—
Jemima, Rose, and Eleanore.

TRANSLATIONS CHIEFLY FROM THE GREEK

SPECIMENS OF TRANSLATION FROM 'MEDEA'

(Written in 1794)

Σκαιοὺς δὲ λέγων κοὐδέν τι σοφοὺς
Τοὺς πρόσθε βροτοὺς οὐκ ἂν ἁμάρτοις.
Medea, v. 194, p. 33, Glasg. edit.

TELL me, ye bards, whose skill sublime
First charmed the ear of youthful Time,
With numbers wrapt in heavenly fire,
Who bade delighted echo swell
The trembling transports of the lyre,
The murmur of the shell—
Why to the burst of Joy alone
Accords sweet Music's soothing tone?
Why can no bard with magic strain
In slumbers steep the heart of pain?
While varied tones obey your sweep,
The mild, the plaintive, and the deep.
Bends not despairing Grief to hear
Your golden lute with ravished ear?
Has all your art no power to bind
The fiercer pangs that shake the mind,
And lull the wrath at whose command
Murder bares her gory hand?
When, flushed with joy, the rosy throng
Weave the light dance, ye swell the song:

Cease, ye vain warblers! cease to charm
The breast with other raptures warm!
Cease! till your hand with magic strain
In slumbers steep the heart in pain!

[NOTE TO LINE 15. Originally—'Oh! has your sweetest shell no power to bind?']

SPEECH OF THE CHORUS

IN THE SAME TRAGEDY, TO DISSUADE MEDEA FROM HER PURPOSE OF PUTTING HER CHILDREN TO DEATH AND FLYING FOR PROTECTION TO ATHENS

(Written in 1794)

O HAGGARD queen! to Athens dost thou guide
Thy glowing chariot, steeped in kindred gore;
Or seek to hide thy foul infanticide
Where Peace and Mercy dwell for evermore?

The land where Truth, pure, precious, and sublime,
Woos the deep silence of sequestered bowers,
And warriors, matchless since the first of time,
Rear their bright banners o'er unconquered towers!

Where joyous youth to Music's mellow strain
Twines in the dance with nymphs for ever fair,
While Spring eternal on the lilied plain
Waves amber radiance through the fields of air!

The tuneful Nine (so sacred legends tell)
First waked their heavenly lyre these scenes among;
Still in your greenwood bowers they love to dwell,
Still in your vales they swell the choral song!

3 In the first and many subsequent editions, 'damnèd parricide.'

For there the tuneful, chaste Pierian fair,
The guardian nymphs of green Parnassus now,
Sprung from Harmonia, while her graceful hair
Waved in bright auburn o'er her polished brow!

ANTISTROPHE I

Where silent vales and glades of green array
The murmuring wreaths of cool Cephisus lave,
There, as the muse hath sung, at noon of day
The Queen of Beauty bowed to taste the wave;

And blest the stream, and breathed across the land
The soft sweet gale that fans yon summer bowers;
And there the sister Loves, a smiling band,
Crowned with the fragrant wreaths of rosy flowers!

'And go,' she cries, 'in yonder valleys rove,
With Beauty's torch the solemn scenes illume;
Wake in each eye the radiant light of Love,
Breathe on each cheek young Passion's tender bloom!

'Entwine with myrtle chains your soft control,
To sway the hearts of Freedom's darling kind!
With glowing charms enrapture Wisdom's soul
And mould to grace ethereal Virtue's mind.'

STROPHE II

The land where Heaven's own hallowed waters play,
Where friendship binds the generous and the good,
Say, shall it hail thee from thy frantic way,
Unholy woman! with thy hands embrued

In thine own children's gore? Oh! ere they bleed,
Let Nature's voice thy ruthless heart appal!
Pause at the bold, irrevocable deed—
The mother strikes—the guiltless babes shall fall!

Think what remorse thy maddening thoughts shall
sting
When dying pangs their gentle bosoms tear!
Where shalt thou sink, when lingering echoes ring
The screams of horror in thy tortured ear?

No! let thy bosom melt to Pity's cry—
In dust we kneel by sacred Heaven implore—
O! stop thy lifted arm ere yet they die,
Nor dip thy horrid hands in infant gore!

ANTISTROPHE II

Say, how shalt thou that barbarous soul assume,
Undamped by horror at the daring plan?
Hast thou a heart to work thy children's doom?
Or hands to finish what thy wrath began?

When o'er each babe you look a last adieu,
And gaze on Innocence that smiles asleep,
Shall no fond feeling beat to Nature true,
Charm thee to pensive thought—and bid thee weep?

When the young suppliants clasp their parent dear,
Heave the deep sob, and pour the artless prayer—
Ay! thou shall melt; and many a heart-shed tear
Gush o'er the hardened features of despair!

Nature shall throb in every tender string,
Thy trembling heart the ruffian's task deny;
Thy horror-smitten hands afar shall fling
The blade, undrenched in blood's eternal dye.

CHORUS

Hallowed Earth! with indignation
Mark, oh mark, the murderous deed!
Radiant eye of wide creation,
Watch the accurst infanticide!

72 Accurst infanticide] damnèd parricide *in first edition.*

Yet, ere Colchia's rugged daughter
Perpetrate the dire design,
And consign to kindred slaughter
Children of thy golden line,—
Shall the hand, with murder gory,
Cause immortal blood to flow?
Sun of Heaven, arrayed in glory,
Rise! forbid, avert the blow!
In the vales of placid gladness
Let no rueful maniac range;
Chase afar the fiend of Madness,
Wrest the dagger from Revenge.
Say, hast thou with kind protection
Reared thy smiling race in vain,—
Fostering Nature's fond affection,
Tender cares, and pleasing pain?
Hast thou on the troubled ocean
Braved the tempest loud and strong,
Where the waves in wild commotion
Roar Cyanean rocks among?
Didst thou roam the paths of danger
Hymenean joys to prove?
Spare, O sanguinary stranger,
Pledges of thy sacred love!
Shall not Heaven with indignation
Watch thee o'er the barbarous deed?
Shalt thou cleanse with expiation
Monstrous, murderous parricide?

77 So in the first edition; altered later to 'Shall mortal hand with murder gory.'

97 The stanza beginning here was afterwards altered as follows:—

'Ask not Heaven's commiseration
After thou hast done the deed;
Mercy, pardon, expiation
Perish when thy victims bleed.'

FRAGMENT

FROM THE GREEK OF ALCMAN

The mountain summits sleep : glens, cliffs, and caves
Are silent—all the black earth's reptile brood,
The bees, the wild beasts of the mountain wood :
In depths beneath the dark red ocean's waves
Its monsters rest, whilst, wrapt in bower and spray,
Each bird is hushed that stretched its pinions to the day.

SONG OF HYBRIAS THE CRETAN

(Written in 1821)

My wealth 's a burly spear and brand,
And a right good shield of hides untanned
Which on my arm I buckle :
With these I plough, I reap, I sow,
With these I make the sweet vintage flow,
And all around me truckle.

But your wights that take no pride to wield
A massy spear and well-made shield,
Nor joy to draw the sword—
Oh, I bring those heartless, hapless drones,
Down in a trice on their marrow-bones
To call me King and Lord.

NOTE

[The translation of 'this brave song' was made in order to illustrate one of his lectures on poetry. It was printed in *The New Monthly* in 1821.]

MARTIAL ELEGY

FROM THE GREEK OF TYRTAEUS

How glorious fall the valiant, sword in hand,
In front of battle for their native land!
But oh! what ills await the wretch that yields,
A recreant outcast from his country's fields!
The mother whom he loves shall quit her home,
An agèd father at his side shall roam,
His little ones shall weeping with him go,
And a young wife participate his woe,
While, scorned and scowled upon by every face,
They pine for food and beg from place to place.

Stain of his breed! dishonouring manhood's form,
All ills shall cleave to him: Affliction's storm
Shall blind him wandering in the vale of years,
Till, lost to all but ignominious fears,
He shall not blush to leave a recreant's name,
And children like himself inured to shame.

But we will combat for our father's land,
And we will drain the life-blood where we stand
To save our children: fight ye, side by side
And serried close, ye men of youthful pride,
Disdaining fear and deeming light the cost
Of life itself in glorious battle lost.

Leave not our sires to stem the unequal fight
Whose limbs are nerved no more with buoyant might;
Nor, lagging backward, let the younger breast
Permit the man of age (a sight unblessed)
To welter in the combat's foremost thrust,
His hoary head dishevelled in the dust
And venerable bosom bleeding bare.

But youth's fair form, though fallen, is ever fair,
And beautiful in death the boy appears,
The hero boy, that dies in blooming years :
In man's regret he lives, and woman's tears,
More sacred than in life, and lovelier far
For having perished in the front of war.

JUVENILIA

FROM ANACREON

I

(Written in 1788, the author being then 10 years of age)

In sooth I'd with pleasure rehearse
The Atridae and Cadmus's fame,
If my lute would accord to my verse
And sound aught but Venus's name.

'Twas in vain that I changèd each string
To alter its amorous tone,
And began of Alcides to sing:
My lute warbled Venus alone.

I therefore my strains must renew
And accord to the lays of my lute;
So, ye Heroes, for ever adieu!
Love alone is the theme that can suit.

II

(Written in 1790)

Anacreon, the ladies say
Your pate is bald, your beard is gray!
Take you a looking-glass—forsooth,
You'll find that what they say is truth.
But whether it be truth or not,
As little do I care as wot;
But this I know—'tis best to rime
Thus o'er my jokes while suits the time.

LINES ON HIS SISTER MARY

(Written 1790, aet. 12)

Lives there not now in Scotia's land
The fairest of the female band ?
A maid adorned with every grace
E'er known among the female race ?
Use all my aid, if that can tell
Her praise and virtues that excel ;
No fiction here you will require
The swelling note of praise to fire ;
But ah ! her virtues to rehearse
Is sure unequal for thy verse.
Then, cease ; but let resounding fame
Tell that Maria is her name.

LINES ON SUMMER

(Written in October, 1790, when the author was 13 years old)

A strain sublime that now my breast inspires,
Ye nymphs of Sicily ! your aid requires . . .
The iron age of winter, stern and dread,
At length has hid his grisly baneful head ;
The golden age appears that Virgil sung,
An age that well might claim his tuneful tongue.
Unbidden flowers with bloom spontaneous grow,
Wide spread the ivy for the poet's brow,
The modest lily and the full-blown rose
And grander tulip all their sweets disclose ;
The feathered choir, that tune the song of love,
Invite the muse's fancy forth to rove.
Now, now, ye bards ! let every lyre be strung,
Nor let a flower its sweets disclose unsung . . .

'Tis true some poets, that unguarded sing,
The Golden Age would fain ascribe to spring.
For me, I see not how wits e'er so starch
Could prove the beauties of the bleak-eyed March,
Nor February clad in horrid snow,
Nor April when the winds relentless blow . . .

DESCRIPTION OF PRIZE-DAY (MAY 1ST) IN GLASGOW COLLEGE

(Written in 1793, aet. 15)

PHOEBUS has risen, and many a glittering ray
Diffuses splendour o'er the auspicious day.
This is the day—sure Nature well may smile—
When present glory crowns forgotten toil,
When honour lifts aloft the happy few,
And laurelled worth attracts the wondering view.

The appointed hour that warns to meet is near;
A mixed assemblage on the Green appear;
Some in gay clubs, and some in pairs advance;
An hundred busy tongues are heard at once. . . .

At last the doors unfold: fast, fast within
Compacted numbers rush with bustling din . . .
Now up the stairs ascend the jarring crew,
And the long hall is opened to the view;
There, on the left, the pulpit clad in green,
And there the bench of dignity is seen
Where wisdom sits with equitable sway
To judge the important merits of the day.

The doors are fastened; silence reigns within;
Now, memorable day, thy joys begin. . . .

[After a competition the prize for Elocution is awarded:]

See yon bright store of volumes in a row
Where gold and Turkey's gayest colours glow !
The first, the brightest, volume 's reared on high ;
Probando, prince of youths, is bid draw nigh ;
The youth draws nigh, and, hailed with loud applause,
Receives the boon, and modestly withdraws. . . .
Tonillus next is summoned from the throng ;
His head light tosses as he moves along :
No mean reward is his,—but why so vain ?
What means that strutting gait, that crested mane ?
Away with all thy light affected airs !
For honour vanishes when pride appears.
The third gay glittering volume high is reared—
Mysterious Jove ! *Plumbano's* name is heard !
With lazy step the loiterer quits his place
(While wonder gazes in each length of face),
Accepts the gift with stinted scrape and nod,
And slow returns with an unworthy load. . . .
Merit is brought to light, before unknown—
Ah ! merit truly, had it been his own ! . . .

Thick pass the honoured victors of the day,—
Ingenio shrewd, and *Alacer* the gay,
Durando grave, *Acerrimo* the wit,
Profundo serious with his eyebrows knit.
Countless they pass ; applauded, each returns,
While o'er his cheek the conscious pleasure burns.
Meanwhile I see each one a joy impart
To some glad father's, friend's, or brother's heart. . .

LINES ON THE GLASGOW VOLUNTEERS,

DAILY EXERCISING IN FULL UNIFORM ON THE COLLEGE-GREEN

(Written in 1793, aet. 15)

HARK ! hark ! the fife's shrill notes arise,
And ardour beats the martial drum,
And broad the silken banner flies
Where Clutha's native squadrons come.

Where spreads the green extended plain,
By music's solemn marches trod,
Thick-glancing bayonets mark the train
That beat the meadow's grassy sod.

These are no hireling sons of war,
No jealous tyrant's grimly band,
The wish of freedom to debar
Or scourge a despot's injured land !

Nought but the patriotic view
Of free-born valour ever fired
To baffle Gallia's boastful crew
The soul of Northern breast inspired.

'Twas thus on Tiber's sunny banks,
What time the Volscian ravaged nigh,
To mark afar her glittering ranks
Rome's towering eagles shone on high.

There toil athletic on the field
In mock array portrayed alarm ;
And taught the massy sword to wield,
And braced the nerve of Roman arm.

NOTES.

LINE 4. [Clutha, the Clyde.]
LINE 21. [The field, Campus Martius.]

VERSES ON MARIE ANTOINETTE

THE QUEEN OF FRANCE

(Written in 1793)

Behold where Gallia's captive queen
With steady eye and look serene
In life's last awful—awful scene
  Slow leaves her sad captivity.

Hark ! the shrill horn that rends the sky
Bespeaks the ready murder nigh !
The long parade of death I spy,
  And leave my lone captivity.

Farewell, ye mansions of despair,
Scenes of my sad sequestered care ;
The balm of bleeding woe is near,—
  Adieu, my lone captivity !

To purer mansions in the sky
Fair Hope directs my grief-worn eye,
Where sorrow's child no more shall sigh
  Amid her lone captivity.

Adieu, ye babes, whose infant bloom
Beneath oppression's lawless doom
Pines in the solitary gloom
  Of undeserved captivity !

O Power benign that rul'st on high,
Cast down, cast down a pitying eye ;
Shed consolation from the sky
  To soothe their sad captivity !

Now, virtue's sure reward to prove,
I seek empyreal realms above
To meet my long-departed love;
Adieu, my lone captivity!

NOTE

[This juvenile effort, 'inspired by the most atrocious event of the time,' was composed in the end of 1793, when the poet was in his seventeenth year. It is notable as Campbell's first attempt in a measure which 'The Battle of Hohenlinden' has made immortal.

ON THE ORIGIN OF EVIL

(PRIZE POEM, MAY, 1794)

PART I

WHILE Nature's gifts appear a jarring strife
And evil balances the good in life,
While varied scenes in man's estate disclose
Delusive pleasure mixed with surer woes,
Bewildered reason in the dubious maze
Of human lot a feeble wanderer strays,
Sees destined ills on virtue vent their force,
Dash all her bliss, and wonders whence the source.

Sure, Heaven is good; no farther proof we need—
In nature's page the doubtless text we read.
Lo! at thy feet earth's verdant carpet spread;
Heaven's azure vault o'ercanopies thy head;
For thee the varied seasons grace the plain,
The vernal floweret and the golden grain:
For thee all-wise Beneficence on high
Bade day's bright monarch lighten in the sky,
And night's pale chariot o'er the vault of blue
With silver wheels its silent path pursue.

Yes, Heaven is good, the source of ample bliss :
In spite of ills, creation teaches this.
The simple, yet important, truth to spy
We need no Plato's soul, no sage's eye ;
A native faith each distant clime pervades,
And sentiment the voice of reason aids.
The shuddering tenant of the Arctic Pole
Adores revolving suns that round him roll ;
No sceptic bosom doubts the hand of heaven ;
And, though misplaced, still adoration 's given.
Search distant climates at the thirsty line—
There still devotion thanks a power divine ;
Still, though no Science treads on Libyan plains,
The inborn gratitude to God remains ;
And shall the Soul, by Science taught to view
Truth more refined, call inborn faith untrue ?
No ; should misfortune cloud thy latest days
Still view this truth through life's perplexing maze ;
While Nature teaches—let not doubt intrude,
But own with gratitude that God is good.

Yet whence, methinks, repining mortal cries,
If Heaven be good, can human ill arise ?
Man's feeble race what countless ills await !
Ills self-created, ills ordained by fate !
While yet warm youth the breast with passion fires
Hope whispers joy, and promised bliss inspires,—
In dazzling colours future life arrays,
And many a fond ideal scene displays.
The sanguine zealot promised good pursues,
Nor finds that wish but still the chase renews :
Still lured by hope he wheels the giddy round
And grasps a phantom never to be found.
Too soon the partial bliss of youth is flown,
Nor future bliss nor hope itself is known ;

No more ideal prospects charm the breast,
Life stands in dread reality confessed—
A mingled scene of aggravated woes
Where pride and passion every curse disclose !

Cease, erring man ! nor arrogant presume
To blame thy lot or Heaven's unerring doom !
He who thy being gave, in skill divine
Saw what was best, and bade that best be thine.
But count thy wants, and all thine evils name—
Still He that bade them be is free from blame.
Tell all the imperfections of thy state—
The wrongs of man to man—the wrongs of fate :
Still reason's voice shall justify them all,
And bid complaint to resignation fall.

If Heaven be blamed that imperfection 's thine,
As just to blame that man is not divine.
Of all the tribes that fill this earthly scheme
Thy sphere is highest, and thy gifts supreme.
Of mental gifts, intelligence is given ;
Conscience is thine, to point the will of Heaven ;
The spur of action, passions are assigned ;
And fancy—parent of the soul refined.
'Tis true thy reason's progress is but slow,
And passion, if misguided, tends to woe ;
'Tis true thy gifts are finite in extent—
What then ? can nought that 's finite give content ?
Leave then, proud man, this scene of earthly chance ;
Aspire to spheres supreme, and be a god at once !

No ! you reply ; superior powers I claim,
Though not perfection or a sphere supreme ;
In reason more exalted let me shine ;
The lion's strength, the fox's art be mine,

The bull's firm chest, the steed's superior grace,
The stag's transcendent swiftness in the chase.
Say, why were these denied if Heaven be kind
And full content to human lot assigned ?

The reason 's simple : in the breast of man
To soar still upward dwells the eternal plan,—
A wish innate, and kindly placed by Heaven,
That man may rise through means already given.
Aspiring thus to mend the ills of fate,
To find new bliss and cure the human state,
In varied souls its varied shapes appear :
Here fans desire of wealth ; of honour there ;
Here urges Newton nature to explore,
And promises delight by knowing more ;
And there in Caesar lightens up the flame
To mount the pinnacle of human fame.
In spite of fate it fires the active mind,
Keeps man alive, and serves the use assigned ;
Without it none would urge a favourite bent,
And man were useless but for discontent !

Seek not perfection, then, of higher kind,
Since man is perfect in the state assigned ;
Nor, perfect as probation can allow,
Accuse thy lot although imperfect now.

PART II

But grant that man is justly frail below,
Still imperfection is not all our woe.
If final good be God's eternal plan,
Why is the power of ill bestowed on man ?
Why is revenge an inborn passion found ?
And why the means to spread that passion round ?
Whence in man's breast the constant wish we find
That tends to work the ruin of his kind ?

Whence flows the ambition of a Caesar's soul,
Or Sylla's wish to ravage and control ?
Whence, monster vice ! originates thy course ?
Art thou from God ? is purity thy source ?
No ! let not blasphemy that cause pursue !
A simpler source in man himself we view.
If man, endowed with freedom, basely act,
Can such from blameless purity detract ?
An ample liberty of choice is given ;
Man chooses ill ;—and where the fault of Heaven ?
Say not the human heart is prone to sin—
Virtue by nature reigns as strong within ;
The passions, if perverted, tend to woe—
What then ? did God perversion, too, bestow ?
No ! blame thyself if guilt distract thy lot ;
Man may be virtuous—Heaven forbids it not.
Blind as thou art in this imperfect state,
Still conscious virtue might support thy fate ;
Give reason strength thy passions to control—
Vice is not inborn : drive it from thy soul !
Yet you reply—Though ample freedom 's mine,
The fault of evil still is half divine :
If Heaven foresaw that, from the scope of choice,
Perversion, vice, and misery should rise,
Why then on man, if prone to good, bestow
The possibility of working woe ?
Ask not—'tis answered : arrogantly blind
To scan the secrets of the eternal Mind,—
If Heaven be just, then reason tells us this,
That man by merit must secure his bliss.
Cease, then, with evil to upbraid the skies :
That to the vice of mortals owes its rise.
Is God to blame if man's inhuman heart
Deny the boon that pity should impart ?

If patriots to brutality should change
And grasp the lawless dagger of revenge ?
If frantic murderers mingle from afar
To palliate carnage by the name of war ?
If pampered pride disdain a sufferer's fate
And spurn imploring misery from her gate ?
No ! Heaven hath placed compassion in the breast ;
The means are given, and ours is all the rest.
But what, to ease thy sorrow, shall avail
For human lot the misanthropic wail ?
Since all complain, and all are vicious, too,
Each hates the vile pursuit, but all pursue,—
Let actions then, and not complaints, prevail !
Let each his part withdraw—the whole shall fail.

PART III

Yet, grant that error must result from choice,
Still man has ills besides the ills of vice—
Griefs unforeseen, disease's pallid train,
And death, sad refuge from a world of pain !
Disastrous ills each element attend,
And certain woes with every blessing blend.
Lo ! where the stream in quivering silver plays !
There slippery fate upon its verge betrays.
Yon sun, that feebly gilds the western sky,
In warmer climes bids arid nature die.
Disgusted virtue quits her injured reign,—
Vice comes apace, and folly leads her train.
But not alone, if blissful all thy lot,
Were vice pursued and gratitude forgot.
Defects still further in the scheme we view,
Since virtue, willing, scarce could men pursue.
Say, if each mortal were completely blest,
Where could the power of aiding woe exist ?

If at the gate no suppliant sufferer stand
Could e'er compassion stretch her liberal hand ?
Did never winter chill the freezing waste
Could kindness e'er invite the shuddering guest ?
Which boots, if good the changeless lot of man,
The philanthropic wish, the patriot's plan ?
Or what could goodness do ? Nought else, 'tis plain,
But rage to bridle, passion to restrain—
A virtue negative, scarce worth the name,
Far from the due reward that generous actions claim !
Still less the scope of fortitude we find,
Were pain dismissed and fortune ever kind.
The path of merit, then, let ills be viewed,
And own their power, if virtue be thy good.
Nor on that scheme let lawless wishes run,
Where vice had all her scope and virtue none ;
But rest contented with thy Maker's plan
Who ills ordained as means of good to man.
Nor, midst complaints of hardship, be forgot
The mingled pleasures of thy daily lot.

What though the transient gusts of sorrow come,
Though passion vex, or penury benumb ?
Still bliss, sufficient to thy hope, is given
To warm thy heart with gratitude to Heaven ;
Still mortal reason darts sufficient day
To guide thy steps through life's perplexing way ;
Still conscience tells—'tis all we need to know—
Virtue to seek and vice to shun below.
Hear, then, the warnings of her solemn voice,
And seek the plaudit of a virtuous choice.

NOTE

[Campbell was within a few months of completing his seventeenth year when he composed this Essay on the Origin of Evil. It was 'given in as an exercise in the Moral Philosophy class

(taught by Prof. Arthur), April 25, 1794.' It shows, with a few phrases from Goldsmith, greater indebtedness to Pope; and, indeed, it was mainly this essay that procured for him the honour of being called 'the Pope of Glasgow.' 'It gave me,' he says, 'a local celebrity throughout all Glasgow, from the High Church down to the bottom of the Saltmarket. It was even talked of, as I am credibly informed, by the students over their oysters at Luckie MacAlpine's in the Trongate!']

ODE TO MUSIC

(Written in 1794, aet. 16)

All-powerful charmer of the soul,
Each mood of fancy formed to please,—
To bid the wave of passion roll,
Or tune the languid breast to ease,—
Come, in thy native garb arrayed,
And pour the sweetly simple song,
And all the poet's breast pervade
And guide the fluent verse along.

What time the moon with silver beam
Shall sparkle on the light-blue lake,
And hope with sympathetic gleam
And silent pleasure shall awake,—
Then, as thy quivering notes resound
From lively pipe and mellow horn,
And quick-paced marches breathe around,
Shrill thro' the ringing valleys borne,—
Then, swelled with every winding tone,
Tumultuous shall my heart rebound,
And ardour o'er my bosom thrown
Shall kindle at the rising sound!

Or oft at evening's closing hour
When deeper purple dyes the cloud,
When fancy haunts the silent bower,
And pensive thoughts the bosom crowd,—
What time the softening zephyr flies
My notes shall aid the gentle theme
That lonely meditation tries,
And grateful soothe her placid dream.
Then let the mellow warbling flute
In slow sad numbers pour the song—
. . . . . .

ELEGY

(Written in Mull, June, 1795)

The tempest blackens on the dusky moor,
And billows lash the long-resounding shore;
In pensive mood I roam the desert ground
And vainly sigh for scenes no longer found.
Oh, whither fled the pleasurable hours
That chased each care and fired the muse's powers;
The classic haunts of youth for ever gay,
Where mirth and friendship cheered the close of day;
The well-known valleys where I wont to roam,
The native sports, the nameless joys of home?

Far different scenes allure my wondering eye—
The white wave foaming to the distant sky,
The cloudy heavens unblest by summer's smile,
The sounding storm that sweeps the rugged isle,

The chill bleak summit of eternal snow,
The wide wild glen, the pathless plains below,
The dark blue rocks in barren grandeur piled,
The cuckoo sighing to the pensive wild !

' Far different these from all that charmed before '—
The grassy banks of Clutha's winding shore,
Her sloping vales with waving forests lined,
Her smooth blue lakes unruffled by the wind.

Hail, happy Clutha ! glad shall I survey
Thy gilded turrets from the distant way ;
Thy sight shall cheer the weary traveller's toil,
And joy shall hail me to my native soil.

NOTE

Line 19. The quoted line is from *The Deserted Village.*

PART OF CHORUS FROM BUCHANAN'S TRAGEDY OF *JEPHTHES*

(Translated from the Latin in 1796)

Glassy Jordan, smooth meandering
Jacob's flowery meads between,
Lo ! thy waters, gently wandering,
Lave the valleys rich and green.

When the winter, keenly showering,
Strips fair Salem's holy shade,
There thy current, broader pouring,
Lingers in the leafless glade. . . .

When shall freedom, holy charmer,
Cheer my long-benighted soul ?
When shall Israel, fierce in armour,
Burst the tyrant's base control ? . . .

Gallant nation ! nought appalled you,
Bold in Heaven's propitious hour,
When the voice of freedom called you
From a tyrant's haughty power ;

When their chariots. clad in thunder,
Swept the ground in long array ;
When the ocean, burst asunder,
Hovered o'er your sandy way.

Whither fled, O altered nation !
Whither fled that generous soul ?
Dead to freedom's inspiration,
Slaves of Ammon's base control !

God of heaven ! whose voice commanding
Bids the whirlwind scour the deep—
Or the waters, smooth expanding,
Robed in glassy radiance, sleep— . . .

Grasp, O God ! thy flaming thunder ;
Launch thy stormy wrath around !
Cleave their battlements asunder,
Shake their cities to the ground !

Hast thou dared in mad resistance,
Tyrant, to contend with God ?
Shall not Heaven's supreme assistance
Snatch us from thy mortal rod ? . . .

Mark the battle, mark the ruin !
Havoc loads the groaning plain !
Ruthless vengeance, keen pursuing,
Grasps thee in her iron chain !

A FAREWELL TO EDINBURGH

(Written 1797)

Farewell, Edina, pleasing name,
Congenial to my heart!
A joyous guest to thee I came,
And mournful I depart.
And fare thee well whose blessings seem
Heaven's blessing to portend—
Endeared by nature and esteem,
My sister and my friend.

LINES

ON LEAVING THE RIVER CART

(Written 1798)

O scenes of my childhood, and dear to my heart,
Ye green-waving woods on the banks of the Cart!
How oft in the morning of life I have strayed
By the stream of the vale and the grass-covered glade!
Then, then, every rapture was young and sincere,
Ere the sunshine of life had been dimmed by a tear;
And a sweeter delight every scene seemed to lend—
That the mansion of peace was the home of a friend.

Now the scenes of my childhood, and dear to my heart,
All pensive I visit, and sigh to depart;
Their flowers seem to languish, their beauty to cease,
For a stranger inhabits the mansion of peace!
But hushed be the sigh that untimely complains
While friendship with all its enchantment remains—
While it blooms like the flower of a winterless clime,
Untainted by change, unabated by time!

3, oft] blest *in later editions.*
6, life had been dimmed] bliss was bedimmed *in later editions.*

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